TRUE WEST

ALL TRUE — ALL FACT — STORIES OF THE REAL WEST

April, 1962

35¢

THE LAST MARSHAL

By Walter (Spunky) Taylor

the only living deputy who once "rode for Parker"

NED BUNTLINE--

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LINCOLN COUNTY WAR

THE SHOOTING OF MAURICE BARRYMORE

THE GRATTAN MASSACRE

WHEN IRON SHIRT FELL

LINCOLN'S LAST MESSAGE

THE LOST BLUE BUCKET MINE

ıe Indians who befriended the whites:

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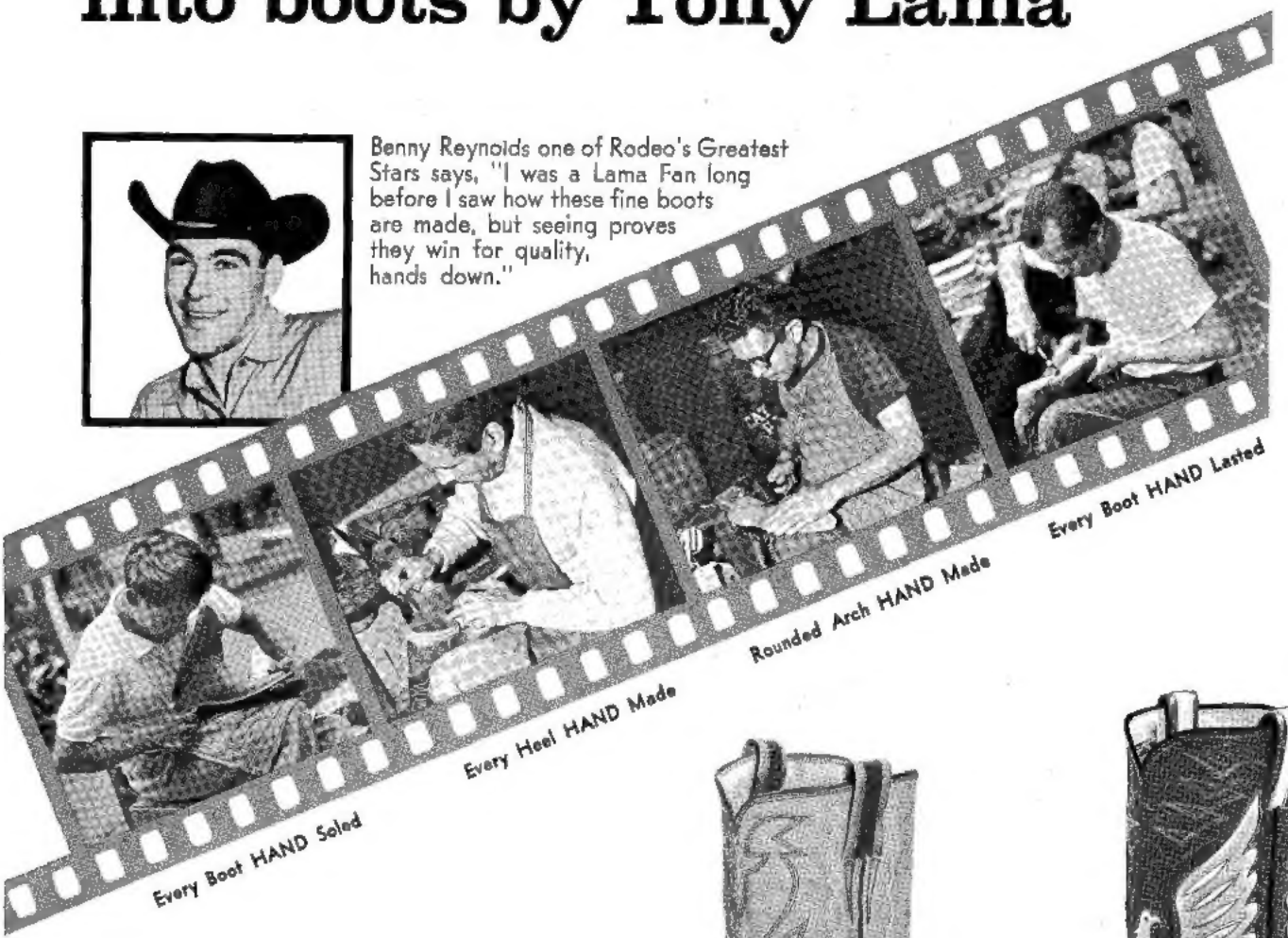

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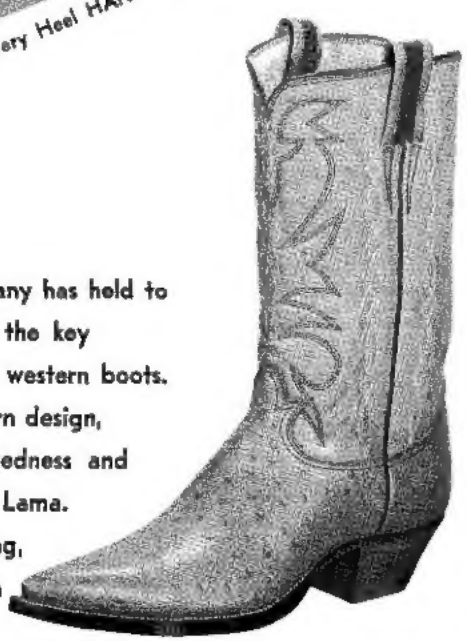

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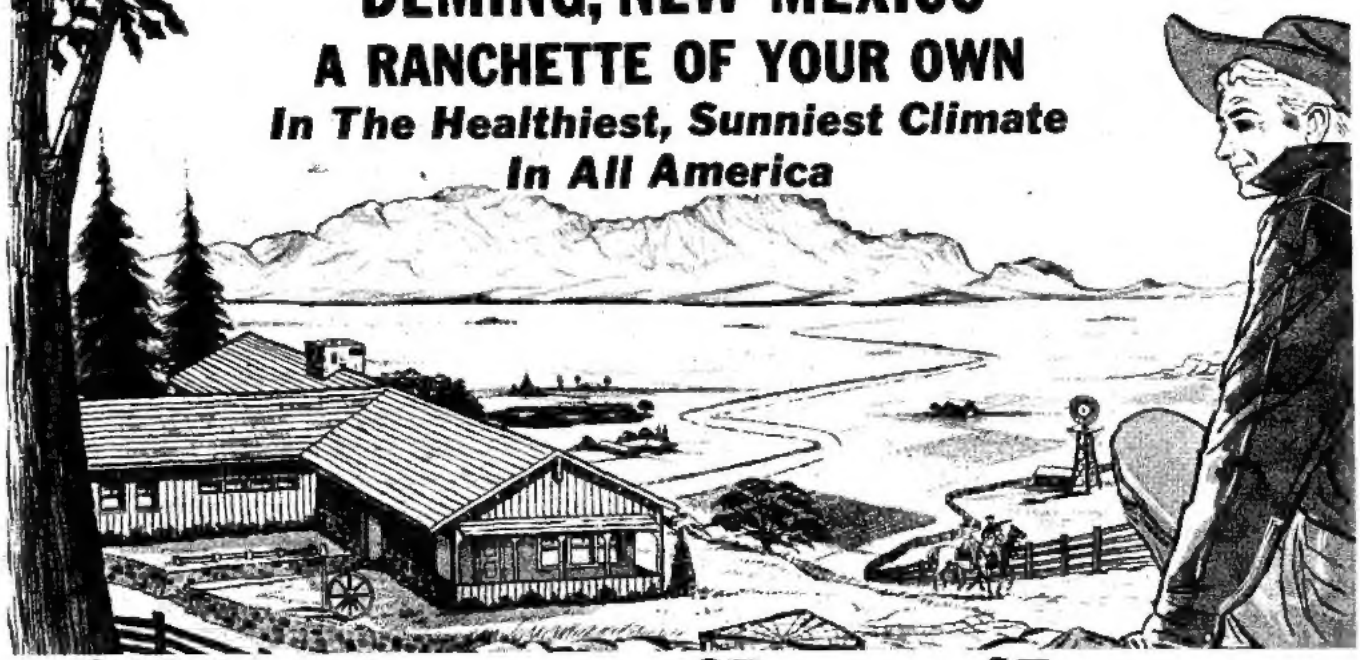

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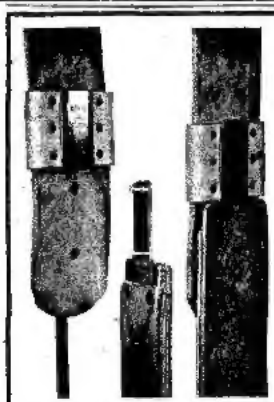

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March-April, 1962
Volume 9, No. 4
Whole No. 50

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

JOE AUSTELL SMALL
Editor and Publisher

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Historical Consultant

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover photo by H. W. Steward (See Page 72)

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 5008, 709 West 19th St., Austin 31, Texas. 35c per copy, $4.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions. $5.00 for 12 issues in Canada and all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas.

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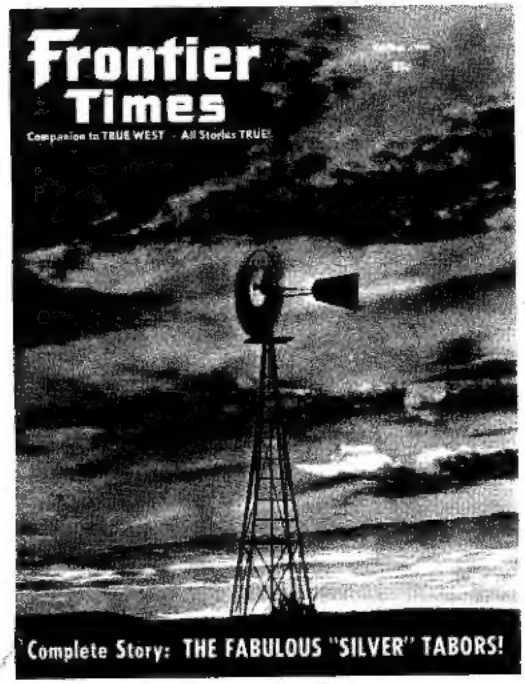

SILVER KING . . . SILVER QUEEN . . . and SILVER PRINCESS

In three special separate articles, FRONTIER TIMES presents the history of the fabulous Tabor family. H. A. W. Tabor, a struggling storekeeper in Colorado until some prospectors he staked to a claim struck it rich, lived in lavish splendor as one of the world's richest men. Baby Doe, his second wife, had a pretty face and a scheming mind; for a few years she reigned over Colorado in wealth and beauty. Even after the collapse of the Tabor empire, she retained her faith in the Matchless Mine, living as a recluse, barely able to scrape up enough money to pay for food. Silver Dollar Tabor, the image of her mother, was born to lead a life of luxury, but her spirit was drained by the loss of wealth and the collapse of her hopes for fame. She died in Chicago in poverty. Glamor, tragedy, high ambitions, and sudden failures—all were a part of the Tabor story.

Featured in the Spring Issue of FRONTIER TIMES—Still Only 25c!
AND THESE ARTICLES, TOO:

THE LAST STAND OF ALMIGHTY VOICE. The Indian was a killer. To escape the relentless pursuit of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, he struck out alone, evading justice until he could no longer bear the constant running. On a hillock, with two teen-aged Indian youths beside him, he defied the entire might of an armed countryside!

MIGRATION TO UTAH. A trek by wagontrain across the Plains had all the excitement, danger, and suspense the new generation associates with a trip by rocket to the moon. Anna Ross Young followed the trail from Tennessee to Utah and, shortly before her death, wrote an account of all that happened along the way. This rare personal journal reflects the courage and patience of the westering pioneers.

THE BATTLE OF SUGAR POINT. The Indians didn't win many of the battles with white troops during the frontier days, but one group closed out its record book with a mark to their credit!

THE HICKOK-TUTT DUEL. Wild Bill was a bad loser. He was willing to blast away a man's life to satisfy his dubious honor!

THE COLUMBUS RAID. Pancho Villa swept across the border at the head of a column of armed Mexican bandit-soldiers to ransack the tiny town of Columbus, New Mexico. The details of that clash—including the quick retributory power of the United States cavalry—come to the pages of FRONTIER TIMES through the eye-witness reports of a man who was there!

THEY KNEW WHAT TO DO. Isolated in the Oklahoma wilderness, a pioneer couple had to become their own doctors, curing themselves and their children with remedies developed from such natural sources as broomweed and "bessie bugs."

There just isn't enough room to list all the thrilling stories in the Spring issue of FRONTIER TIMES, which also includes ESCAPE FROM DEATH, by Bill Judge; I SAW THEM STACK THEIR GUNS, by Curtis Bishop; OLD HEN MOSS AND FATE'S CROOKED SMILE; THE FIGHT FOR OJO CALIENTE; WHITE OAKS, NEW MEXICO; and THE DAY OLD BAT STOOD OFF FIFTY SIOUX. The NUGGETS section brings you THE SAGA OF THREE-FINGERED SMITH; THOSE RUGGED VOYAGEURS; THE PLACE TO FIND YOUR REPUTATION IS WHERE YOU LOST IT; and UNIQUE TREASURE. Don't miss this Spring issue of FRONTIER TIMES—it's a reading experience you won't forget!

FRONTIER TIMES, Box 5008-TW, Austin 31, Texas

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Truly Western

Lost Blue Bucket Mine

Editor's Note: While we were preparing G. C. Blake's article on the Lost Blue Bucket Mine for publication, we received this letter, which bears out the problems involved in tracing down old mining finds. A surprising amount of folklore has built up around each lost mine account, making it almost impossible to pin down facts. Locating a "lost" mine requires absolutely correct directions; but memory often gets hazy as to details and accuracy is supplanted by approximation.

This, then, is one more clue, as told by an old-timer and recorded by his descendant.

Gentleman,

I am sixty-seven years old. The story of the Lost Blue Bucket Mine was told to my family by my grandfather, Bill Drennan, who when a lad in his teens, joined a wagontrain headed for Oregon in the spring of 1845.

On the wagontrain was a family—a man, wife, and three children. Whenever the train stopped for the evening, the children would take a bucket and fill it with whatever they could find—acorns, piñon nuts, berries, even teeth picked up from an old buffalo skeleton. Playing with these objects they found helped shorten the weary miles of travel for them.

The bucket was neither tin nor wood, but papier-maché, quite popular at that time and generally painted red or blue.

Grandfather remembered the day they brought the rocks or nuggets in. They were so heavy a number of persons examined them, including grandfather. He said they were not the color of gold coins. One man took a few and put them in his pocket, saying they looked soft enough to carve. Evidently no one on the train had ever seen gold nuggets.

My grandfather had returned to Missouri when he read an account of the discovery that the rocks picked up were gold. He found a couple of men who wanted to go West and they set out to cover the route grandfather had taken twenty-three years before. He was sure he could remember the campsite where the gold had been found.

My grandmother got a letter from him the following spring (1869) saying he was going to California to see if he could make a strike in the goldfields there to get a grubstake to get back to Oregon and prospect for the lost campsite on his way back to Missouri.

That was the last letter ever received from him. His family wrote many letters and tried all available means of tracing him but had no luck. No one has ever discovered what happened to him.—Mrs. Ivy Anderson, Route 2, Box 138, Colville, Washington.

Goodbye to a Friend

Hi, Pat!

I have long enjoyed the articles on Nevada that have appeared in TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES, especially the Rawhide story in the October issue. In case you haven't heard, Don Ashbaugh, the author of that and many other fine Western Publication's features, died December 1. Insofar as I am concerned, a piece of Nevada died with him. He was tops, as a newspaperman and a friend.—Theron Fox, 1296 Yosemite Avenue, San Jose, California.

Editor's Note: The entire staff here at Western Publications was shocked and grieved to learn of Don's death. A courageous fighter to the end, Don was instrumental in helping us, both as an author and researcher and as a friend. We are forever grateful to have been able to work with such a fine man.

Tex Rickard

Dear Sir;—

I very much enjoyed the article by Don Ashbaugh on Rawhide in the October issue of TRUE WEST. Tex Rickard was my nextdoor neighbor for quite awhile in Cambridge, Texas. He worked for the Curtis and Worshen interests there and later held the position of marshal and night watchman and drove the volunteer fire department truck. He married Dr. Bittick's daughter and moved next door to me. She contracted double pneumonia and was moved to her parents' home for treatment. She gave birth to a child, but she and the child both died soon thereafter.

Rickard purchased a merry-go-round and operated in Henrietta, Texas, and later in Wichita Falls and Bowie. Later he sold it and opened what we called a "bucket shop." He had connections with the New York Exchange and did considerable business with the citizens in Clay County.

With Homer and Walter Holt, Jay Caldwell, Dick White, Pete Snearly and a man who owned a haberdashery, he left Henrietta in 1896 for Alaska, lured there by the glowing reports in letters he received from Jim Roberts. A week or ten days after staking claims, this haberdasher had a dream that one of his daughters was quite sick. He related this dream to the others and they made fun of him, saying he was getting homesick.

He had the same dream three nights in succession and finally sold his provisions, took his sleigh and dogs and traveled back, catching the last steamer out leaving for the States. In the meantime, his daughter had contracted a severe sickness and died. He arrived home the day after she was buried.

The people of Henrietta called Rickard "Dink." He was given the name "Tex" in the Klondike region. After five years up there, he returned to Henrietta, bringing several fruit jars of gold nuggets and a large white bearskin with him. He placed the bearskin on the sidewalk in front of the St. Elmo Hotel and allowed the school kids to walk over it. The fruit jars were put in the vault of the Farmer's National Bank, of which my father was president. It was reported that between $75,000 and $100,000 was contained in them.

When Rickard died, the people of Henrietta started plans for a beautiful memorial to pay homage to their adopted son. The building did not get completed, but the townspeople purchased some land and erected seats for a rodeo park and dedicated it as Tex Rickard Park. Jack Dempsey was on hand to do the dedicating.—E. B. Frazar, 506 Oakland Avenue, Austin 3, Texas.

Jim Mills

TRUE WEST,

Many of your readers have written me asking where Jim Mills came into the picture with the Younger gang.

Jim Mills was a bounty hunter. After three years of saving his money, he went through medical school in Chicago and hung out his shingle. After six years of doctoring—and waiting anywhere from a week to six months for fees to be paid—he decided to join the army in 1860. There he became friends with Cole Younger—in fact, Cole was "like a son" to Jim. Jim doctored the Dalton boys, Black Jack Ketchum and many other outlaws; they paid him a handsome price and he never betrayed their trust in him.

He was married in 1867 to Hannah Coleman. He was never convicted of any outlawry as he just played the part of a set-up man for the others, lining up bank jobs. In fact, he became a judge; in 1900 he sentenced Bill Powers, a train robber, to ten years, then helped him break out of jail by giving him a six-gun when he visited him the evening after passing sentence.

Jim said many times that Jesse James was no match for Cole Younger. Just before he died in 1917, Jim remarked, "I wonder if my son Cole and I will meet again?" No one will ever know.—Jack Mills, 1650 Flora Vista Drive, SW, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Joseph and Looking Glass

Dear Sir:

By coincidence, I was just finishing Will Henry's excellent book, *From Where the Sun Now Stands*, when the October issue of TRUE WEST arrived. I immediately read Norman Wiltsey's piece, "Hear Me, My Chiefs." Both of these deal with the historic movement of the Nez Percé in their effort to outrun General Howard.

Wiltsey's piece deals only with the surrender, but in his opening paragraphs (and in your headline) Chief Joseph is given credit for being a "brilliant strategist" and "military genius." Wiltsey writes that Joseph was "one of the greatest military tacticians the world has ever known."

It would appear that Wiltsey and Henry are using different source materials. According to Henry, Looking Glass replaced Joseph as the principal chief not too long after the march was underway and pretty much held this position until near the end of the trail in the Bear Paws. According to him, the Nez Percé did not operate with a master plan; the chief of each band spoke for his own people and in many instances the various chiefs were not in agreement.

I got the impression that Looking Glass was a good leader in battle, except that he constantly underestimated his enemy, a serious mistake. Meanwhile, Joseph tended to moving the

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amp. Even when Joseph again assumed ommand, one could hardly say that he ad the opportunity to prove himself military genius. There seemed to be o particular genius involved in following the Lolo Trail, which was known for ears to the Nez Percé. That the Indians ought well when the occasion demanded, here can be no doubt. But these were nostly head-on clashes of pure bravery and not military genius.

It is possible that had there been better leadership, the Indians might have escaped into Canada, but this is only guesswork.—Wayne Pennington, Glenbrook Road, Upper Nyack, New York.

Editor's Note: What are the qualities of leadership that promote the definition "military genius"? Even those men with whom the term is most commonly used —Alexander, Hannibal, Napoleon, John Paul Jones, etc.—were geniuses only insofar as the observer or reader views their accomplishments as good or bad, great or mediocre. Many English histories look askance upon Washington's tactical maneuvers, and Mexican histories give little or no credit to Houston, Taylor or Scott for winning campaigns. If the movement of the Nez Percé for hundreds of miles across rugged terrain was no more than a normal migration, the hardships no more difficult than those encountered on a hunting expedition, then Joseph could not be called a military genius. However, if his feat of keeping his people together and making the journey while fighting a series of running battles with better equipped troops, approached the impossible, then it would not seem out of line to credit Joseph with the qualities of personality and leadership befitting the definition "military genius."

Whether Looking Glass was Joseph's lieutenant following the latter's instructions or was actually directing the Nez Percé operations is somewhat disputed by historians, but it is generally accepted that Joseph was responsible for the Indians' tactics.

Good Deed?

Howdy!

An old relative of mine asserts that this actually happened.

Two young cowhands were making their way through town while on a trail drive through the Panhandle. Suddenly, as they stepped into the street, a team of horses pulling a wagon came thundering wildly toward them.

"Runaways!" one of the cowboys screamed, and together the two daring men leaped for the horses, caught the bridles and digging their heels in, brought the foaming animals to a stop.

With dirty, but smiling, faces they looked toward the infuriated driver.

"You damned imbeciles, let go mah horses!" he screamed. "This here's a fire-wagon going to a fire!"—Steve Victor, P.O. Box 5008, Austin 31, Texas.

Iron Tail Not the Only One!

Editor Joe Small,

I read the letter in the October, 1961, issue from Lyman Andrews Boomer, who stated that the Indian on the buffalo nickel was Iron Tail. I do not want to show any discredit or disrespect to him, but he can only claim a third right.

The designer of the nickel, James E. Fraser, used three different Indians for the nickel. One was Iron Tail, one was Two Moons, a Cheyenne Chief, and the last was never identified. The buffalo was modeled after "Black Diamond" in the New York Zoological Garden. Black Diamond was slaughtered in 1915 and his head was preserved and mounted.—Gerald E. Taylor, SH2, S-Div, USS Haven, AH12, Long Beach 2, California.

Sod Post Office

TRUE WEST:

I've enjoyed the recent pictures you've shown of sod houses. Here's one of a sod post office still in use. I took it while on a trip to North Dakota where I used to live near Grassy Butte, close to Theodore Roosevelt National Park. There was a sod house nearby which was also still in use.

I hope you keep your swell magazine coming for the next fifty years.—John Berens, 1118 St. Patrick Street, Racine, Wisconsin.

Author's Correction

Howdy Bob,

I just wanted you to know that I received over 600 letters from TRUE WEST readers about my article "The Earp and Masterson I Knew." It sure made me feel good, although I about used up all my money on stamps answering them all.

There was one slight mistake in the story. It read: "When Bill Tilghman was chief of police in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, in 1912, *he* had long talks with Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp."

(Continued on page 53)

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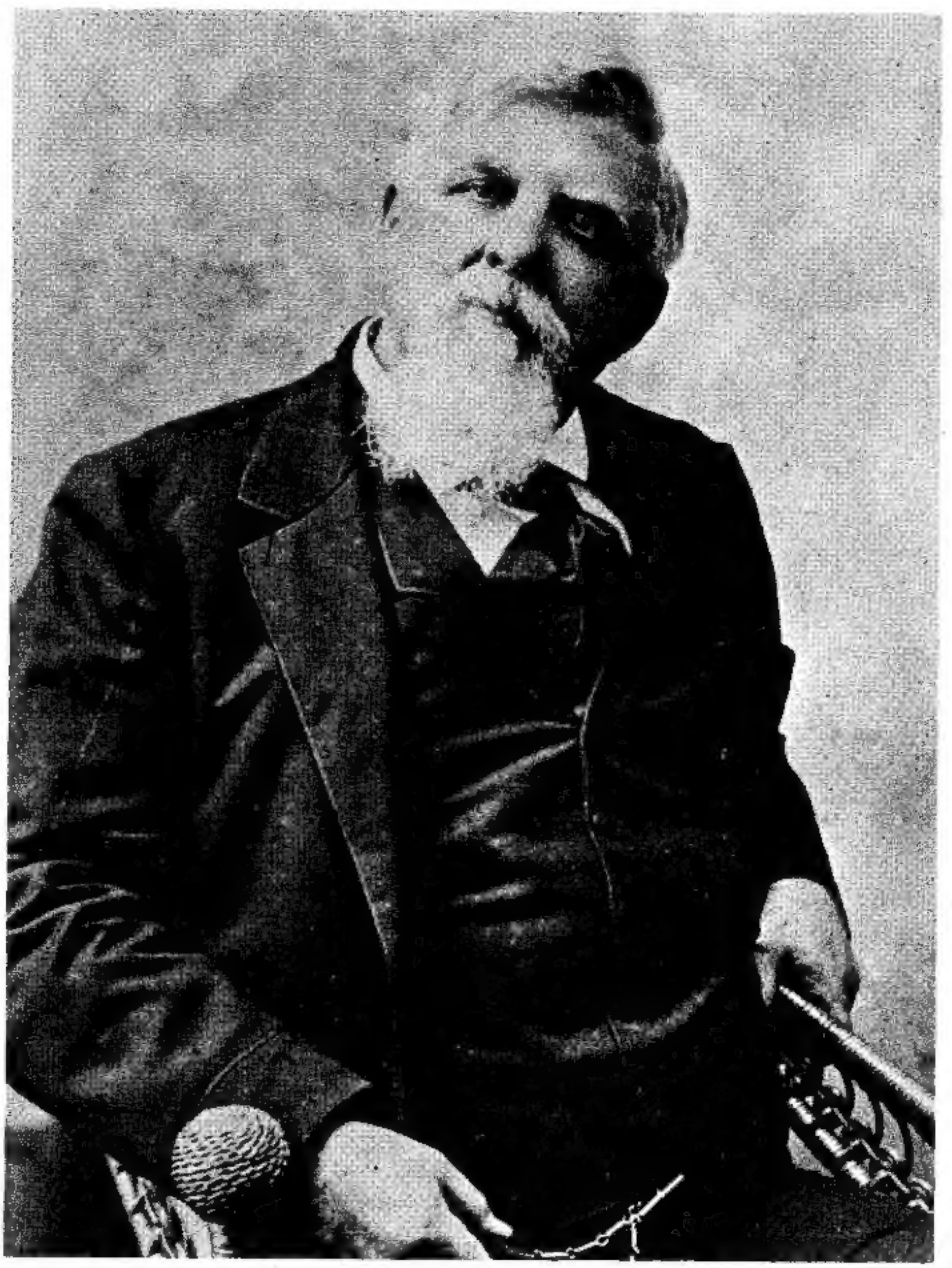
"I can tell you what that last frontier of the Old West was like — I am the last of the deputy marshals who rode for Judge Parker . . .

The Last Marshal

By WALTER (SPUNKY) TAYLOR as told to C. H. McKENNON



Judge Isaac C. Parker in 1896.

Author's Note: When I first met Walter "Spunky" Taylor in 1957 he lived in a tourist court at Vian, Oklahoma. The town was humming about Walter—he had just clobbered a drunk.

It seems that a fellow wheeled into the court seeking a room. He saw Walter chatting with friends and mistook him for the manager. With the lack of tact that whisky can produce, he unceremoniously grabbed Walter's arm and swung him around to inquire about lodging.

Walter promptly belted him with a walking stick.

Considerably sobered, the man sought out the local law to file assault-and-battery charges. That official checked the details, then ordered the man with the lump on his head out of town.

"Hell," he said, "you're lucky Uncle Walter didn't shoot you!"

Walter is ninety-nine now and resides at Mrs. Raney's Nursing Home in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma. In taking down his story I found him to be just as colorful as the deputy marshals he knew so well. I have inserted the dates in his story. They check in chronology and fact. He makes no claims to heroics—he does not need to. The fact that he pinned a silver badge to his vest in the incredible era of Judge Parker is testimony of his courage.

CATOOSA, Indian Territory, was a rough town fifteen or twenty years before the area became the State of Oklahoma. One day, right out on the dusty street, a man got his head cut clean off—and the head was jammed down on top of an old hitching post! Catoosa was the town where I was introduced to frontier country.

Ever hear of "shelling corn" on Main Street? They used to do it in Catoosa pretty damned often. At that time a sample of goods for sale was used to advertise. If a merchant decided to enter the business of buying corn, he would advertise the fact by hanging up a cluster of corn. Most of the store buildings were wood frame with false fronts and they usually had a big porch that extended out over the board sidewalks.

The merchant would tie a bunch of ears from a porch rafter, letting them hang down on a cord just far enough that a tall man wearing a Stetson wouldn't bump them. It didn't take the town hell-raisers long to find out that the ears of corn (dangling like Christ-

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mas tree ornaments) made perfect pistol targets. From out in the street a horseman could plug an ear and not break the glass windows of the store front—if he happened to be a good shot.

There were a lot of saloons in town, with those rattle-bang pianos and painted women. There were a number of big cattle ranches in the area and the saloons were a popular gathering place for proud cowpokes, rustlers, gamblers, bank robbers and holdup artists.

Another reason Catoosa was an interesting place was that the Verdigris Bottoms were nearby. The "Bottoms" made a popular hide-out for men on the scout, and when they would get lonely or thirsty they would slip into town.

Practically every man wore a gun in those days. Get a crowd like the Catoosa bunch together and pour out plenty of Territory-type whisky—the Colts were bound to start going off. When the saloon bunch got it into their heads to hurrah the town by "shelling corn," things would get plenty spooky—dust flying, horses galloping, six-guns banging and drunks hollering.

An ear of corn would shatter when a bullet hit it and grains would rattle off the store fronts and sidewalks like a drawer full of pennies spilled on the marble floor of a bank. Folks on the sidewalks naturally ducked indoors.

Well, they had the corn pretty well shot up one day when a stranger rode into town. He calmly dismounted at a hitching rail and tied up his horse. One corn-sheller took offense at the man for getting in the way of his sport and threw down on him with his Colt. He missed, and quick as light the stranger drew and fired, knocking the drunk out of his saddle.

The fellow, already numb with red-eye, just grunted and jumped to his feet, getting off two quick shots. The stranger was hit, staggered back against the rail and dropped his gun. The corn-sheller let go of his gun and leaped on the wounded man.

Both men were bleeding and grunting. The corn-sheller forced the stranger's head back over the rail and whipped out an enormous knife. He sliced and sawed at the man's neck until he had the head cut free. Then holding his prize by its hair, he staggered over to a nearby post and jammed the head down on top of the post.

Scooping both guns out of the dust, he remounted and started off down the street, wildly firing the six-guns. But someone leveled down on him and knocked him out of the saddle again—this time for keeps.

NOW, my memory as to dates and names never was what you would call real good. I am old now, and I reckon I have forgotten a lot of things, but I can remember the names of people I knew well and there are events in any man's life that he just never forgets.

From 1893 to 1896 I rode in the old Indian Territory as a deputy United States marshal, commissioned in the Western District of Arkansas. The United States Court was situated at Fort Smith, Arkansas, right on the border that separated Arkansas from the Indian Country. Judge Isaac C. Parker was on the bench of that court and it had jurisdiction over the Indian Territory.

Those three years are a period in my life that I will never forget!

I don't recall the day of the month I was born, but it was in December, 1861, at Mulberry, Franklin County, Arkansas, about thirty miles east of Fort Smith. When I grew up, I knocked around some as a deputy sheriff but that section of Arkansas, rough as shoat's hair during the carpetbagger days, was getting tame. Lots of young men at that time would pull up stakes and drift over into the "Indian Nations" as we called the Territory.

I had always been interested in livestock and when I got the urge to go west I picked Catoosa, a cattle shipping point in the western part of the Cherokee Nation.

Catoosa was a lot different from Franklin County, Arkansas, but I didn't get to leave law work—I was made town marshal. It was obvious that Catoosa needed all the "laws" it could get and a fellow with previous experience couldn't conscientiously dodge the job.

I never did have any real trouble as a local lawman. I had to stop fist fights in saloons and discourage gun fights but mostly it was a matter of banging drunks over their heads in order to keep the peace. The hardcases from the Bottoms slipped in and out of town without causing too much trouble.

At Catoosa I picked up the nickname "Spunky" (not because of my law work, but from the fact that Spunky Creek flowed nearby and old Fort Spunky was located at the edge of town).

Getting accustomed to life in Catoosa, I began to take note of another type of Territorial lawman. The deputy U. S. marshals fascinated me. They operated out of the Fort Smith Court, roaming the Chickasaw, Creek, Seminole and Choctaw Nations.

THE Nations offered a peculiar set-up. Each Nation had its own tribal government with laws that were enforced by Lighthorsemen (Indian Police). The crime of one Indian against another Indian was a matter for the Nation concerned, but the crime of one white man against another white man was the concern of the United States Court. That was why we got some of the worst outlaws in the West. Men wanted in the "States" would hide in the Territory because they knew that federal lawmen were spread awfully thin.

There was an enormous area to police, something I reckon most people didn't stop to think about when they criticized Judge Parker. He did have a large force of deputy marshals—about 200—at Fort Smith, but they were on duty in the Nations. That spread them damned thin, I can tell you, but they brought a steady stream of outlaws to stand before Judge Parker's bench.

They risked their lives doing it because they knew the Judge would slam the book at their prisoners. This caused a lot of people to brand him the "Hanging Judge." Of the eighty-eight outlaws who went to the specially-built gallows at Fort Smith, Judge Parker was responsible for seventy-nine. He was a hard man, but he had a lot of hardcases to deal with. He knew as well as the deputy marshals what kind of outlawry the Territory harbored.

I could usually tell when a deputy marshal was due in Catoosa. A rider coming into town would spread the news that a deputy marshal was on his way. The saloons would get almost orderly until the marshal left.

After I got acquainted with some of the marshals, I finally decided that a man who wanted to do law work might just as well do it where it would really count. I managed to have a few well-known people write letters of recommendation to Marshal George Crump at Fort Smith and I was accepted for federal service. I took the oath of office June 27, 1893.

I learned right off that Judge Parker was very much interested in his men. Like everybody else, I had heard a lot about the Judge and I figured that he must be a pretty cold man.

After I took the oath of office, a big fellow stopped me in the hall just outside the marshal's office. He was dressed in an expensive dark-colored suit with the long coat that was very stylish in those days. I am a short man but back then I was heavy-set and muscular. This man must have outweighed me 100 pounds and he towered over me like John L. Sullivan would over a schoolboy.

Walter Taylor explains the workings of a Navy Colt to Isaac C. Parker III, grandson of the famed 19th Century Ft. Smith jurist. This photo was taken in 1958. *(H. C. Plunkett Photo)*

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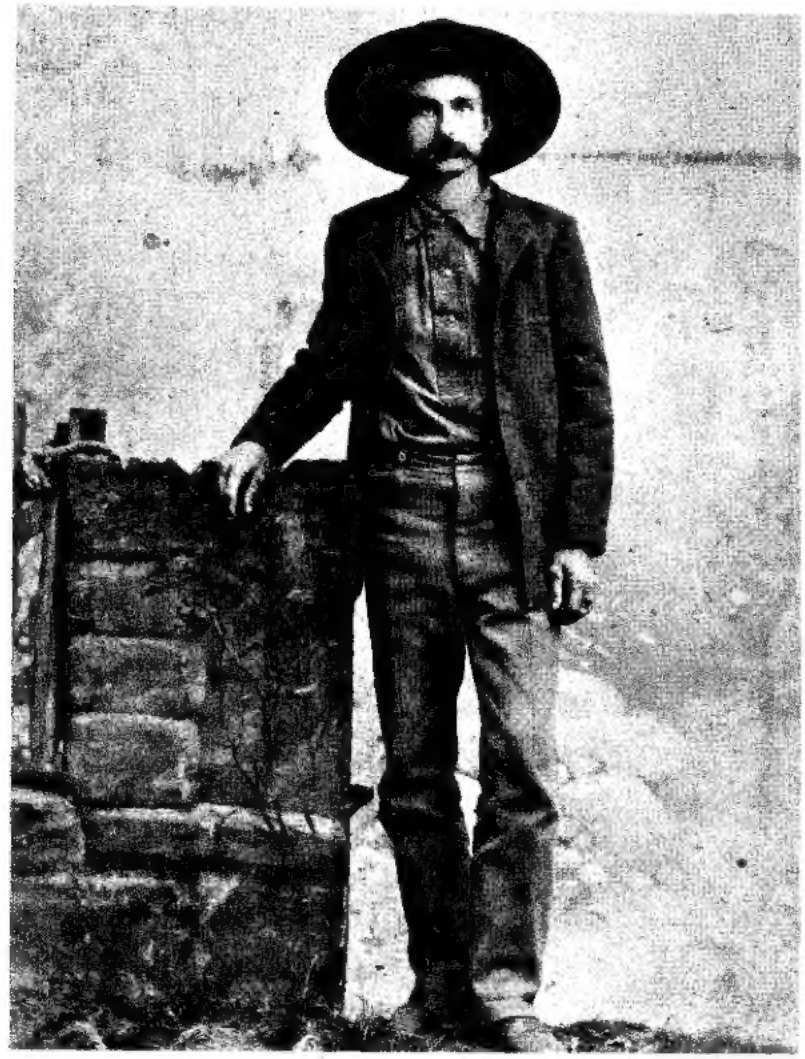

"Mr. Taylor," he said, "I am Judge Parker."

I had just become a deputy marshal and here was Judge Parker in person, introducing himself. (I was a mighty important fellow around Fort Smith until I found out the Judge always met a new marshal.)

Judge Parker extended his hand. His piercing eyes were all crinkled at the corners from the smile on his face that his white beard couldn't hide. His hair was snowy white, too, and I thought he was the most distinguished looking man I had ever seen. We shook hands and the Judge pointed to a booklet in my shirt pocket that Marshal Crump had given me.

"The rules and regulations for deputy marshals are listed in there," he said, "but you will work with an experienced officer for a while so that you will learn more quickly."

I nodded, and the Judge said, still smiling, "I don't imagine your work will be any tougher than it was at Catoosa."

I knew then that the Judge had gone over my record. I was very much impressed, and even more so in the months to come, for I was to appear many times as a witness in court. On the bench Judge Parker was all business; he had no favorites.

I considered myself a seasoned officer but after Judge Parker's remarks I didn't mind at all when they teamed me up with deputy marshal Paden Tolbert. Then, too, I was acquainted with Tolbert. I had known him when he was a deputy sheriff in Arkansas.

Tolbert was about my age but had made quite a name for himself the year before by leading the posse that blasted Ned Christie out of his log fort. Christie, a full-blood Cherokee, had killed a deputy marshal back in '87 and for five years had eluded every effort to capture him until Tolbert got on the case (November 2, 1892).

Those deputy marshals were real professionals—they had to be to stay alive! Paden Tolbert was a very deceptive-appearing person. He was nearly six feet tall, heavy-set, with dark brown hair and moustache. He had dark blue eyes set in a round, pleasant face and a Georgia accent you couldn't whack with a barbershop razor. He had the manners that went with his southern birth and he seemed to be an awfully polite person to be in the law enforcement profession.

Tolbert was very methodical. The first thing he did was to spread out a map of the Indian Territory and review it with me. He pointed out various towns and the names of local officers, all of which I listed in a notebook—at Tolbert's polite suggestion.

The eastern portion of the Nations bordered the western edge of Arkansas and the lay of the land is the same. The middle and northern parts have the Cookson Hills and steps of the Ozarks. To the west you entered Oklahoma Territory and the plains area. The whole of the Indian Territory was bordered on the north by Kansas and on the south by Texas. To the west lay the Texas Panhandle and New Mexico.

At the time I got my commission, the Dalton gang had been shot up at Coffeyville, Kansas. Bill Doolin had escaped and formed his own gang and he was

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raising hell in the Territory. The war on those outlaws was a steady process. I was wondering who we would take out after when Tolbert put me straight on that score.

"Waltuh," he drawled, "for awhile, we'll work on the whisky warrants."

I was disappointed until Tolbert continued his explanation. "We generally let local authorities worry about citizens who get hopped up on Jamaica Ginger and Peruna. We are after the whisky peddlers and bootleggers."

Peddling whisky to Indians in the Territory was a felony and catching the lawbreakers was a routine job of getting a lead and tracking it down. I found out it wasn't easy. They operated in rugged country in the Territory. The only way to get in and out was by horseback. Those fellows seldom offered any resistance when caught, but you couldn't count on it.

"Waltuh," Tolbert explained, "Never underrate the whisky bunch. They can get clever. Sometimes they use drums covered with leather and shaped exactly like saddle bags. They can peddle red-eye by the drink; if you don't know your man by his face, you can ride right by him and never catch on. They use wagons to carry big hauls out of Arkansas. The goods will be hidden in ordinary looking boxes, or in false bottoms in the wagons. I know of cases where they used hollow wagon tongues."

Tolbert was a believer in constant target practice and while we were on the trail of whisky peddlers we set up cans and bottles every chance we got. I thought I was a good man with a rifle. I could hit the cans and bottles easily, as could any man who had spent his boyhood in western Arkansas, but I discovered that I couldn't do it the way Tolbert did. He politely offered to teach me.

Now, I was pretty hotheaded in those days; I probably would have tried to chew any man up raw who offered to teach me how to shoot. Tolbert made it seem that there was nothing wrong with my shooting—he just offered to teach me *his* way of shooting and I didn't catch on until it was all over. Lucky for me he did, for later on his teaching saved my life.

TOLBERT'S method was simple after you got the hang of it. It was the art of getting a gun quickly into action, getting a bead and squeezing off a shot with accuracy.

The Winchester lever-action rifle was the favorite of the deputy marshals. Most of those rifles were in .44-40 caliber but a number of the men used the .38-40. Both of those calibers could be matched in a Colt six-gun.

I learned that with enough practice you could lever off a number of well-aimed shots in a hurry. Tolbert finally pronounced me an expert with a Winchester.

"Waltuh, you sho are 'hard' with that rifle."

Working with Tolbert was a real experience. When he braced a man and told him to throw up his hands, the man was usually damn quick to obey. Those blue eyes of Tolbert's could turn as cold as a mountain stream in an instant and that southern manner would vanish as quickly as a pile of drying goose feathers on a tin roof in a windstorm.

I got to know a bunch of those deputies well by riding on hunts with them. They all were like Tolbert in one respect—you had to work with them to really get to know them. They were the core of the force. A number of commissions were constantly being issued and the new men would work for a while, then quit for one reason or another. The professionals just kept riding, month in and month out.

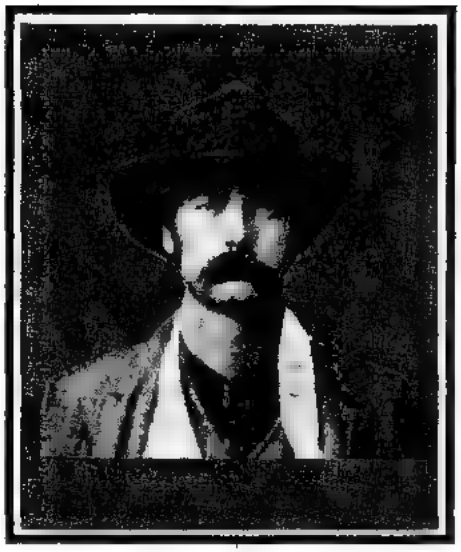
By the time I was accepted to ride on manhunts, Bill Cook had hit the headlines. A lot has been written about the Daltons and Doolin but the Cook gang seems to have been sort of forgotten. Cherokee Bill was a member of the Cook gang and became so notorious that he probably drew off a lot of attention.

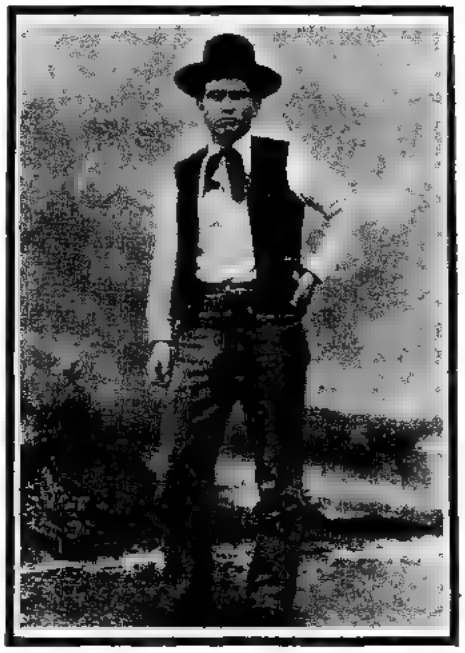
I remember the Cook gang so well for two reasons: one, they caused me to stay in the saddle for what seemed like weeks at a time without rest; and second, I saw Cherokee Bill hanged at Fort Smith.

Bill Cook, a decent appearing chap who didn't show his Cherokee lineage, was orphaned at the age of fourteen, a bad break for a kid. On his own, he went to work for various ranches in the Nations, learning to ride, rope and shoot. He became an enterprising fellow, but in the wrong direction.

He saved his wages and invested in whisky, which he sold at a profit to Indians and thereby got the federal law on his trail. He lit a shuck for New Mexico. When he returned to the Territory he found that federal law has a long memory. He was picked up and, although Judge Parker ordinarily had no patience with young hoodlums, he gave Bill only forty days in the Fort Smith jail.

(Continued on next page)





Left, Jess (Buck) Snyder of the Cook gang. Center, Bill Smith, mother of the famed deputies. Right, William Tuttle Cook, 1895.

It didn't do any good, though. When Bill got out he teamed up with his younger brother, Jim, and began stealing horses. They quickly established a reputation in this sport—so much so that Crawford Goldsby, alias Cherokee Bill, sought them out. On the run from a murder charge, Cherokee Bill joined up with the Cooks.

THERE were big doings in the Cherokee Nation at this time. The Cherokee Outlet had been opened to homesteaders and the government was paying the Indians for the land (June, 1894). Payments were being made at Tahlequah, the capital town of the Cherokee Nation, and as each tribal member was receiving about $265 "strip money," there was naturally a large force of lawmen on duty to guard the office of the Cherokee Treasurer.

The Cooks and Cherokee Bill were legally due their strip money but they didn't dare show their faces in Tahlequah. Nevertheless, they figured out a way.

They went to the home of a friend at Fourteen Mile Creek, about fifteen miles out of Tahlequah, and talked a woman into taking their written orders for the strip payments to Tahlequah. The woman agreed and obtained the money, but suspicious officers followed her home and there was a hot gun battle. One lawman was killed and Jim Cook was badly wounded. Although he was able to flee the immediate scene, he was later captured. The two Bills, though, escaped.

Then the grind began. Bill Cook formed a real gang. Besides Cherokee Bill, Jim French—a half-blood Cherokee who was a handsome and dashing fellow—joined the group. He wasn't new at lawbreaking; he had been chasing around with the Belle Starr bunch. He was wanted for murder, horse-stealing and whisky peddling. Others in the gang were Thurman "Skeeter" Baldwin, Curtis Dayson, Jess "Buck" Snyder, Elmer "Chicken" Lucas, Sam "Verdigris Kid" McWilliams, George Sanders, Henry Munson and Lon Gordon.

Too bad about Lon Gordon—he had a real chance to go straight, thanks to deputy marshal Bill Smith. Gordon, only twenty at the time, was wanted for whisky peddling. Now, you could understand why an outlaw would fight for his life rather than face Judge Parker on a charge of murder, but when the warrant was for a minor felony, it seemed a shame to have a shooting over it.

Deputy marshal Bill Smith looked like a hard man. He was dark, had piercing black eyes, and his hair and moustache were the color of boot blacking. Bill, however, had a heart as big as an iron kettle. He went after Lon Gordon with his six-gun holstered but Gordon resisted, put a bullet through the brim of Bill's Stetson and made his escape.

Bill Smith didn't rattle easily. He was the grandson of Chief Charley Journeycake, the last principal chief of the Delawares, and had a lot of dignity. He trailed Gordon to his hide-out and approached the man unarmed, which took a hell of a lot of guts. He offered to take Gordon to Fort Smith and help in clearing up the charge against him.

"I don't want to drive you into an outlaw's way," Bill explained.

Bill Smith was an authority on Territorial law, a subject he studied constantly. Gordon was impressed. He knew Bill well enough to know that, had Smith wanted to take him the hard way, he would have come in with his gun doing the talking.

Gordon surrendered and Bill Smith kept his word but Gordon broke the trust by joining the Bill Cook gang.

THE Cook gang promptly went into action in a very professional manner. They held up the Muskogee-Ft. Gibson stage and the trembling passengers hastily forked over their valuables (July 14, 1894). Two days later they held up a Frisco train near Tulsa. By then, we had hit the trail after them.

To start after an outlaw gang we usually went to the scene of the crime and began asking questions and looking for clues. We would get what descriptions we could and then follow tracks.

This type of trailing is not always easy; it depends on the type of ground. Then, too, if the bunch took a road out of town, tracks did not mean much. All we could do was to gallop along the road, watching for signs of horses taking off cross-country and asking questions of anyone we met. A clever gang would split up as soon as possible and meet again at another point.

There were times, though, that we would get on the trail of one or more of the gang and then another set of problems would crop up. A man on the scout was by necessity a good judge of horseflesh. If he saw a goodlooking horse grazing in a pasture, he would immediately swap his tired mount for the fresh one. We had to take it easy on securing new horses.

Sometimes we would tell by the way folks acted that we were getting close to our man. Farmers and homesteaders did not always cooperate with us. An informer ran the risk of having an outlaw bunch circle back and burn him out. It was an unpleasant experience to have your house and barn burned and you couldn't blame people in the remote areas. There were long spells of time when they never saw a lawman but an outlaw was apt to ride up any time.

Many a night while chasing the Cook bunch, I used my saddle for a pillow. Sometimes we got a break and spent the night at some crossroads hotel but usually we brewed a can of Arbuckle's and wrapped up in a horse blanket. After a week or ten days on the trail we would come in for a change of clothes.

We got the news that the Cook gang had slipped into the Oklahoma Territory and held up the Lincoln County Bank at Chandler (August 81, 1894). The holdup was pulled off very smoothly and they got about $3,000. As they mounted to ride out of town a barber began shouting, "Holdup! Holdup!" One of the gang shot and killed him.

A posse was hastily formed and it got within gunshot distance of the gang before the hill country was reached. Chicken Lucas was shot out of his saddle, but the gang escaped, leaving Lucas to be captured.

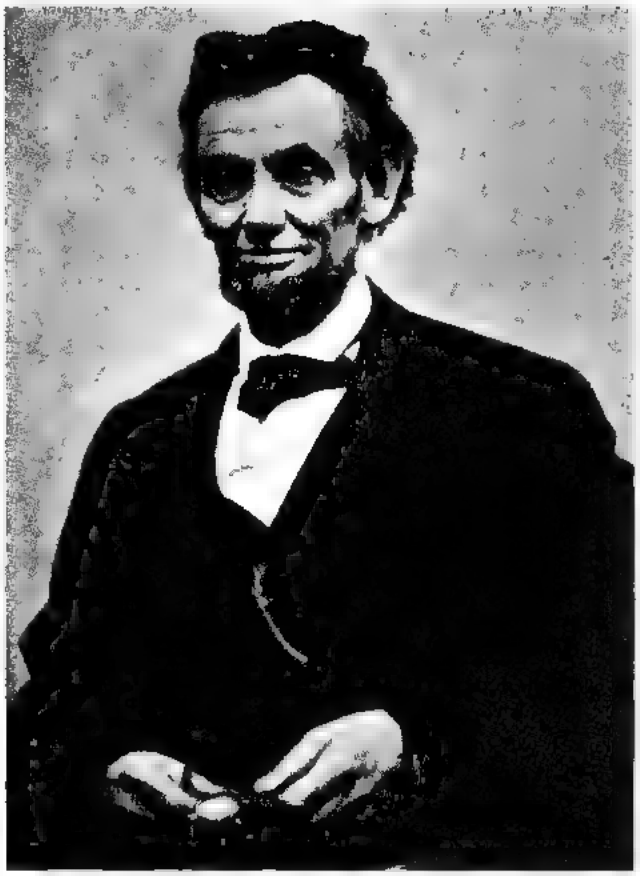
Meanwhile, travelers in the Indian Nations were filing protests of being robbed by the Cook gang. We wearily chased every clue, but that gang operated fast.

Just to show you how fast they worked, and how clever a leader Bill Cook was, we got word that the gang had raided the Missouri Pacific depot

(Continued on page 62)

Lincoln's last official act before his assassination was to charge Schuyler Colfax with a message for the gaudy little boomtown of Virginia City.

Lincoln's Last Message



By WILLIAM RUTLEDGE III

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was still a struggling lawyer in Springfield, the capital of Illinois, when the Donner party left that state to begin their ill-fated journey across the continent. The disastrous results of their expedition must have touched him deeply, as he was acquainted with both of the Donner brothers and their partner, Jim Reed.

Throughout the years of his ascendancy to the presidency, Lincoln manifested a deep interest in the West, particularly in the newly-found fortunes issuing from the mines of both California and Nevada. Through the influence of his supporters, particularly Colonel E. D. Baker, whose impassioned "Apostrophe to Liberty" speech in San Francisco converted many to active support of the Northern cause, the mineral wealth of the Far West flowed into Union coffers. The Comstock Lode in Virginia City virtually financed much of the Civil War.

Lincoln's last official act, a few hours before he and Mrs. Lincoln left the White House for Ford Theater, was to commission Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives, to deliver a special box and brief speech to the people of Virginia City.

At dawn June 24, 1865, the Overland stage arrived in the silent and sleeping silver capital, fourteen hours ahead of its scheduled appearance. It had covered 2,200 miles in twenty-two hours.

Schuyler Colfax stepped down from the box beside the driver, his lips burning and his eyes smarting from the alkali of the desert. Hastily-summoned porters removed the heavy burlap-covered box and lugged it into the lobby of the International Hotel.

Virginia City, upon awakening that morning, was dismayed to find out Colfax was already in the city. The citizens had planned to meet the stage at Devil's Gate outside the city and triumphantly escort it into the silver capital. The Metropolitan Band, a detachment of mounted troops and the local firemen had been alerted and were prepared to initiate a big celebration. Most of the local dignitaries had drafted welcoming speeches.

The townspeople quickly recovered from their disappointment and rescheduled their celebration for the following night. Dispatches received by some local authorities indicated that the Speaker of the House was bringing a special message dictated at Lincoln's personal behest.

ONLY an open-air meeting could accommodate the crowds that jammed to hear him. From the balcony of the hotel on "C" Street he faced the people of the Washoe. Flags draped the balcony. The band blasted forth with martial airs. As far as Colfax could see vast crowds of people filled the streets, rooftops and windows of buildings.

Slowly he began, "You know, my friends, I was in Washington with Abraham Lincoln on the last day of his life. Upon that occasion he gave me a message to communicate to you.

"On the morning of the fourteenth of April, I went to the White House to bid our President farewell and to receive from him such messages as he desired to send to you. It was the pleasantest and most cheerful visit I had enjoyed with the President for a long time. For the President, satisfied that the Union was finally saved and full of the most generous intentions toward the South, was free from the load of care which had weighed him down during the war.

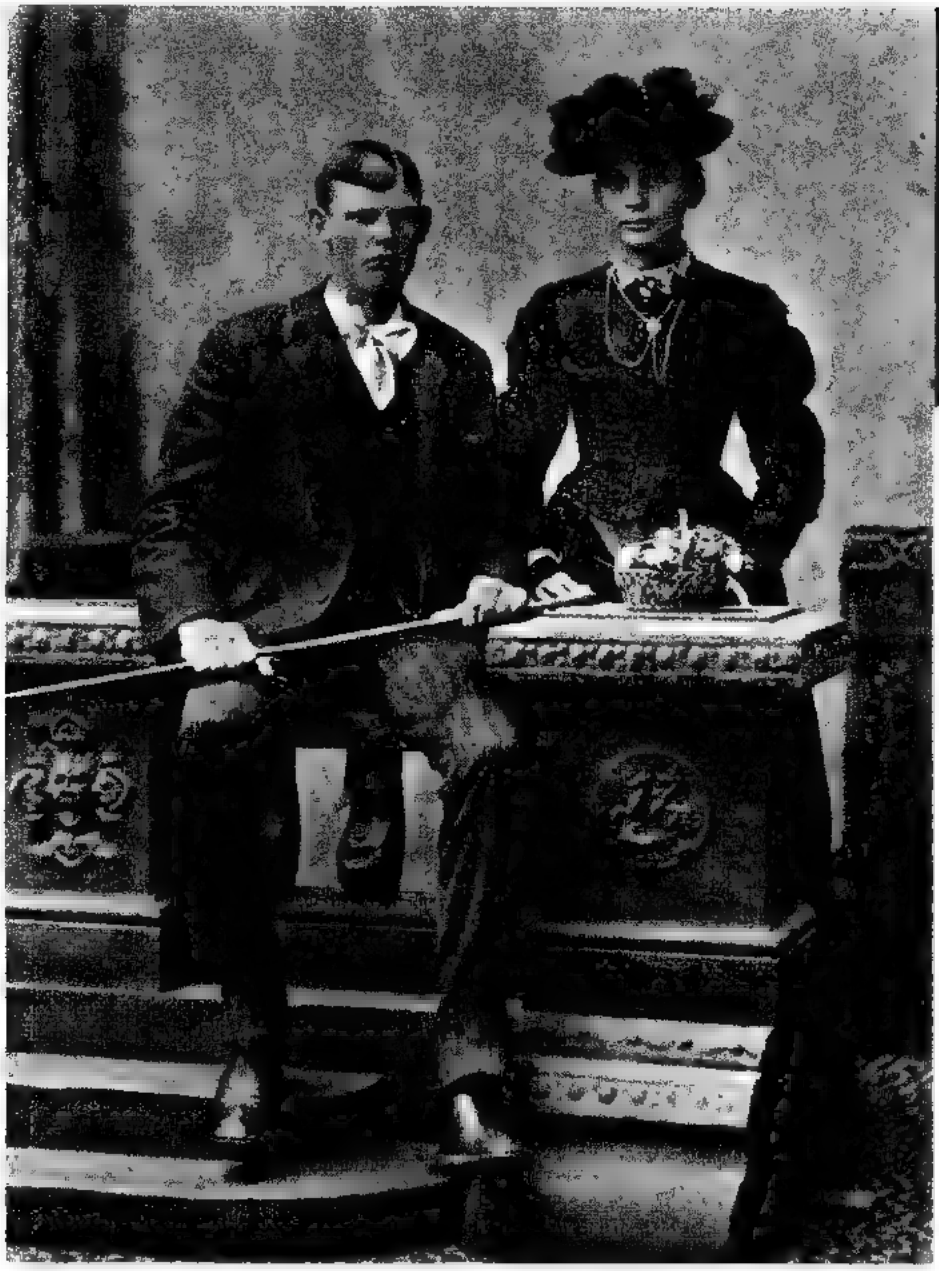
"I shall always rejoice, sad as the memory now is, that I was to have the last interview with him on public affairs, and to bring to you the last message of his life.

"After conversing on matters of public interest, President Lincoln suddenly turned to me and asked if I was not going to the Pacific. I told him that I was if there was no danger of an extra session of Congress this summer. He assured me there was none. Then rising and with much more than his usual emphasis he made what seemed to be a speech, which he had previously thought over, in regard to the miners. He impressed upon me that I should communicate it to you.

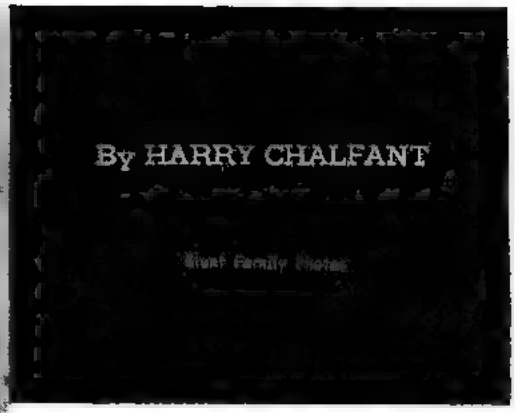
"I want you to take a message from me to the miners whom you visit. I have very large ideas of the mineral wealth of our nation. I believe it is practically inexhaustible. Its development has scarcely commenced. During the war, when we were adding a couple of millions of dollars every day to our national debt, I did not care about encouraging the increase in the volume of our precious metals. We had the country to save first. But now that the rebellion is overthrown and we know pretty nearly the amount of our national debt, the gold and silver we mine makes the payment of that debt so much easier.

" 'Now I am going to encourage that in every possible way. We shall have hundreds of thousands of disbanded soldiers, and many have feared that their return home in such numbers might paralyze industry by furnishing suddenly a greater supply of labor than there will be demand for. I am going to try to attract them to the hidden wealth of our mountain ranges, where there is room enough for all. I intend to point them

(Continued on page 68)



Roland and Elizabeth Blunt when they were married, September 24, 1890.



By HARRY CHALFANT

All was not rowdy raucous fun in the mining towns of the Old West. The glamor of sudden wealth and hell-raising on Saturday nights belonged to only a small percentage of those who went into the earth to dig for silver and gold.

THE SURGE of mining prosperity that enriched Colorado in the years just before and just after the turn of the century brought with it a horde of new inhabitants whose ramshackle housing and wild ways have excited our imaginations with a picturesque concept of a western "boomtown." Lusty, lawless and short-lived, these communities now lie beneath the weather-stained shingles of a romantic past that is only a memory.

Life was hard then and there were many moments of tragedy. Beneath the surface glamour of saloons, fist fights and flamboyant characters throbbed the real heart of these towns—decent, God-fearing, hard-working men who, with their wives and children, furnished the real strength of these mining communities.

Such a family was that of Joseph Blunt. Born in Sheffield, England, in 1823, Joseph emigrated to the United States after the death of his first wife. In this country he met and married Rebecca Baugh, sixteen years his junior. Times were hard and Joseph had to continually struggle to earn enough to support Rebecca and the ten children she bore him. In 1879, he journeyed to Colorado to seek employment in the coal mines developing on Coal Creek, near the oil-producing town of Florence in what is now Fremont County.

Joseph Blunt's children grew up in the coal camp. They received very little schooling but all the work that their young bodies could stand. When the alkali water and rank conditions of the shacktown infected Rebecca and nine of the children with typhoid fever, Joseph and twelve-year-old Roland continued working daily shifts at the Old Slope Mine. Work and pray and get up in the morning to work again—that became the routine of the Blunt family's life.

Other families lived near them, sharing their work and the semi-primitive conditions of their environment. Among these, Scottish-born Charlie Cowan and his family became especially close. Also the father of ten, Cowan worked in the mines, accompanied by his sons as soon as they were tall enough to carry a pie-can without dragging the bottom out. Throughout their childhoods, the Cowan and Blunt children were under the constant threat of dysentery, typhoid, smallpox and pneumonia.

Roland Blunt and Elizabeth Cowan were married in Coal Creek on September 24, 1890. Life in the camp varied little from earlier days; Roland—Roll, as he was called—continued to work his regular shift in the mine (the Canfield, as Old Slope had played out and been abandoned). But at last Colorado was on the threshold of an event that would alter many lives.

The Will of God

IN 1892, Robert Womack found float rock ore assaying $250 a ton in Poverty Gulch. The gold rush which followed started a sensational development in the district, and the towns of Gillett, Mound City, Altman, Anaconda, Cripple Creek and Victor sprang into being. Like many others, Roll Blunt quit the coal field and moved his wife and daughter to Mound City. Joseph and the rest of the family also left for the new diggings.

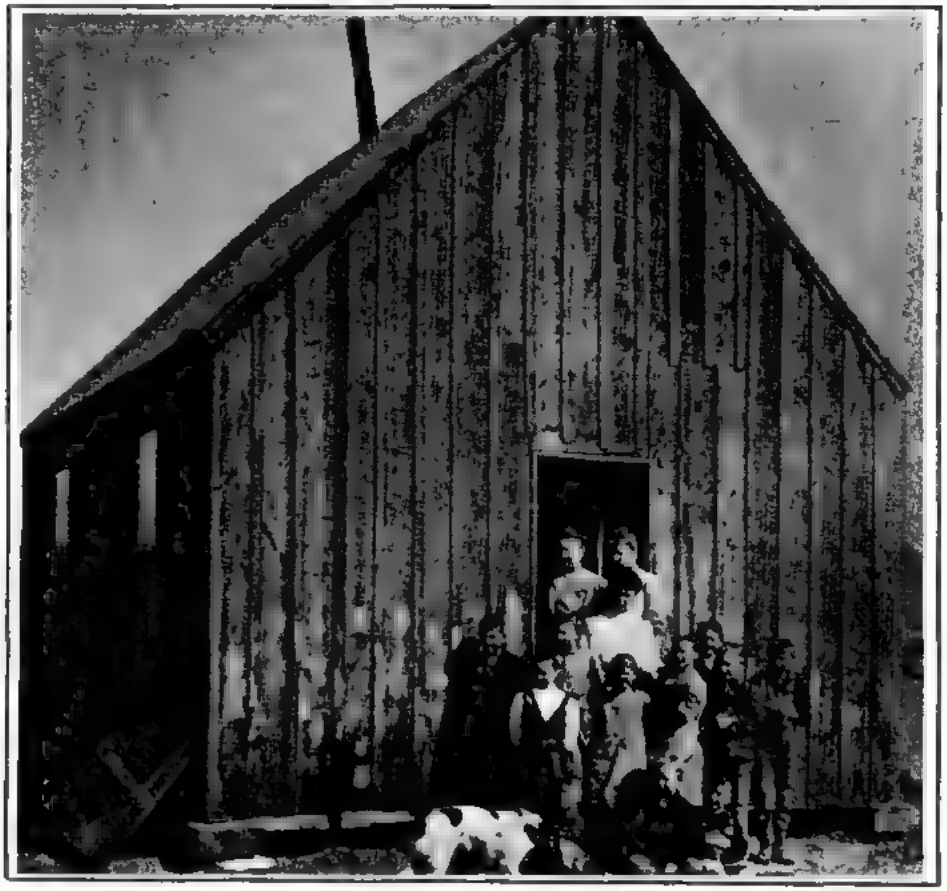
The sudden influx of people to the Cripple Creek-Victor region quickly filled the few permanent dwellings there. Until they were finally able to rent a one-room log cabin from a land speculator, Roll and Elizabeth lived in a tent. Soon the Blunt family opened and developed a gold quartz mine which Joseph operated, naming it the Calidona after a coal mine by that name in Maryland where he had worked. Roll joined a work company at the Portland and shortly afterward bought the one-room cabin for a price slightly higher than the monthly rent.

The nights in Mound City were wild and violent. Through the open chinks in the cabin, Roll and Elizabeth could see gun flashes and hear the roar and bellow of the nightly revelers. The gold-thirst of the mine owners was unquenchable; soon night shifts went into operation to double the frenzied gouging of gold.

Before Roll began working the dark-to-dawn shift he bought a .38-40 revolver for his wife, just in case of trouble. She never did have to use it but once some men tried to break in, and Liz, though frightened, aimed at the door and shouted she would shoot the first person who entered. Her voice carried enough authority that the strangers left, and she wasn't bothered again.

Each of the half-dozen boomtowns around Cripple Creek consisted of a hundred or more unpainted lapboard shacks. Day and night these jerry-built dwellings trembled from underground blasting. The scenery was overwhelming and the sunsets were gorgeous, but the thin air near timberline made hearts beat fast and lungs gasp for air. Contagious influenza swept through the area during the fall and early winter of 1893, taking a heavy toll of lives. Many who spent their evenings in the saloons and dance-halls on Myers Avenue and stopped to rest before staggering on to their lodg-

Fremont County coal miners before a shift in the Brewster Mine. Charlie Cowan is second from the left, middle row. Note the "Cockney" in the back row (with the stick of dynamite on his miner's cap) and the young boy miners in the front row.



Schoolhouse at the Concrete cement plant, 1908. Four of the Blunt children, Janet, Rebecca, Josephine and Roland Jr., are among those pictured.

ings, caught pneumonia and died.

The Blunts escaped the epidemic by filling the open chinks in the cabin with old rags and wrapping their throats with red flannel soaked in melted lard and turpentine. Roll continued his shift at the mine with his co-worker of one day likely to be a corpse the next.

Although the Cripple Creek gold area was booming, the rest of the nation was in dire straits. Banks crashed, factories closed and thousands roamed streets throughout the country begging for work. The repeal of the Sherman Silver Purchase Act caused almost every silver mine in Colorado to cease production.

Almost immediately these suddenly unemployed miners began to trickle into Cripple Creek. The trickle soon reached flood proportions and the population of the district rose to some 20,000. For every man who became a millionaire, there were thousands willing to work for whatever wages the mine owners were willing to pay.

An air of conflict rode stridently through the camp cities. Just before the crisis reached its peak, Roll and Elizabeth moved from their cabin to a real house on Frazer Avenue between Mound City and Anaconda. Their first "good" home was their one consolation during the hectic months that followed.

Some miners were paid $3.00 a day for eight hours' work; other mines were paying $3.00 for nine hours' work. The owners declared the miners should be happy with their incomes since depressed wage scales existed throughout the country at large, but the miners strongly disagreed. They felt they had a right to benefit from the region's prosperity and they had Colorado's governor, Davis H. Waite, and his Populist plank to back them up.

During the first week of February, 1894, 500 miners walked out of the nine-hour mines. Their strike was backed by Governor Waite, who sent several companies of state militia to the district on March 18 when a show of force by the owners threatened to erupt into violence.

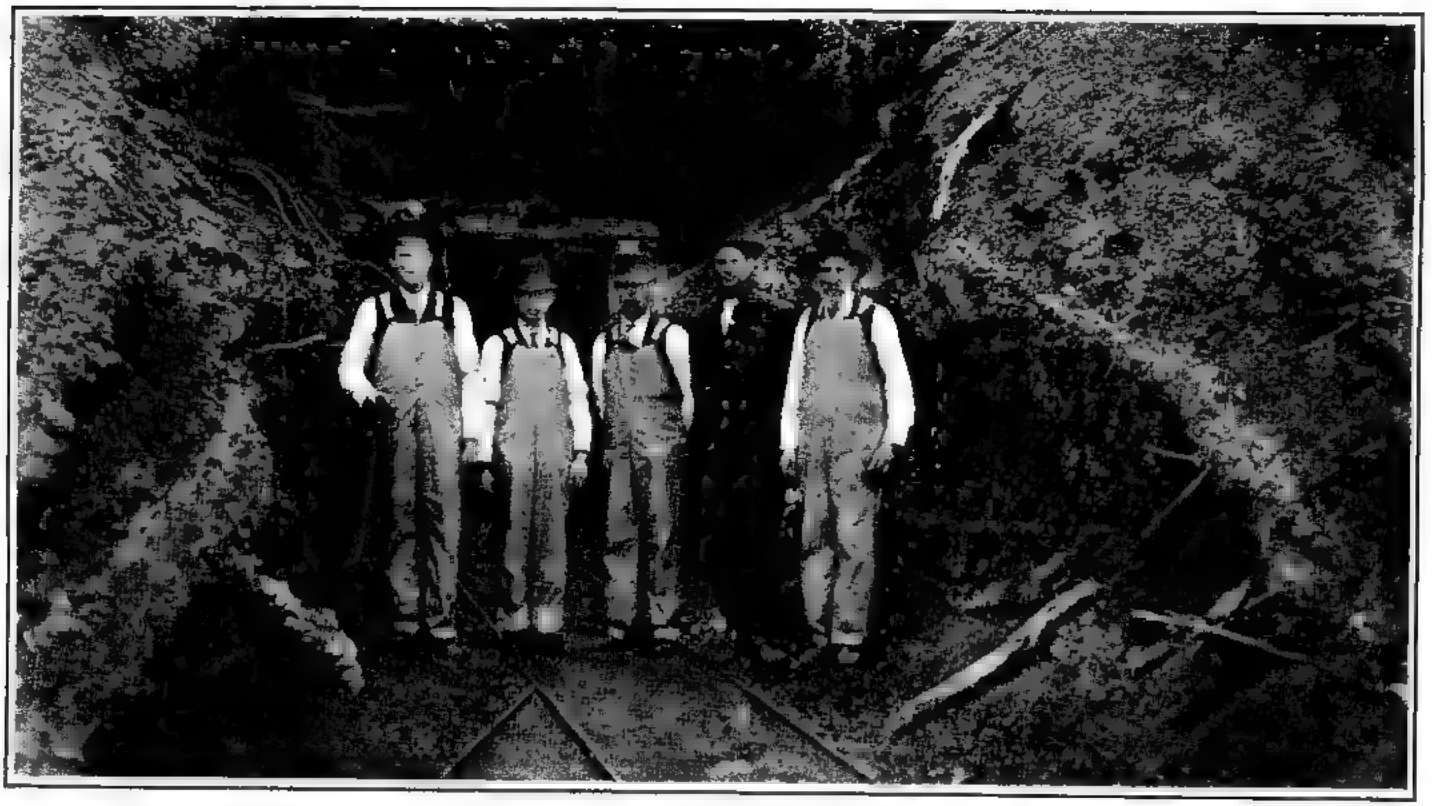
Joseph Blunt was spared the savagery of open conflict. He died March 26 of pneumonia and was buried in the Mount Pisgah cemetery near Cripple Creek. He was seventy-one years old.

THE STRIKING MINERS erected a "fortress" on Bull Hill, overlooking the mines they had rendered inoperative. They were joined by a scattering of ex-convicts from the Cañon City prison. Influenced by the criminals among them, the strikers roamed the area, wrecking saloons, beating working miners, robbing stores and raising hell in parlor houses.

By mid-May, El Paso County and the mine owners supporting the local government decided they'd had enough of Governor Waite's Populist policies. Deciding to take matters in their own hands, they enlisted an army recruited in Denver from ex-policemen and ex-firemen whom Waite had kicked out of jobs. News of their arrival was flashed to Altman, the stronghold town of the striking miners.

With a full-scale battle seeming imminent, Roll Blunt and his neighbors turned their attention to the protection of their homes and families. Roll with two other miners, hiked down the shelf road toward Cañon City, followed the Arkansas River to Florence, crossed it, and hurried south to Coal Creek, their former home. From friends they col-

The celebrated "Fannie B" Mine, Beacon Hill, Greater Cripple Creek, Colorado. Roland Blunt is on the left.



Entrance of the Paonia Mine. Elizabeth Blunt's father, Charlie Cowan, is on the right.

lected all the rifles, pistols and ammunition they could pack and hastened back to Mound City.

When the army of "deputies" approached Cripple Creek on May 25, they faced an armed camp ready to fight. Two explosions stopped the progress of the F. & C.C. train near the Strong Mine and the ex-police were forced to retreat. A wild celebration immediately erupted in the camps, but church leaders helped restore order and by nightfall the hysteria was over. The dismayed El Paso County sheriff hurriedly swore in enough additional deputies to raise the strength of his army to 1,200 and they went into camp a few miles north of Cripple Creek.

On June 6 the deputy army attempted several advances on Bull Hill but fled each time under heavy rifle fire. To jack up morale the following day, they formed a grand parade through the outskirt camps. When they were jeered, they immediately retaliated by forcing those who stood up to them to march ahead of them at gunpoint.

While the deputies marched around the Anaconda Mine, Roll Blunt slipped away and raced over the waste mounds to notify the militia at Bull Hill that the strike-breakers were headed for the Stratton Independence Mine, which was held by the strikers.

The militia responded quickly and intercepted the army of deputies on the south slope of Battle Mountain. Holding the entire group—toughs and their prisoners alike—at bay, they had Roll separate the local people from the deputies, then ordered the strike-breakers to disband immediately or be fired upon en masse. Defeated, the Denver army broke up and left the district.

On June 10 a treaty was signed and peace came to the region. The militia remained in the vicinity until the mines were operating again on an eight-hour basis.

LATE IN THE SUMMER of 1895, Elizabeth Blunt returned to her parents' home in Coal Creek for the birth of her third daughter. Meanwhile, her husband took out a lease on a claim and working ten miners, began the development of the Fannie B mine. Though not a fabulous producer, it permitted the family to live comfortably in one of

(Continued on page 59)

Tipple of Charlie Cowan's Paonia Mine.

"Diamond Dick, Jr.'s Mysterious Diagram," in No. 191 of this Library.

Entered According to Act of Congress, in the Year 1892, by Street & Smith, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C

Entered as Second class Matter in the New York, N. Y., Post Office. *Issued Weekly. Subscription Price, $2.50 per Year.* *July 4, 1892.*

No. 192. STREET & SMITH, Publishers, **NEW YORK.** 31 Rose St., N. Y. **5 Cents.**

Wild Bill's Last Trail.

By NED BUNTLINE.

The covers of Buntline's "dime novels," illustrated with woodcuts reflected the Victorian drama within.

The West's First Press Agent

By LOUIS WILLIAM STEINWEDEL

Heroized caricatures of "Buffalo Bill" and "Arizona Frank" gushed from the prolific imagination of the "man who fictionalized the West" — Ned Buntline. Yet his own life was as bizarre and eventful as those he created in his "biographies."

IN the little New York town of Stamford, two green eyes, peering eagerly from a wizened little face topped by an unruly mop of red hair, intently followed a story in the morning paper. The eyes belonged to Edward Zane Carroll Judson, popularly known by the colorful literary pseudonym, Ned Buntline, and the newspaper account was that

Ned Buntline (*Library, State Historical Society of Colorado*)

of a minor Indian engagement which had occurred on July 11, 1869, on some forlorn bit of Nebraska prairie called Summit Springs.

The combination of this insignificant incident and an undersized New York writer was about to bring forth the legend of a way of life that has gained momentum with the years, produced countless fortunes, and has probably done more to popularize America than all the efforts of our 19th Century diplomats combined.

Buntline had achieved fame and a good measure of fortune as the author of a myriad of "dime novels," cheap paperbound adventure stories which bore such melodramatic titles as *The Pirate King of the Floridas, The Doomed City of Sin, The Red Revenger*, etc. The novels, published by such firms as Street & Smith and Beadle & Adams, appealed to a wide variety of soldiers, sailors and an army of ordinary workaday individuals.

Crude as they were, they probably did a great service in helping to dispel the boredom of the former groups and brought a few precious sparks of vicarious adventure and escape into the humdrum lives of the latter.

The sobriquet, "dime novel," arose from the innovation of one publisher who printed the likeness of a large dime on the front covers of his publications when he heard that dealers had been profiteering on the little books. The name stuck, even when the price dropped to a nickel, and the designation is occasionally heard today in reference to pulp adventure stories.

A short while after reading the newspaper report, Buntline hastened from his palatial residence in rural New York and boarded a smoky and cinder-covered Union Pacific train heading for North Platte, Nebraska, to gather material for a new series of blood-and-thunder novels with a western backdrop. Buntline had instinctively realized that the battle of Summit Springs had all the trappings of a thrilling adventure story. Major Frank North and his brother, Captain Luther North, had been running down a band of renegades who had taken a white woman captive.

In a scene that smacks of Hollywood, Frank North pretended to be shot from his horse and under the guise of death had taken Chief Tall Bull by surprise and rescued the proverbial damsel in distress. As Ned wiped the perspiration and soot from his brow, he smiled and gazed absentmindedly at the scenery contemplating the number of copies that this suspenseful little episode would sell.

Although his tales, many of which were based on his own past experiences, were as bloated as a blowfish, Ned Buntline did not come to the frontier as an eastern dude entirely untutored in the ways of rough living. He was a man with a past, much of it too wild to even be recorded in his own exaggerated books.

At twelve he deserted the lawbooks his father had chosen for him and stowed away aboard a fruit ship. Seafaring life appealed to him and he joined the Navy, being commissioned as a midshipman by presidential order before he was fifteen.

Once he challenged thirteen highbrow crewmen to duels in one fell swoop because they didn't think he was of proper social standing to dine with them. In the Navy Judson first followed up his literary bent and adopted his famous pen name. He was kicked out of the service for writing and publishing *The Captain's Pig*, in which he brazenly admitted stealing a roast pig from the captain's mess.

A FEW years later, when he was twenty-three, Ned had a gay old time in Nashville. In a duel with a man named Robert Porterfield, Buntline, who was then publishing an inglorious little scandal sheet called *Ned Buntline's Own*, dispatched his opponent and surrendered his revolver and himself for trial. This bit of bravado proved to be a mistake. During the hearing Porterfield's brother, John, burst into the courtroom and shot Buntline as he sat on the witness stand.

In that one violent day Ned had shot a man, had himself been shot, was stoned by an angry mob, fell forty-seven feet to hard ground, was jailed, had broken out, and was lynched—the latter rather ineffectually when the rope miraculously snapped. Truth is stranger than fiction, but it is doubtful if even the gullible readers of dime novels would have swallowed that one.

Riotous crowds seem to be associated closely with Ned Buntline throughout most of his lurid early years. In the spring of 1849 he proved to be one of the principal promoters of a dramatic anti-British riot staged at the perform-

ance of a prominent English actor, William Charles Macready, at the Astor Place Opera House. While some of Buntline's rowdy rioters disguised as respectable theater-goers caused general havoc inside, enthusiastic mobs on the outside of the theater threw up ladders to the windows and bombarded everything and everyone in sight with large cobblestones.

The action became so violent that when the militia arrived, a pitched battle ensued in which at least thirty-four were killed and 141 wounded. For his part in the affair, Buntline received a year in Blackwell's Island prison, during which time he continued to turn out books, including a volume on spiritualism and a chronicle of his prison experiences entitled *The Convict's Return, or Innocence Vindicated.*

In addition, Ned had one other set of problems which probably caused more wear and tear on his autonomic nervous system than the rest combined. He was married a total of nine times and at one period, married again while he was still at least quasi-legally encumbered with two other women.

By 1869 it would have been an understatement to classify Buntline as a best-selling author; he was the nation's best paid writer, raking in over $20,000 a year during a period when $5.00 meant something more than the price of a steak. To retain the title, fame, and mostly the loot he had grown used to, Ned was eager to take a trip west to gather material on the Summit Springs incident.

ARRIVING at Fort McPherson, the stubby little writer lost no time in seeking out his hero of the prospective novel, Major Frank North. When he finally located the adventuresome major, Ned was surprised and disappointed to find that North hated writers (at least of Ned's type) and would have nothing to do with him.

However, since Ned was insistent, the Major (perhaps as a joke) pointed to a handsome young scout asleep under a wagon and suggested that Buntline devote his attention to him. Ned reluctantly agreed. Soon he was glowing with satisfaction—young William F. Cody had an abundant store of frontier tales and was more than willing to swap stories with an important eastern personage.

Good fortune again smiled when Cody and a few others prepared to go out on a scouting trip and asked Ned to join them. Gaily accepting the invitation, he grabbed his notebook and soon proved to be exuberance itself throughout the expedition, which incidentally never came within sight of a single redskin. That fact, however, was discreetly omitted in Ned's notes.

Back East once again, Ned picked up his quill pen and wrote copiously for the editors of the *New York Weekly.* His first Western novel, *Buffalo Bill: The King of the Border Men,* was rather ironically subtitled *The Wildest and Truest Story I Ever Wrote.* In this, the "truest" of Ned's tales, America's new idol Buffalo Bill was given the part of the uncooperative Major North, despite the fact that he had ridden into the ravaged Indian encampment a full four hours after the battle was over.

Ned even found a few scenes for James Butler Hickok, whom he invariably called "Wild Bill Hitchcock." Such exaggerations only whetted the appetites of eastern readers hungry for exciting frontier lore and Ned, who was in the process of founding the fabulous legend of Buffalo Bill, kept an army of typesetters and woodcutters busy.

Bill, at first probably appalled by Ned's blatant distortions, eventually learned to take Buntline's literary embellishments with a grain of salt. Later, when he was producing some of his own dime novels, he wrote his publisher, "I am sorry to have to lie so outrageously in this yarn. My hero has killed more Indians on one war trail than I have killed in all my life. But I understand this is what is expected of border tales. If you think the revolver and bowie knife are used too freely, you may cut a fatal shot or stab wherever you think wise."

Reflecting on his new success, Ned began to ponder the question: if people would pay thousands of dollars just to read about the West, what would they pay to see it? Of course, a few wealthy Easterners had toured the storied land beyond the Mississippi but such jaunts were far beyond the means of most folks. Impressed by the possibilities, Ned wrote Bill Cody, who was now delightfully basking in the reflected glory of his distorted adventures, and told him to come to Chicago with one other scout and a band of about twenty Indians.

Thus was born what was to become Buffalo Bill's own famous "Wild West Show" and what later developed into today's western movies and TV shows.

WHEN Ned arrived in the windy city, he was met by Bill and a scout who called himself Texas Jack Omohundro, but there were no Indians. Jim Nixon, in whose theater the extravaganza was to be staged, firmly believed that people would pay to see real Indians and was furious when he discovered that he had been stood up.

When just four days away from show time, he discovered that Buntline had not even written the play, he wanted out of the whole hopeless mess. Ned, in the grandiose, cavalier fashion he loved, rented the hall outright for a week and jerked $600 from his own pocket to sooth the simmering Nixon.

That afternoon, in the privacy of his hotel room, Ned worked feverishly and turned out something resembling a play called *Scouts of the Plains* in a record four hours. Buffalo Bill was not so speedy. When the writer-turned-producer asked how long it would take him to memorize his part, Bill (not overly familiar with the printed page), replied, smiling, "About seven years if I have good luck."

Finally, after four days of sketchy rehearsals, the epic opened on the stage with Bill, Texas Jack, and Buntline as leads. "Indians" were hastily recruited from the Chicago slums. Cody had the play's opening line; when the curtain fluttered upward and a few hundred anxious eyes gazed at him, the intrepid scout was seized by a fright that he had never experienced in the fiercest Indian battles or the wildest buffalo stampedes.

Buntline, as Cale Durg, valiantly tried to get the show moving by querying Bill about his hunting experiences. Entirely forgetting the script, Cody launched into a description of buffalo shooting which, in all honesty, was very undramatic and totally underplayed. The audience did not share this sentiment; believing they were being treated to a rare and genuine conversation among real border scouts, they burst into applause.

After the hunting discussion had been pumped for all it was worth, the ersatz redmen came bounding uncertainly onto the stage while the scouts opened up with a fearsome volley of blank cartridges. Although the last vestiges of Buntline's hastily conceived plot dissipated with the smoke of the six-shooters, the audience loved the poorly planned theatrical farce they were witnessing.

A critic from the *Chicago Tribune* described the second act as "a three-cornered fight between the scouts, the Indians, and some characters supposed to be whites led by Cale Durg, a human nightmare who managed to keep drunk for several hours without a drop of anything."

By this time, the whole fiasco was on an ad lib, give-and-take basis. The Indians, who were being assassinated at random, retaliated by capturing Cale Durg, whose countenance at this point looked ferocious enough to frighten the feathers off a prairie chicken. They proceeded to burn him at the stake. Buntline, believing that the action needed a little suspenseful prolonging, proceeded to deliver a ludicrously timed temperance address from the stage while the audience alternately roared with laughter and chanted for the fires to be lighted.

The *Times* critic, amazed that the audience was so thoroughly overjoyed at what, by no stretch of the imagination, was drama characterized the phony savages thus: "They have a strong desire to capture somebody and, consequently, jump about and yell."

He added, "It is improbable that Chicago will ever look upon the like again. Such a combination of incongruous drama, execrable acting, mixed audience, intolerable stench, scalping and blood-and-thunder, is not likely to be vouchsafed to a city for a second time—even Chicago."

What should have been, by all usual dramatic standards, the greatest turkey in theatrical history turned out to be one of the most roaring, nonsensically hilarious performances ever to be presented on the American stage. Buntline, bewildered but happy (especially at the $2,800 that was in the box office), smiled and joked with the satisfied playgoers after the show as he passed out autographed photos of the makeshift actors.

Spotting some newspapermen in the crowd, Ned couldn't resist the opportunity to boast that he had written this success in only four hours. Unanimously, the reporters inquired what had taken him so long.

After filling the week's engagement, the show went on the road. In St. Louis some legal difficulties arose over a phase of Ned's robust and riotous past in that city. In a quick rearrangement of ownership, the title was altered to *Scouts of the Prairie.* While the show played in St. Louis, Cody's wife Louisa caught her husband's act. During one scene he directed to his wife the line, "Oh, mama, I'm a bad actor!" The crowd went wild.

Later, as the opus moved from city to city, it must have become considerably more realistic and consequently rougher as evidenced by the fact that in Cincinnati an actor portraying an Indian was genuinely slain on stage.

EVENTUALLY the show made its way to Niblo's Garden in New York. The critics closed ranks to pan it as no other play had been panned before. The *Herald* critic brought out his big guns and blasted the offering with the lines, "It is about everything in general and nothing in particular. Mr. Judson (otherwise

(Continued on page 61)

LICENSED TO UI RG
PROHIBITED

The Rodeo Kid.

The Return of Bronco Bill

Bronco Bill at the California State Fair in 1924. The beard was false.

Glen Will loved the Arizona sunshine and the town he thought typified it. Finally he returned—but his arrival was a surprise for those waiting to greet him.

By EDNA G. LANDIN

WHILE serving as president of Tombstone Chamber of Commerce (1952-53), I participated in a very unique incident. In August, 1952, our office received a letter forwarded by our Postmaster which read as follows:

August 14-52

Post Master, Tumbstone, Ars.

Dear Sir. Just a line to sask a faver, and I hop you have time to grant it. I am wonderning if this is the tumbstone town where the rich silver mines wer and the wotter drounded them and before it did watter was sold for a dollar a glass. I have herd some tails that roor a tumbstone town that it happened that way.

I wish you would rite and let no if this town of yourn is that town if it is I will pay you a visit in the spring of 1953 as I like to visit old mining Camps if this is the place I wish you wood give me some data about it. Thanking you in return for any favors shone me I remain your friend. I am inclosing one of my Photoes ana wood thank you for one of yourn.

(signed) Glen Efrom Will
1130 Curtis St.
Albany, Calif.

This letter was answered confirming that Tombstone was that town. Also enclosed with the letter was a Chamber of Commerce brochure in which our year-round mild climate and the benefit of the ultra-violet rays of the sun were stressed.

To this, Glen Will replied on December 13, 1952, in the following manner:

Just a line to let you no your nice letter was gladly recived and I was more than glad to here from you and the infermation it contained. I would say the Chamber of Commerce are domd a good job, working for the good of soiety in letting the worald no of the wonderful sun shin and altude they have. I Bronco Bill, and the Rodeo Kid think that Dr. Sun is woralds gratis physicion. In ultra violed rays of the Sun lies a wonderful healing power it works it cures through theskin as an grate tonic and helth builder. it increses the activity of the mind. it strengthens the power of the Will. it quiets the .nervis system. it studies the muscler action of the body and its warm glowing rays southes and relieves paine.

How far is it to a producing oil field. the only Cow-boy that could shoot a horse fly on the wing and the inventor of western moves was Bronco Bill. thanking you for an early reply. "Bronco Bill," Curtis St. Albany Calif. (over)

May the Chamber of Commerees life be long and happy and may their frieds be kind and true and may they build a bigger and better tumbstone before they say their through. and I sincerely wish the best of every thing to you. Bronco Bill Bids them all a do."

ON MARCH 19, 1953, "Bronco Bill" arrived. Our office received a notice from the local Railroad Express Agency that they had a package for us, Express Collect, on which the charges were $1.92. I stopped at the agency to pick it up and much to my astonishment found a small wooden box from the Oakland, California, Crematorium with an envelope attached reading, "This envelope contains the REMOVAL PERMIT FOR THE CREMATED REMAINS OF GLEN WILL, A LA 'BRONCO BILL', for interment of said remains in Boot Cemetery, Tombstone, Arizona."

After paying the charges, I carried

(Continued on page 72)

Left. Chief Tendoy. Right, the Indian Agency store operated from 1892-1907 by John Rees. *(Idaho Historical Society Photos)*

Chief Tendoy and His Band

By MARY PEASE LASHBROOK

DURING THE DAYS when the predatory Bannock and Fort Hall tribes were sweeping down on emigrants struggling to cross the dangerous Oregon Trail in southern Idaho, one chief and his band of warriors remained faithful to the white settlers who had befriended them. Tendoy, chief of the Lemhis, became one of the most honored and respected Indians in that state's history.

Born into the Shoshoni tribe in the Boise Valley about 1834, Tendoy (the name is a contraction of "un-tin-doip," meaning "he likes broth") joined his uncle, Chief Snagg, and his tribe, a mixed stock of Shoshoni and Bannock, in the Lemhi Valley sometime during the 1850's.

A group of Mormons from Utah moved into the valley where Chief Snagg lived. Planning to establish a colony and do missionary work among the Indians, they planted crops and dug ditches for irrigation. They also built a fort and named the valley and river Lemhi after a character in the Book of Mormon.

Snagg was friendly to the Mormons, but one day a few outlaw Indians tried to steal some cattle. During the battle that followed several of the Mormons were killed or wounded. When Brigham Young received the news he recalled the colony to Utah.

A hard winter struck southern Idaho in 1858 and killed many of the buffalo in the mountains. Since the Indians depended on buffalo for most of their meat, they had to go to the West Yellowstone for most of their hunts.

On one of these hunts the Shoshonis were attacked by Blackfeet, their traditional enemy. While the battle was raging, Tendoy's father, Tancanca, was killed. Tendoy was chosen to succeed his father as commander of the warriors.

Tragedy again came to Tendoy's tribe in 1863. Chief Snagg, returning from a visit to Bannack, Montana, stopped at Grasshopper Creek and was assassinated there by the notorious outlaw, Buck Stenson. Stenson later was hanged with Henry Plummer and Ned Ray at Bannack, January 10, 1864.

The violent nature of Peggi, Chief Snagg's son, made him unsuited to be chief so the Indians chose Tendoy to be their next leader.

His tribesmen were so angered by the cruel murder of their chief that Tendoy knew that he would have to act quickly to save the lives of the white settlers.

THE DAY after he became chief, Tendoy dressed in his regalia and rode his war pony to Bannack. He stopped

One Indian and his band of faithful followers rode beside the white men during the turbulent days when bloodshed and thievery haunted the Oregon Trail.

in front of the general store and waited for some of the leading townspeople to gather. Then, with a stern face, he asked why the white people had killed the chief of the tribe that had always protected them.

No one answered and the crowd waited uneasily for him to continue. After a few minutes Tendoy asked if this meant that they had declared war with the Indians who had been their friends. If that was so, he accepted the challenge, but his heart was heavy for he wanted peace. The frightened people told him they were sorry the crime had been committed and promised that the outlaws would be punished.

Tendoy made the sign of peace and returned to his tribe. He was sure that he was doing the right thing, but knew it would be hard to persuade his people. However, his mastery of the Shoshoni language and natural oratory won the argument.

There were a few stragglers of the Tukuarikas, or Sheepeater Indians, wandering around who asked for Tendoy's protection. These Indians, an offshoot of the Shoshoni tribe, were renegades who had been driven into the high mountains around the Salmon River. They were more aboriginal than any other tribe of the Northwest. For years they had robbed the settlers until finally they were captured and most of them killed.

Tendoy took them in. Under his leadership they became a peaceable group. They intermarried and never became a distinct tribe, but were called Tendoy's Band. Later, to avoid jealousy among the tribes, they adopted the name of Lemhi.

Tendoy heard that the United States

Chief Tendoy in full regalia.
(Idaho State College Photo)

Government was giving land and rations to other Indians so, in 1875, he made a trip to Washington, D.C., to ask for help for his followers. The following spring a representative arrived and surveyed a reservation ten miles square, where Hayden creek empties into the Lemhi. A doctor's office, hospital, agent's quarters and center for food and clothing were built.

The government hired a docter and put an agent in charge. It also built a schoolhouse and hired white teachers to teach the Indian children. For his part in helping to accomplish all this, and upon the recommendation of Senator Shoup, Chief Tendoy was given a pension of $15.00 a month the rest of his life.

Charlie Dishno was the government farm instructor at the agency and taught the Indians how to farm. When he first went there he plowed a nice furrow around a field. Turning to a young buck standing near he said, "You see how it is done, now go ahead and plow."

This looked too much like work to the Indian and he replied, "No, you savvy, you do it."

Mrs. Dishno was an excellent cook. Tendoy liked good food and each Sunday he and his wife arrived to eat the meal he had ordered "for me and my squaw." He paid $1.00 for each of them —a very good price those days.

During the years of the many Indian uprisings, Chief Tendoy stood by the white people. He held his warriors ready at all times to protect the settlers. They saved many lives when Buffalo Horn went on the warpath.

Many of the tribes who went on the warpath asked Tendoy to join them, but the great leader stood faithful to his white friends. People said of him that had he been white, he would very likely have risen to the office of senator or governor.

Senator George L. Shoup told of witnessing the real ending of Chief Tendoy's last organized hunt and, he believed, the

Old Fort Lemhi. *(Idaho Historical Society Photo)*

last travois of the American Indian.

He was at his home ranch one day in the fall of 1905, when Indians began riding into the yard. Many of them he recognized as boys he had played with in his youth.

They told him Tendoy was going on a big hunt to the rough Middle Fork country. They wanted to rearrange their packs and leave in his care some items that wouldn't be needed. As they talked, more Indians and strings of pack horses arrived. As the pack horses came by, Shoup heard the sound of dragging teepee poles, which had been used by the American Indian for generations.

Following the loose stock, pack animals and travois, came four or five old spring wagons. One of the wagons stopped and an Indian waved. It was Tendoy with his favorite wife, Jeanne, who was driving the wagon.

After they had talked for a while, Senator Shoup asked them to wait for a few minutes. He went to the house and returned with a load of "muck-a-muck" (food). Tendoy thanked him and, leaving the squeaking, rickety wagon, joined the hunting party. The hunting party returned a contented and happy lot. They loaded their packhorses with meat and skins and jokingly said they had been "wild" Indians and had had a good time.

MY HUSBAND, Charles Lashbrook, knew Tendoy well. Once, when he was reminiscing, he said:

"In 1884, when I was three years old, my mother brought me from Salt Lake City to the Lemhi Valley. I knew many of the Indians among Tendoy's band. They used to come to our house to trade the articles given them at the Agency for something else they wanted. For forty years my mother treasured a beautiful black and white woolen shawl which she received in a trade.

"One of the Indians who often stopped at our house when I was a small boy was called Pancake. The nickname was very likely given to him because of his fondness for sourdough pancakes, an important part of the prospector's diet. Pancake was goodnatured and very fat. One day when he arrived at our house as usual at mealtime, my mother happened to be taking care of two little neighbor boys.

"In those days small boys wore dresses. Pancake pointed to first one then the other of the boys and asked, 'Boy papoose?' My mother nodded. Then he asked, 'Any girl papoose?' She shook her head and answered, 'Kay' (Indian for 'No'). Pancake patted her head and smilingly said, 'Wyno (good) squaw.'

"The white women hired the squaws to wash for them. Mrs. Kimes hired one called Martha. Lucy worked for Mrs. Stone, the storekeeper's wife. One day Mrs. Stone said something to Lucy that offended her. She picked Mrs. Stone up, shut her in the pantry and locked the door. Then she proceeded to finish the washing, hung it up and went home. Several hours elapsed before Mrs. Stone's calls attracted the attention of someone passing by. The next week Lucy appeared as usual to do the washing. No mention was made of what happened the week before.

"Martha was an older woman. She had been born and reared in the beautiful Lemhi Valley. When she was told that she was to be moved to Fort Hall, she cried and grieved so much she died on the way.

"Chief Tendoy was different from most Indians. He liked to have his white friends call on him, and he would talk and joke by the hour like any white man would do. I seldom passed his place without stopping to call. He always came out with a big smile and shook hands. When asked, 'How are you, Chief?' He would answer, 'Heap wyno,' meaning 'Very good.'

"One hot, summer day I stopped and found him lying in the shade of a teepee he had in the yard. He was dressed in his chief's regalia.

" 'Hello, Chief, you are all dressed up today,' I greeted him.

"He jumped up, grabbed his tomahawk and gave a war-whoop you could have heard for a mile then said, 'Heap bad Indian today! Me scalp white boy!'

"It didn't make me feel too good, but knowing him so well I figured it was some kind of joke, so I stood my ground. When he got close to me he dropped his tomahawk, held out his hand and laughing heartily said, 'Heap brave white boy, he know Tendoy no hurt.'

"Another day when I stopped for a visit, the chief asked his wife to put on her best dress, made of buckskin and trimmed with beads. The dress was valued at $2,500.00. She also had a necklace made of elk's teeth and gold nuggets fastened together with sinews from the hind leg of a deer. The nuggets were a present from the prospectors who held the Tendoys in high esteem.

The Tendoy Monument (*Idaho Historical Society Photo*)

ONCE TENDOY TOOK ME through a cave the Indians used for a burying ground. The bodies were placed on the floor and covered with rocks, then all their earthly possessions were piled on the grave. Sometimes a favorite pony was taken and killed by the grave. The Indians did not want white people to go into the cave unless accompanied by one of the tribe. No one would want to stay long because of the odor if for no other reason.

"I was crossing the reservation one dark night when suddenly the air around me was filled with weird, unearthly sounds. Then all at once it broke out in what seemed to my boyish mind like ten thousand coyotes howling. Although I suspected it was an Indian death chant, I was very much relieved when I reached the Agency store on the other side. There, John Rees, the storekeeper, told me that one of the big medicine men had died and the Indians were mourning for him.

"John Rees was one of the first people in that part of the country to buy a phonograph and recorder. He was a great hand to play jokes on the Indians, so one day when Tendoy was there Rees asked him to sing a war song which he recorded. Sometime later after Tendoy's death, Rees played the record when some of the tribe happened to be in the store. The superstitious Indians were terrified. After enjoying the joke for a while, John Rees tried to explain what he had done, but it took some time before they understood."

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ROHIBITED

Richard Barter was a thief with a reputation based more on hearsay than actual deeds. The leader of a band of toughs, he lost the chance for big wealth by fouling up the simplest job of all!

A burro train like the one robbed by the Barter gang.

Rendezvous with Rattlesnake Dick

By THOMAS STIMMEL

Photos from Title Insurance and Trust Company Collection of Historical Photographs

AS A BATTLE of wits between detectives and outlaws, the first big gold robbery in California resulted in something of a draw. All the thieves were killed or captured, but only half of their $80,000 loot was recovered. The other half—$40,000 in gold bullion—still lies buried somewhere in the mountains.

The holdup was conceived by a character named Rattlesnake Dick, a young man who was more or less forced into a career of crime. Twice in one year Dick was brought to trial for offenses he knew nothing about. Each time he was cleared before he got as far as the penitentiary, but an unearned reputation had been established. No matter what he did or where he went, Dick was regarded as a thief.

The stigma was more than unfair; it was unfitting. Richard Barter, son of a British Army colonel, was a tall, dark youth with commanding black eyes and an affable enthusiasm. He was only seventeen when he and an older brother ventured to California to try their luck in the mines. His brother soon returned to Canada but Dick stayed on to become an honest, if unsuccessful, miner at Rattlesnake Bar—the source of his nickname and the locale of his troubles.

After his trials, Dick went from one camp to another. In each one he was greeted coolly, if not hostilely. He was a marked man. If he had to be known as a thief, he decided, he would be the best. He called himself the "Pirate of the Placers" and began his apprenticeship by committing petty thefts throughout the northern mines.

BY MIDSUMMER of 1856 Dick felt ready. He had learned the trade, he had been careful to drop his name when he made business calls, and he had recruited and trained six experienced thieves to help in his work. He made his plans for the Wells, Fargo "gold train" due to travel south from Yreka near the Oregon border.

Dick's plans were necessarily complex. For one thing, he was contemplating larceny on a scale he had never before attempted. For another, the gold that interested Dick was to be shipped by muletrain instead of by stage. Since the Wells, Fargo mules would be marked with the company brand, once the robbery was committed, Dick and his gang would have to shift the load to the backs of unbranded animals.

Dick knew where he could steal all the unbranded mules he needed. He picked one man to go with him and assigned the other five to commit the robbery. They were to prepare an ambush at a favorable spot on the rough slopes of Trinity Mountain, then drive the gold-bearing mules to a secluded canyon well off the trail. Dick would meet them at the rendezvous with fresh stock.

The top lieutenants in Dick's gang were brothers named Cyrus and George Skinner, both alias Walker, alias Williams. Dick chose Cyrus to assist in his mule chase and put George in charge of the robbery. With George were Big Dolf Newton, Bill Carter, Nickamore Romeo and an unidentified Mexican.

George and his gang found the holdup surprisingly easy even though the train was said to have been accompanied by twenty guards. "The demeanor of the robbers was so fierce and the attack so sudden," wrote an apologetic reporter of the day, "that the men with the train could not resist."

Skinner's gang tied the guards to trees and led the mules to the rendezvous. They found no sign of Dick and Cyrus, or the fresh mules, when they arrived but they were not particularly concerned. Dick's mule-hunting grounds were miles away in Placer County, a drive of several days at best. Skinner made camp and waited. One day. Then two.

On the third day, Skinner dispatched two men to scout the area. The rugged, lava-studded mountains sheltered many canyons that looked very much alike. It was possible—just possible—that he or Dick had mistaken the site of the rendezvous. The scouts were out all day but found nothing.

Skinner definitely was worried by the negative report. The guards certainly must have had time to free themselves and organize a posse. It would be only luck if the gang weren't discovered at any moment—and thieves can't depend on luck. The Mexican got jittery. He wanted to take his share of the loot and get out. When Skinner ordered him to stay, the Mexican refused and Skinner shot him on the spot.

DEAD OR ALIVE, though, the Mexican was right. Obviously, something had happened to Dick. The four who remained decided they could carry half the stolen treasure by themselves, without mules. Skinner—alone—led some of the mules off into the dusk and buried the other $40,000 at a spot marked only in his memory. He was gone a long time.

Then the gang divided the remaining burden of bullion and began the long trip back to their established hide-out near Folsom, far to the south on the American River. They reached the hide-out at night, hid the gold, and started

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The Shooting of

By CLIFTON SEYMOUR

Handsome and debonair, Maurice Barrymore was also brave as he stood before the liquor-maddened killer, shielding the actress' body with his own.

Maurice Barrymore

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

Editor's Note: "The Shooting of Maurice Barrymore" originally appeared in the April, 1927, issue of FRONTIER TIMES. Because of the charm and authenticity of its style, we reproduce it here exactly as it was first published.

AMONG the red hills of East Texas nestles the thriving and prosperous little city that honors the map of the Lone Star State with the name of Marshall. Away back in the late sixties and in the seventies, when Texas was called the "wild and woolly West," Marshall enjoyed a halcyon existence. The population consisted of some five thousand white persons, made up principally of prominent families who settled there just after the Civil War. At that time the Santa Fe, Katy, Frisco, or Rock Island Railroads had not brought in their trunk lines, so Marshall was the prominent gateway into Texas. Fort Worth and Dallas could be reached from there over the Texas & Pacific, and the International and Great Northern Railway joined at Longview Junction, which afforded rail connection with San Antonio, Houston, Galveston, Austin and Waco. For this reason all theatrical troupes touring the Southwest passed through Marshall, and all of them rendered performances in the Marshall Opera House, with its coal oil footlights. During that period the thespian stars of those days played Marshall, and as its people were educated, cultured and refined, they were always greeted with enthusiastic audiences.

Now in the winter of 1878 there came through Marshall from New York a company of prominent young thespians, who were just beginning to win their laurels in the theatrical world. The company was headed by that well known actor, Mr. John Drew—suave and witty—supported by the accomplished young actress, Miss May Cummings, and the dashing and handsome young matinee idol, Maurice Barrymore, father of Miss Ethel, Lionel and John Barrymore. On that fateful night as they rendered comedy-drama to a large audience, they little dreamed that Fate was stalking some of them for a dark tragedy that was soon to be enacted.

They repaired to the Texas & Pacific depot to take the midnight train out. The depot at that time was a small frame building, near which was a saloon and lunch stand. This lunch room was operated by one Sam Harvey (no connection with Fred Harvey eating houses). While waiting for the train, Maurice Barrymore and Actor Benjamin Porter, accompanied by Miss Cummings, repaired to the lunch room and seating themselves at one end of the small counter, ordered sandwiches and coffee.

Jim Currie was of a prominent and well known Southern family, schooled and educated in the customs and traditions of his illustrious ancestors. He was addicted to the use of liquor and when under its influence appeared to assume an inferiority complex that made him quarrelsome, sensitive and, at times, dangerous. When sober he was of a quiet and innocuous disposition and was well known in that part of the state. He was employed as a locomotive engineer on the T. & P. Railroad. He had been drinking for several days, had made himself troublesome to the train dispatchers, and on that eventful winter's night he was around the depot, and was what is commonly known in jargon as "three sheets in the wind," and preparing himself so that Destiny changed the entire course of his future life.

The saloon opened into the lunch stand through a swinging door, and Currie, all steamed up, entered the lunch stand while the thespians were having their sandwiches. No one else except Sam Harvey was in the room, and just exactly what was said in that little eating place to cause Currie to start the fireworks, is somewhat clouded. All of the participants and Sam Harvey are dead and most of the records in the case were destroyed with many others by fire when the county courthouse at Marshall burned some thirty years ago. About twelve years ago Maurice Barrymore gave his version of the affair through the columns of *McClure's Magazine.*

MY EARLY boyhood days were spent in Marshall, in a vortex of those early pioneer and construction days of the T. & P. Railroad. Superinduced by the excitement of it all, I began packing telegrams and messages when quite young. Now and then I would sneak down a ladder from my room in our home and go down to the depot to see the trains in and out. The headlights of the engines, the clanking bells, hissing steam and the bark of the carriage and express drivers was music to my ears, not overlooking the exhilarating odors of fried ham and hot coffee emitting from the lunch stand, that at my age produced an agonizing gnawing at my vitals, commonly known in parlance of the rialtos as "slip on the nosebag." I traveled around with the train crew callers, and on that particular night was doing just that. We had been rounding up some of the tardy ones and were searching for others to call and entered Sam Harvey's lunch stand about the time hell broke loose.

Jim Currie was standing near the door that opened into the saloon. His eyes had that vitreous glaze of booze and high blood pressure, and with an undulating motion of the body, he was making some drunken and laughing remark which appeared to be addressed to the theatrical party. Just at this moment Actor Ben Porter got up from his seat at the counter and said something about being unarmed, but that he would defend a lady from insult. At this remark Currie jerked out his big smoke wagon and the shooting commenced, the caller and myself dodging out onto the platform and peering through the window to see Porter stagger and tumble over dead.

By this time the handsome and debonaire Maurice Barrymore was on his feet. I saw him glance at Ben Porter, whose life blood was by this time staining the floor. His eyes snapped like electric sparks, as he pushed Miss Cummings behind him and faced Currie. He must have known that he did not have one chance in ten thousand as he stood in

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OHIBITE!

Left, Red Cloud. Right, group of commissioners and Indian chiefs. Left to right, Red Bear, Benjamin Mills, Packs-His-Drum, Amos Bettelyoun, W. G. Bullock, Man Afraid of His Horses and John Finn. Photo taken in 1868.

THE Grattan tragedy was the first of the three most complete defeats ever suffered by the U. S. Army. All came at the hands of the same enemy, the western Plains Indian.

The time was August 19, 1854; the place, Bordeaux's Trading Post, nine miles east of Ft. Laramie; the principals, 4,000 Sioux, gathered to collect the annual toll charge for travel on that superturnpike, the Oregon Trail, plus Lieutenant Fleming, West Point class of 1852, with one year's frontier experience as commanding officer of a one-company frontier post, Fort Laramie, and Lieutenant Grattan, West Point class of 1853, with one year's frontier experience. Grattan was boisterous, domineering, reckless, overly ambitious and a heavy drinker.

This mixture resulted in the sacrifice of many lives, millions upon millions of wasted dollars and years of bitter strife with the Plains Indians. And it all started because of a dispute over a cow said to be worth less than $4.00.

Because of the late season, emigrant and freight trains were dwindling in number and size on the trail. Many of the trains were unprotected but the Indians made no attempt to raid them.

One of these late-comers was a Danish-Mormon immigrant train. Behind it, a man belabored a solitary cow, so worn and weak that her ribs stood out like ridges.

As the man with the cow neared the first Brulé encampment a few miles east of Fort Laramie, a group of Indian boys racing their ponies came abreast of the cow. Frightened, it ran into their camp, smashing through lodges, upsetting cooking kettles and tangling blankets, clothes and picket ropes. The women screeched imprecations at the top of their lungs and the children joined in the chase. Even the warriors gathered to see the cause of the commotion.

This encampment had eighty lodges of Brulés and twenty guest lodges of Minneconjous. When the cow entered the Minneconjou portion of the camp, one of them, High Forehead, shot and killed it, probably because of the damage being done. Although some historians say it was because the Indians wanted the carcass for food, this seems unlikely since the Indians at that time detested the meat of the white men's spotted cattle. All accounts by the white men present state the cow was not even worth the minimum going price of $4.00.

The emigrant started to the Indians' camp after his cow. Had he continued, he probably would have been permitted to reclaim his property, even though it was responsible for a considerable amount of havoc.

However, when the screeching began and the Indians appeared, he grew frightened and backed off, waving his goad in a threatening gesture. When he heard the shot that marked the demise of the cow, he panicked and ran off. By the time he reached Bordeaux's trading post, he had regained enough courage to rant about the trouble he was going to make for the Indians for killing his animal. Jim Bordeaux tried to talk him out of his bad humor and offered him $10.00 for the cow. The Mormon, sensing the chance to make a profit, hiked the price to $25.00, but would not promise to remain silent at the fort. Meanwhile, Conquering Bear, the peace chief of the Sioux nation, realizing the grave implications of this destruction of emigrant property, set out for the fort to offer reparations.

Fleming seemed disposed to wait for the appearance of the trader to settle the matter. Conquering Bear offered a horse in exchange for the slaughtered cow, a very fair payment in view of the value of stock.

Sometime during the following night, Lieutenant Grattan persuaded Fleming that High Forehead should be arrested. Consequently, Fleming authorized Grattan to arrest the Minneconjou, provided the Indians would give him up without protest. He was not to risk a fight unless he was sure of success.

THE next morning, Man Afraid of His Horses, the Oglala chief, arrived at the fort to try to settle the matter amicably. However, he was too late; Grattan was already assembling a detail to march to the Sioux camp.

Grattan might not have been drunk but he was on a nervous binge of some sort. Highly excited, he called for "volunteers for perilous service." From those volunteering, he selected Sergeant William Faver, Corporal Charles McNulty, twenty-five privates and two musicians. Two howitzers on wheels and a wagon for the unmounted men were to accompany the detail. Lucien Auguste, a half-blood, went along as interpreter. The thirty men under Grattan comprised three-fourths of the total personnel of the fort and was ten more than he had been authorized to take.

Man Afraid rode with Grattan, attempting to persuade him not to arrest High Forehead, saying there were too many Sioux for him to accomplish his purpose without trouble.

The detail stopped for a rest at the Gratiot Houses, five miles from the fort. The Gratiot Houses, formerly a possession of the American Fur Company, were owned by P. Chouteau, Jr. and Company and stored the $50,000 goods-annuity payment intended for the Sioux. Here Grattan ordered his men to charge their weapons but to leave them uncapped.

The half-blood interpreter, who had been drinking heavily, aggravated the situation by insulting some Sioux warriors present at the Houses. Grattan attempted to restrain him without success.

East of the Gratiot Houses, the Oregon Trail climbs to the upper bench of the Platte. Grattan climbed a bluff overlooking the Trail to survey the situation. Descending, he ordered the men not to fire until ordered, but when that order came, "to fire as much as you damned please."

The road descended to the river bottom near Bordeaux's trading post. Here the detail paused and Grattan sent for Conquering Bear. Again the drunken interpreter insulted the Sioux that were present. Grattan, urged by Bordeaux, attempted to stop him, but the half-blood was beyond all restraint.

When Conquering Bear arrived with several older Sioux, he and Man Afraid tried to settle the matter peaceably. It is said that their final offer totaled five horses in payment for the cow. The offer was more than generous but Grattan had his feet firmly set on what he believed was a glory road to fame and advancement.

Fully aware of the number of In-

A cocky young lieutenant and a worthless cow precipitated one of the most complete defeats ever suffered by a unit of the U. S. Army in the West.

the grattan massacre

By BILL JUDGE

Conquering Bear

Smithsonian Institution Bureau of American Ethnology Photos

dians present, the arrogant young officer could not believe he was in for trouble he couldn't handle. The traders and civilians who had accompanied him were less confident; the civilians from the fort climbed on top of Bordeaux's flat-topped houses and the men from Gratiot's mounted a nearby hill to watch the final scenes unfold.

ACCORDING to some accounts, Grattan did relax enough to ask Bordeaux to accompany him as interpreter, evidently to replace the half-blood troublemaker. Bordeaux had never been known as a man of outstanding courage and on the present occasion held his reputation intact by refusing to go.

Grattan, now only 300 yards from the larger of two Brulé camps, ordered his men to cap their guns and march straight through in order to squarely confront the Minneconjou lodges, pitched with Brulé lodges in the lesser camp.

Grattan halted sixty yards from the lodges and aligned his men on either side of the two howitzers which were aimed at the Minneconjou lodges. High Forehead was standing in the doorway of his lodge. The Sioux chieftains acted as peace emissaries between Grattan and High Forehead, who would not submit to arrest and was perfectly willing to fight and die alone. He did not want anyone else to get in trouble by siding with him. He said the white men could not be trusted and cited injuries to his friends by white men.

Conquering Bear and Man Afraid tried to soften the stubborn attitude of each man without success. The conference, or series of consultations, lasted from forty-five minutes to an hour. During this time the younger Oglala warriors, among whom was Red Cloud, began drifting downstream from their camp beyond Bordeaux's trading post. The Brulé warriors concealed themselves in the brush along the left flank of Grattan and his men. All of these developments could be seen by the spectators on the roofs and on the hill.

Man Afraid, convinced that the half-blood interpreter was not presenting the Indians' side truthfully to Grattan, tried once more to persuade Bordeaux to act as interpreter. This time he was successful, but it was too late. By the time the trader arrived, Grattan's patience had run out and he ordered some of his men to fire. One Indian was hit; he was later said to be the brother of Conquering Bear.

Before fleeing to his trading post, Bordeaux heard the Sioux chiefs order their men not to return the fire, that perhaps these shots would satisfy the honor of the white men. Again, words were exchanged and evidently Grattan decided the Indians needed a further demonstration, for he ordered a volley by all of his men. This time Conquering Bear fell, mortally wounded, and no one remained to restrain the aroused young warriors. Arrows and shots came from the bushes. Grattan's next move was to fire the two howitzers, but they were aimed too high and the canister charges hit only the tops of the lodges.

Grattan was one of the first casualties of the Indians' fire. Without a leader to rally them, some of the whites ran for the wagon. The half-blood interpreter, now convinced of the folly of his ways and with more fight on his hands than he had expected, dodged his horse among the lodges of the larger Brulé camp. Accompanied by Lieutenant Grattan's horse holder, he ran for Bordeaux's trading post, then swerved for the Oregon Trail, where he and the soldier were surrounded and killed. The wagon also made for the road but was overtaken before it reached Bordeaux's.

The remaining infantrymen retreated slowly on foot and in good order. Their guns, fired in rotation, outranged the Indians' bows and arrows. Taking advantage of the terrain, they retreated past Bordeaux's. A short distance beyond the post, they came to a wide, level plot of ground where the Indians could charge on horseback from all directions. The remaining men were not numerous enough to maintain adequate fire to meet this type of attack and it was soon over.

ONLY one white man escaped and he was wounded so badly that he died a couple of days later at the fort without speaking of the fight.

Their blood still hot, some of the younger warriors ran to the trading post. They started searching and plundering but before any real harm was done, they were stopped by Swift Bear.

Returning to the camp, they mutilated the bodies of the soldiers and wrecked and burned the howitzer carriages and wagon.

Again they returned to the Bordeaux station, screaming that they were going on to capture the fort, kill everyone and burn the buildings. As the Sioux numbered about 1,200 and only ten soldiers remained at the fort, this would have been quite easy to accomplish.

This time Little Thunder assumed the role of peacemaker. At his suggestion, Bordeaux gave away tobacco, sugar, raisins, blankets and all the things the Indians prized so highly. He also gave them his cattle and horses. When his shelves were bare and his pastures empty, he began to talk for his life and the lives of the other white people along the river. When he had finished, the crisis was over, the Sioux had changed their minds and the white people of the Platte Valley were saved. However, knowing that they were no longer entitled to peaceably claim the annuity payment of goods, the Indians attacked the Gratiot Houses and seized those goods by force. The following day they also seized the private trading goods at the Gratiot Houses before leaving the valley.

Despite the fact that the investigation by the Indian agent and the succeeding commanding officer of the fort disclosed that Lieutenant Grattan was responsible for provoking the fight, the newspapers and army brass would not accept the responsibility as his. In some way, the blame was fixed on Jim Bordeaux and the mortally wounded peace chief, Conquering Bear.

An expedition under General Harney was sent to punish the Indians. Harney did punish some Indians at terrible cost in lives of men, women and children, but not the group involved in Grattan's slaying. However, the newspapers and army officers were satisfied and Harney became quite a hero.

The army never learned; the tragedy was to be repeated by Fetterman some twelve years later and by Custer on the Little Big Horn.

The wagontrain emigrants discovered some strange looking rocks on their way through Oregon. When they finally determined the rocks contained gold, they could not agree on the place they had been found.

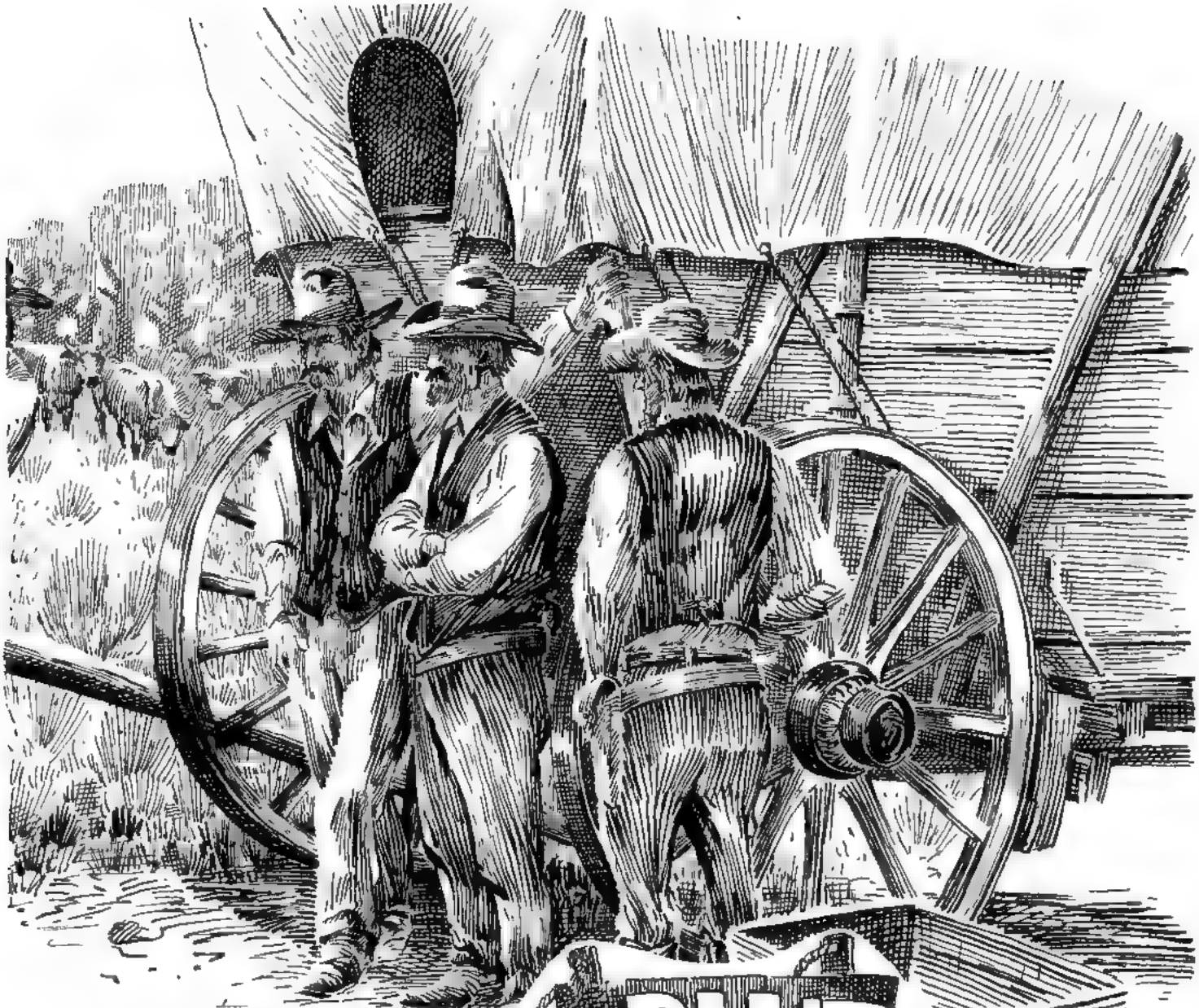
Editor's Note: Why is it so difficult to gather information concerning lost mines? This article clearly brings to light some of the reasons. Even fifty years ago, it was impossible to verify directions or time sequences! How much more difficult *now*! Most of these "lost mines" were never actually worked or developed; they were outcroppings, creek beds with nuggets in them, or—in many cases—hidden loot from robberies and treasures buried for concealment. The discoverers often were not professional prospectors, but people inexperienced in mining and unfamiliar with the countryside in which the treasure was hidden. In many cases they relied only on their own or others' memories to guide them, and consequently, the many-told tales that resulted took on countless variations concerning important details. In all stories about lost mines, separating truth from legend is an almost insurmountable challenge.

All the known information about the Lost Blue Bucket Mine is presented here, including investigation of some of the discrepancies that have developed concerning distances, directions and the manner in which the gold was found. An interesting sidelight is in a letter on Page 4.

FOR 100 YEARS, men in great numbers have searched the terrain along the south border of Oregon's Blue Mountains from the mouth of the Malheur River to the Deschutes seeking the elusive lost treasure called the Blue Bucket Mine.

When this writer arrived in Oregon fifty-eight years ago, the lost Blue Bucket Mine was a favorite topic of conversation among the people of the Northwest, especially those residing east of the Cascade Mountains. In 1918, a well-known citizen of the area undertook, by advertising, to accumulate as much information as possible from people then living who might have dependable knowledge of how the story of the Blue Bucket originated.

Many versions were received, most of which were submitted by persons who had gathered their information from members of the wagontrain which discovered the mine. Many interesting accounts were submitted, a number of which were quite convincing on some points, and no doubt contained a certain



THE LOST BLUE BUCKET MINE

By G. C. BLAKE

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

degree of accuracy. In 1918 it was too late to interview anyone who had been with the party credited with the discovery of the mine and obtain eye-witness accounts.

This narrative is based upon the stories submitted in response to the appeal mentioned above.

Why do stories about the same affair differ so much in the telling? As every trial judge knows, eyewitnesses to any incident seldom agree on details. When first-hand stories are repeated to third parties, they are almost sure to differ; therefore, the stories about the Blue Bucket Mine had changed greatly—before being brought together for study. However these stories were in sufficient agreement on certain vital points that, when sifted down, they gave a fairly accurate account of what happened.

ACCORDING to the best information available, the wagontrain made the famous trek in 1847. One story fixes the time in 1846 and another in 1848, but 1847 is favored by the majority. The personnel in the party came from various sections east of the Missouri River, but assembled at Independence to organize for the journey across the plains to the Willamette Valley in Oregon.

Opinions differ as to who was in command of the wagontrain. Some said it was Stephen Meek, brother of the famous Joe Meek, and others contended that Captain Solomon Tetherow was in command.

However, the evidence makes it quite clear that originally two wagontrains started out. Meek was several days in the lead with his party; the Tetherow party of sixty-six wagons overtook the Meek party at the Snake River. The two trains traveled as a unit for some time, but there were many reports of friction between Meek and Tetherow. Finally the two trains separated.

It is quite evident that oxen were used, perhaps exclusively, to draw the wagons. Horses are not mentioned in any of the stories, but oxen are referred to often. In one instance, it is mentioned that one member of the party was riding a mule.

The combined Meek and Tetherow parties started up the Malheur River after leaving the Snake, but separated

(Continued on page 51)

How the Lincoln County War Started

By PHILIP J. RASCH

Literature has depicted Henry Tunstall as a meek English lamb picked to pieces by the heartless Lincoln County wolves. "Not so!" declares a well-known authority, who gives the real story behind the West's most famous feud.

ON February 18, 1878, a young Englishman named John Henry Tunstall was murdered in Lincoln County, Territory of New Mexico. The immediate result of that killing was the Lincoln County War and a controversy which threatened to embitter the relationship between the United States and Great Britain.

Argument over this murder and its aftermath continues to this day. Some of the details will never be known, but the main outline of the story has become clear since the War Department removed certain pertinent documents from classified status. To understand what happened and why it happened, one must understand the backgrounds of the men involved and the situation into which the inexperienced Tunstall unwittingly blundered.

At the time of Tunstall's entrance on the scene, two parties were locked in a ruthless struggle for control of Lincoln County. On one side were three merchants: Lawrence G. Murphy, James J. Dolan, and John H. Riley. On the other were a lawyer, Alexander A. McSween, and a large rancher, John S. Chisum. Supporting the merchants were their employees, the small farmers in the vicinity of Seven Rivers, a gang of cattle thieves led by Jessie J. Evans and known as "The Boys," and the influence of the shadowy Santa Fe Ring, a predominantly Masonic organization which was the political ruler of the Territory.

Behind the McSween-Chisum combine stood the Chisum cowhands, the majority of the citizens of Lincoln, some of the small ranchers in the vicinity of the plaza and many of the local Mexicans.

Lawrence Gustave Murphy's origin is shrouded in mystery. The obituary published in the Santa Fe *New Mexican* on October 26, 1878, stated that he was born in County Wexford, Ireland, circa 1831, that he had been educated at Maynooth College and that he had served several years in the regular army of the United States as a sergeant major.

However, County Wexford possesses no birth records for that time; the president of the college at Maynooth states that no student by that name ever matriculated there and the Adjutant General of the United States Army has no record of a soldier by that name. For what it is worth there is a Lincoln tradition that he had studied for the Episcopalian priesthood and had emigrated to New Mexico from Canada.

The first known historical record of this individual is dated July 27, 1861, when he was commissioned first lieutenant in the First Regiment of the New Mexico Infantry. Shortly thereafter he transferred to the First Regiment, New Mexico Cavalry, and accompanied Kit Carson on his campaign against the Navajos. He did not, therefore, come to New Mexico with the California Column, as has so often been written.

Murphy was an excellent officer; Carson personally called his services to the attention of Brigadier General James B. Carleton and eventually Murphy, by then a captain, was brevetted a major for meritorious service in the Navajo Wars and in controlling the Apaches at Bosque Redondo.

Murphy was mustered out of service in 1866. About 1868, in partnership with Lieutenant Colonel Emil Fritz, late First Regiment California Cavalry, he established a brewery on the eastern edge of the Fort Stanton Reservation. In the summer of 1870 the Reservation boundaries were enlarged and L. G. Murphy and Company became a privately owned island in the midst of government property.

The partners made the most of their opportunity. In effect they became both sutlers and Indian traders, although they did not hold a license in either capacity. Men lawfully appointed and sent out by the authorities in Washington were bought out or run off. Murphy was elected Probate Judge of the county, a position which enabled him to wield a considerable amount of power.

Taking good care to ingratiate themselves with the officers stationed at the Fort, Murphy and Fritz gained almost a monopoly of government business in the area. The Indian Agent himself had his quarters in their building and had little to do other than to approve the vouchers which they made out for his signature.

JAMES JOSEPH DOLAN, from Laughrea, County Galway, Ireland, went to work for this company after receiving his discharge from the Thirty-seventh Regiment, United States Infantry, in 1869. A short, powerful youngster who feared neither man nor devil, Dolan was thoroughly dangerous when aroused or when he had been drinking. He became a particular favorite of the Apaches and was able to exert considerable influence in their councils. Some said that he became Murphy's adopted son.

Later another lad from the Old Country joined the firm. John Henry Riley, born on the Island of Valencia off the southern coast of Ireland, became bookkeeper. Riley was no fighting man, but possessed a calculating turn of mind.

L. G. Murphy and Company prospered and waxed fat, but with prosperity came arrogance. Underbid on a hay contract on one occasion, the company purchased all of the hay in the neighborhood. As a result, the successful bidder was unable to fulfill his commitment and his bondsmen were forced to make good the difference when the Army had to pay a premium price to Murphy and Company for forage.

The local farmers had little choice but to sell their produce to the company and to purchase supplies from it, both at prices set by the firm. Whenever one of them went bankrupt and left the county, L. G. Murphy and Company seized his property for "debts owed the company." Undeterred by the lack of a good title, they promptly sold the land to the next comer.

In May, 1873, Captain James F. Randlett, Eighth Cavalry, had as his house guest a man named Reilly. Returning to his quarters one evening he found Dolan threatening to kill Reilly unless the latter retracted certain statements he had made.

Randlett ejected Dolan, but that evening the Irishman renewed the quarrel. When Randlett interfered and called the guard, Dolan drew his pistol and fired at the officer. The guard seized Dolan and Murphy intervened; Randlett promptly placed both men under arrest. At court in Lincoln the two merchants

were released and a warrant was issued charging the captain with assault.

When the commanding officer of the post, Captain Chambers McKibbin, Fifteenth Infantry, took the position that this was a personal quarrel in which he had no right to interfere, the irate Randlett wrote the Adjutant General, giving a full description of the affair and complaining that L. G. Murphy and Company were unmercifully swindling the government. Secretary of War William W. Belknap immediately ordered Murphy, Fritz, and every man in their employ off the reservation.

With the help of Post Quartermaster, Lieutenant C. H. Conrad, Fifteenth Infantry, and other friends, Murphy and

Alexander A. McSween (*Library of the Museum of New Mexico Photo*)

Company procrastinated in obeying the fiat, but that summer Murphy clashed with Major William Redwood Price, Eighth Cavalry, who insisted that he would deal only with the legally appointed Indian Agent. Price referred the matter to his superiors and on September 24, Superintendent L. Edwin Dudley told the partners to leave within twenty-four hours.

Bowing to the inevitable, the firm moved to Lincoln and set up temporary headquarters while busying themselves with the construction of a new store and with plans for revenge. Price suddenly found himself unable to secure feed for his horses, as the contractor, L. J. Gylam, had been jailed in Lincoln on a trumped-up charge. Conrad refused to buy from the only other source of supply, and was forced to withdraw his troops from the area. Randlett's turn came the following year, when he was charged with murder and accessory to murder in connection with the killing of four men during the Horrell War.

Meanwhile Fritz's health had failed and he had decided to return to Germany to visit his parents. Stopping in St. Louis, he took out an insurance policy for $10,000 in favor of his brother, Charles Fritz, and his sister, Emilie Scholand. On July 26, 1874, Fritz died of dropsy in Stuttgart, Germany. A Lincoln lawyer, Alexander A. McSween, was employed to make collections for the estate, but Probate Judge Murphy refused to surrender the policy, alleging

Above, the Tunstall building. The photo was taken about 1885, when the building was the store of James J. Dolan. Below, L. G. Murphy and company. Left to right, Dolan, Murphy, William Martin, Emil Fritz. The photo was taken before the war began. (*Photos Courtesy Bessie Dolan Chester and Carrie Dolan Vorwark*)

that Fritz was indebted to L. G. Murphy and Company for far more than its value.

Unexpected complications arose, however, when the insurance company was reluctant about paying off, alleging that Fritz had actually died of tuberculosis, which voided the policy.

Friction developed between everyone concerned but eventually McSween was given power of attorney and sent to New York to investigate the situation. For his work he was to receive ten per cent of the face value of the policy if he succeeded in collecting the full amount.

Very little is known about McSween. He is variously said to have come from Scotland, Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia, but there is no definite record of him until 1873, at which time he was a lawyer in Eureka, Kansas. He had arrived in Lincoln in 1875, almost penniless but vowing to make the village his El Dorado. Allying himself with Tunstall and Chisum, he set about making this vow come true.

TUNSTALL was born in London in 1853. His father, in addition to his business interests in England, was connected with Turner, Beeton, and Tunstall, Ltd., of Victoria, British Columbia, and in 1872 young Tunstall sailed for Canada. He found his father's partner difficult, the small provincial town dull, and prospects of becoming rich unpromising.

Early in 1876 he set out for California, intent on going into sheep raising there. However, prominent residents of that state advised him to go to New Mexico. He appears to have met McSween and to have been influenced by him to settle in Lincoln County. On McSween's advice, he took up a 4,000-acre ranch along the Rio Feliz.

As an alien, he was ineligible to homestead public lands; it appears that McSween actually filed on the land and then sold it to his friend. In part the ranch was stocked by animals bought at a sheriff's sale; in part it was stocked by cattle purchased at rather less than half of their market value, but with the understanding that no questions would be asked about the title to them provided only that they did not come from Chisum's herds.

Simultaneously steps were taken to open a store in direct competition with L. G. Murphy and Company, and a bank, the Lincoln County Bank, of which Chisum was to be president and McSween, vice-president.

It has been the custom to present Tunstall as a saintly English lamb fallen among American wolves. But actually this young immigrant was very much "on the make." His goal was money—lots of money. His attitude is best revealed by a letter which he wrote to his father April 27, 1877.

> As regards chances of making money here that you can't guess at, I will tell you of one that I am busy on just now. Any work that is done in this county for the county . . . is paid for in paper called "county scrip," which I can buy at $1.00 and sell for $1.50 without moving from my seat. . . . I have not yet ascertained exactly how much scrip is issued every year, but I intend to control it all if I can . . . *Everything* in New Mexico that pays *at all* . . . is worked by a "ring" . . . . I am at work at present making a ring & I have succeeded admirably *so far*. You see an adventurer like myself does not present a very formidable aspect, if *in the ring*, but any one as well posted as myself can nearly break up an incipient ring singlehanded by skirmishing on the outskirts a little . . . .
>
> My ring is forming itself as fast & faster than I had ever hoped & in a cash way that I will get the finest plum of the lot, always providing that I can make my points, which up to now I have done quite successfully. I propose to confine my operations to Lincoln County, but I intend to handle it in such a way as to get the half of every dollar that is made in the county by anyone. . . .

Apparently all went well with his operations, since on May 27, 1877, he wrote his father:

> I have made arrangements to corner all the corn in the county and will make a large profit upon it. I am going to work to corner the wheat. . . . I have found a lot of ranches that I can buy for a trifle that are worth in many instances 4 and 5 times what they would cost me, and in fact I can make more out of in one year than they will cost me to buy. I have worked into a strong young and independent ring. . . . I shall also make quite a neat thing out of hay this year. . . . when I see that you made only 10 per cent net profit on your capital last year . . . you can understand how I feel. . . . In addition a chance is looming . . . of acquiring a *very* profitable business, viz. the Post Tradership at Fort Stanton. . . . And if I could but get that position, I could make a *great deal* of money every year as I should so entirely control the county that I could make the prices of everything just to suit myself.

It is unlikely that he had sufficient funds to support all of these activities and it seems probable that much of the resources of the Lincoln County Bank must have come from Chisum. Following his initial delivery of cattle to Fort Sumner, Chisum had continued to trail herds from Texas to New Mexico. He established his headquarters on South Spring River, about five miles south of Roswell, and set out to pre-empt all the land in sight.

This brought him into conflict with the small farmers living in the vicinity of Seven Rivers, a community which had been settled by a caravan of thirty Texans and their families in 1870. Their cattle became mixed with those of Chisum, and the farmers soon became accustomed to picking up a few of Chisum's animals when they cut their own out of his herds. As "Billie" later informed Governor Lew Wallace, "The Beckwith family made their boasts that they came to Seven Rivers a little over four years ago with one milch cow borrowed from John Chisum. They had when I was there a year ago one thousand, six hundred head of cattle."

ON APRIL 20, 1877, Chisum and about thirty of his men surrounded the Beckwith house, cut off its water supply, and demanded that its inhabitants surrender. Instead they fought Chisum to a standstill. His men began to rebel, saying that they had been hired to herd cattle, not to fight, and that they did not propose to get killed for $30.00 a month.

Chisum thereupon withdrew, but at the June term of court the Grand Jury issued indictments charging him with unlawful assembly, riot and larceny. By waging the Pecos War Chisum had accomplished only one thing: he had made bitter enemies of a group of dangerous men. In time these men would destroy McSween because of their fear of Chisum.

This, then, was the situation in the county at the time McSween was trying to settle the Fritz estate. Arriving in St. Louis, he decided that he required legal aid, and employed a firm there to assist him, promising them $2,800 for their services. Levi Spiegelberg of New York, who had been working on the case, was paid $700 for his services and dismissed. In his stead Donnell, Lawson and Company were retained.

Charles Fritz watched McSween's machinations with mounting alarm, and in July, 1877, Probate Judge Florencio Gonzales, who had succeeded Murphy, instructed the New Yorkers to place the money to the credit of Fritz in the First National Bank at Santa Fe, subject to the order of the Probate Court.

Unfortunately, they had just paid $7,148.94 to McSween. Legally McSween was obligated to turn these funds over to Fritz and Mrs. Scholand immediately; instead, he deposited them in his personal account in an East St. Louis, Illinois, bank and presented the heirs with a bill for $4,095.15 for his fees and expenses.

After considerable maneuvering by both sides, McSween agreed to appear in court on the first Monday in January, 1878, and pay over the money due Mrs. Scholand. In December, however, he suddenly announced that he was going back to the States. Mrs. Scholand promptly swore out a warrant charging him with embezzlement and had him arrested and jailed at Las Vegas.

Simultaneously Chisum, who was traveling with the McSweens, was arrested at the request of Thomas B. Catron, head of the Santa Fe Ring, who alleged that he had failed to pay the amount due on a judgment obtained against him by Alexander Grzelachowski. Chisum refused to pay and was promptly clapped in jail, where three other lawsuits were filed against him.

Tunstall struck back by writing a letter to the Mesilla *Independent* in which he alleged that Sheriff William Brady had mishandled tax money and that these funds had been diverted to the use of Dolan and Company, as the firm was now known. Dolan retorted that the money was on deposit with them and that Sheriff Brady had been unable to go to Santa Fe to settle his accounts due to illness in the family.

Territorial Treasurer Antonio Ortiz y Salazar stated a few days later that Brady had paid every cent for which he was accountable. Nevertheless, the damage had been done. Tunstall's failure to appreciate that he was dealing with men who would reply to legal chicanery by gunplay was about to cost him his life.

McSween was taken to the home of Judge Warren Bristol at Mesilla for a hearing. Tunstall allegedly testified under oath that he and McSween were partners in J. H. Tunstall and Company. McSween afterward admitted that this was false, although he said there was an agreement that they were to enter a partnership in May, 1878. Bail was fixed at $8,000 and the case remanded to the April term of court.

(Continued on page 48)

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Dispute over the location of a Hudson's Bay Company trading post and the smuggling of whiskey through a "No Man's Land" led to confirmation of the U.S.-Canadian boundary— the most peaceful and unfortified border between any two nations in the world.

Lake of the Woods, which forms part of the boundary between the United States and Canada. (*Ontario Department Travel and Publicity*)

Strange Letters and a Boundary Survey

By ROY P. JOHNSON

TWO STRANGE letters written in Pembina, Dakota Territory, in 1870, caused the United States Government to spend $335,000 for a monumental task that was to take the labor of many men for more than three years.

What resulted from the missives was a decision to mark the boundary between the U. S. and Canada from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains with iron posts set one mile apart.

Large sums also were expended by Great Britain, which then ruled Canada. The British placed alternate posts to complete the cross-country fence.

Setting the markers actually was a minor phase of the undertaking. Its most difficult aspect was toiling across lakes, swamps and prairies and cutting lanes through forests to make possible the astronomical observations determining the forty-ninth parallel of latitude precisely.

The first letter sent from Pembina to Washington was from Major General W. S. Hancock, who had inspected Fort Pembina, built that year because of "the hostility of the Sioux."

Although Major General Sykes and Captain Heap of the Army engineers had "determined" the boundary at Pembina under his direction, Hancock seemed according to his letter to have doubts as to their findings.

"I think the boundary should be determined authoritatively," he wrote. "The Hudson's Bay Company has built a fort at Pembina."

The second letter, written by J. C. Stover, collector of customs at Pembina, June 23, 1870, to the Treasury Department was more specific.

"Captain Heap and General Sykes while here this spring locating Fort Pembina made careful solar and lunar observations and established the forty-ninth parallel 4,600 feet north of the old established post and have marked it with stakes (westward) every mile to St. Joseph (present Walhalla, North Dakota)," he wrote.

"The change has brought the HBC post within U. S. territory. If this line is recognized it would subject the stock of goods at the HBC trading post to payment of duty.

"I have ordered a full inventory of their goods and effects for the assessment of duty in case the last established is to be recognized as the true boundary.

"I request instructions as to which of the two lines I am to recognize."

A third odd letter bearing on the situation was sent to government officers in Ottawa by Adams G. Archibald, lieutenant-governor of the new province of Manitoba in September of that year.

"There are brawls at the border caused by the fact that an enterprising individual has put up a false marker about a mile north of the United States' oak post, thus leaving a strip of land which neither country can control," Archibald wrote

"In this piece of land, buildings have been erected and a flourishing trade of smuggling whisky is being carried on.

"This so-called 'Whisky Post' and other incidents make it necessary to have the boundary accurately defined." If the officials had only known the facts, there would have been no excitement in either Pembina, Winnipeg, Washington or London and probably no governmental action at all.

On the other hand, marking of the boundary might have been delayed for years.

AN almost forgotten U. S. scientific expedition sent out by President Monroe had determined the boundary line at Pembina accurately forty-seven years before, and Canadian astronomers had checked it and concurred with the findings on a number of occasions.

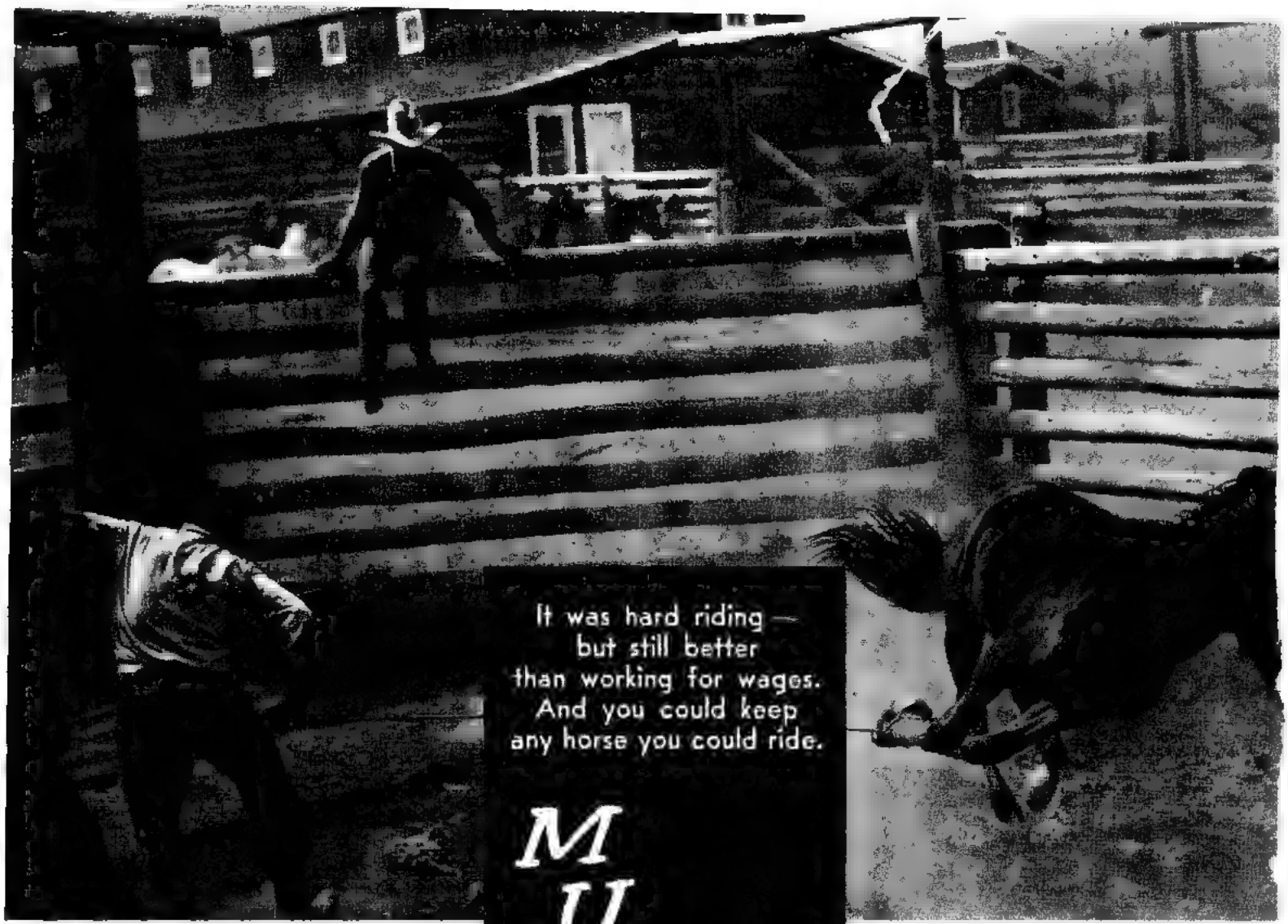
The Convention of London in 1818 had fixed the forty-ninth as the boundary. In the year 1823, President Monroe sent a band of notable scientists on an arduous cross-country journey by horse and wagon from Philadelphia to Pembina to make a study and report on the Red River and adjacent country.

The next U. S. expedition to Pembina, led by Major Samuel Woods in 1849, made no effort to determine the parallel, contrary to some writers.

Woods thought it inadvisable, writing: "I visited the line marking the forty-ninth parallel. The post set up by Major Long had rotted away but the place is still preserved by a stake that is firmly driven in the ground. I placed a post there and merely marked on it 'August 14, 1849.'

"The English Fur Company's (Hudson's Bay Company) trading post is about 200 yards from the line on their territory, consisting of a small 'shanty'

(Continued on page 42)



It was hard riding — but still better than working for wages. And you could keep any horse you could ride.

MUSTANGERS

By F. E. SMITH

University of Wyoming Library Photos.

Front-footing a horse.

I REACHED OVER and pulled off the blindfold after I got a good seat in the saddle. The mustang quit the earth for a while but when he came down, forelegs stiff, he jarred all three of us —the ground, himself and me. He was my share of the horses we caught in a wild horse roundup. We (some folks called us "Mustangers") were not riding for any ranch outfit but for ourselves; men like us always wanted more horses. It was fun and it paid better than riding for wages.

A bunch of riders got together, chipped in and bought grub, packed beds and a cook outfit on spare horses (we didn't own a team and wagon) and set up two camps. These camps were located about ten miles apart at the only two water holes on the Little Colorado Desert. Why a Wyoming desert should be named Little Colorado, I wouldn't know.

Each man divided his horses so he would have one or more at each camp as fresh mounts were necessary for that kind of riding. We couldn't keep them in the corrals as we had no hay or grain, so we turned them out to graze.

Not much feed grew on the desert—a little grass here and there, a few weeds and salt-sage—but the wild bunch stayed fat on it. We had to have a day wrangler and a nighthawk herding, or our horses would have wandered home or strayed away to join a wild bunch. The wrangler would corral our remuda and we could rope whichever horse we wished to ride.

That word "desert" sounds pretty bleak, but the Little Colorado was beautiful. In the spring it blossomed with prickly-pear, pin-cushion cactus, yucca, saga and mariposa lilies, loco, greasewood and sagebrush. The colors of the rocks and escarpments were brilliant when the sun shone on them. The days were hot, the nights cool. The desert was about 7,000 feet above sea level.

There were many wild horses running in small bands, just what a stallion leader could handle. Sometimes he had the help of a wise old mare who led the way while he followed behind pushing along the stragglers. The bands were composed of mares, colts and occasionally a gelding or two that had gotten away from a ranch.

The stallion had quite a job handling his little herd, finding the best feed, going to water once a day and fighting off raids by stallions from other bands who sometimes tried to cut out and steal one of his mares. When the male colts grew to maturity he would chase them from his harem and thus remain in undisputed possession. Then when Old Father Time caught up with him, a younger stud would move in and after a fight would send the old horse away and take over.

WE RODE OUT from the little town of Carter, mostly a sheep town, consisting of a hotel and livery barn, general store with a post office and the Waffleots Saloon, where "The Waffle," old Bob McAuley, banked a stud-poker game that seemed to run day and night.

We were well-organized—with a horse

cavvy at each camp—but no cooks. The men took turns. All cowboys can cook, more or less, mostly less. Al Heder, an old-time cowpuncher, was elected foreman and we agreed to take his orders.

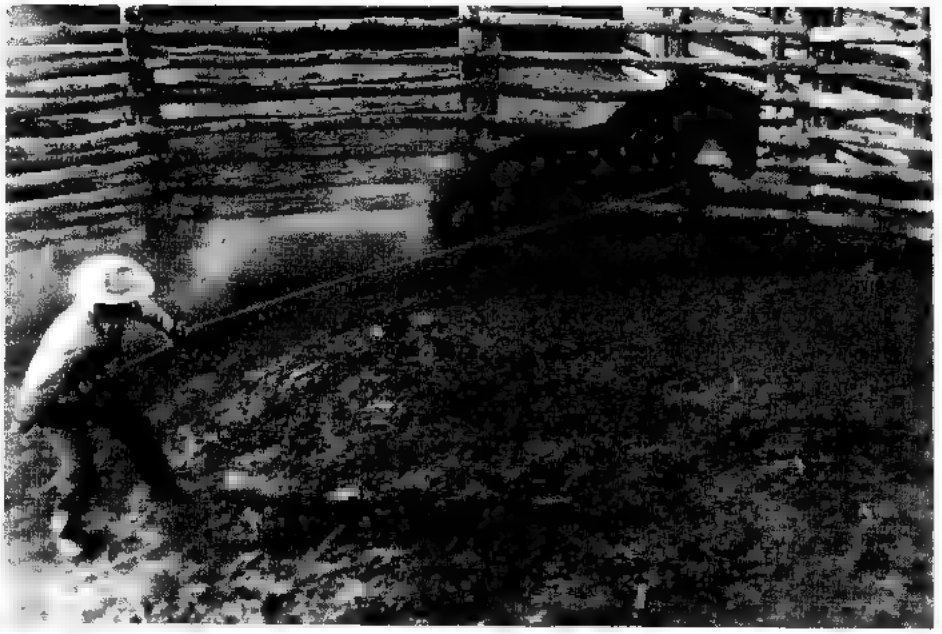
We really ran those horses. When they sighted us, from miles away, they took off and we had to chase them until one of our men could cut in from the side and turn them. We repeated these tactics again and again, changing horses whenever we got near one of our camps. As the wild ones became tired, and our riders with fresh horses could get closer, we were able to turn them more often and in smaller circles.

This is dangerous riding. We pushed our mounts as fast as we dared let them run, up hill, down hill, over rocks, brush and arroyos. Only one rider had his horse fall with him and, luckily, neither horse nor man was hurt.

With no fences, no ranches, no corrals and no canyons where we could build a trap, we hoped to drive our gather to the corrals at Carter. But when the horses saw the corrals about half-a-mile away, they turned and faced us. There were about fifty of them. We had been pushing them along slow so they wouldn't stampede.

They didn't appear weak after three days without water. I have corralled many bunches of horses and if they didn't want to go in the gate they raced fast by it, but not this bunch. They just stood there and we very slowly backed them toward the gate. Never before nor since have I seen horses do that.

When the men in town saw what was going on, they came to see our horses and help corral them. Some were on foot, but a few had saddle horses handy. Then it happened. The best horse in the bunch, a beautiful dappled gray stallion, charged between me and the next rider, Al Heder. He came so close we could have hit him with our hats. Our ropes were on our saddles so we had no chance to throw one. Al was riding a fresh mount; he whirled and took after the stallion. When he got back some time later he was riding a tired horse. "I couldn't turn him or get within roping distance. He's a race horse and he hasn't had a drink of water for three days. Some horse!" We never did capture him.



Getting braced to throw a 1,300-pound horse.

The whole bunch had tried to follow, but without their leader they were easy to round up. We let them have a good drink of water and gave them time to quiet down. Not all wild horses are good horses. Some were so poor we cut them out and turned them loose.

One old mare was the most sway-backed critter I ever looked at. Her belly hung so low it must have dragged on the sagebrush. Three or four were branded ranch stock that had gotten away and joined the wild bunch. One old branded mare had three slick (unbranded) colts following her, a two-year-old, a yearling and a little one. We turned them out.

Those we had left were a goodlooking bunch of broncs. They were in fine shape, although a bit gaunt from the running we had given them. The horse market was such we didn't think it was worthwhile to try to sell them. So we decided to divide them by letting each man keep any horse he could *rope*, saddle and *ride* without help from anyone else. If he got tossed, he lost that one unless he got aboard again and rode him out. That was sure getting horses the hard way.

Corralling the remuda.

I WASN'T a big man so I chose a small one I knew could carry me all day. He was sort of a bastard roan color but he was trim and I liked the nice way he picked up and put down his forefeet. He had a smart look, flat between the eyes. I think he was a mustang. He didn't look anything like an Indian pony. I figured I might be able to handle him, for I did not consider myself a good bronc rider at that time.

I roped him and snubbed him to a corral post. I didn't try to bridle him, but made a hackamore with the end of my rope. Then I blindfolded him with my neckerchief, got the saddle on and cinched tight. Then I untied him from the post, coiled my rope and mounted.

I heard somebody holler, "Ride 'im, cowboy!" I couldn't get his head up with just a hackamore—a horse can't buck with his head up—so I had to ride him out until he quit bucking. It was one hell of an ordeal, but I made it without meeting my shadow on the ground.

Riding those broncs was the best rodeo show a man ever saw. Horses were fighting and bucking at the same time, running into each other and the loose horses in the same corral. It would have looked good in a Hollywood movie, but at that time I had never even seen a movie. This was in 1912. Nobody saw this show except the men from town, and they sat on the top rail and had a good afternoon all for free.

I had had enough so I didn't try for another horse. The other men kept at it until all except one had been ridden. This horse was so tough he even threw the good riders, so we decided to try to sell him to a rodeo contractor for a bucking-contest horse.

Al Heder didn't ride any of the broncs. He said he was too old, that his days

(Continued on page 72)

No man could kill Pohibitquasho—

no bullet could penetrate the Spanish armor protecting his chest.

Convinced of this, the Comanches terrorized North Texas but then came the day

When

Iron Shirt Fell

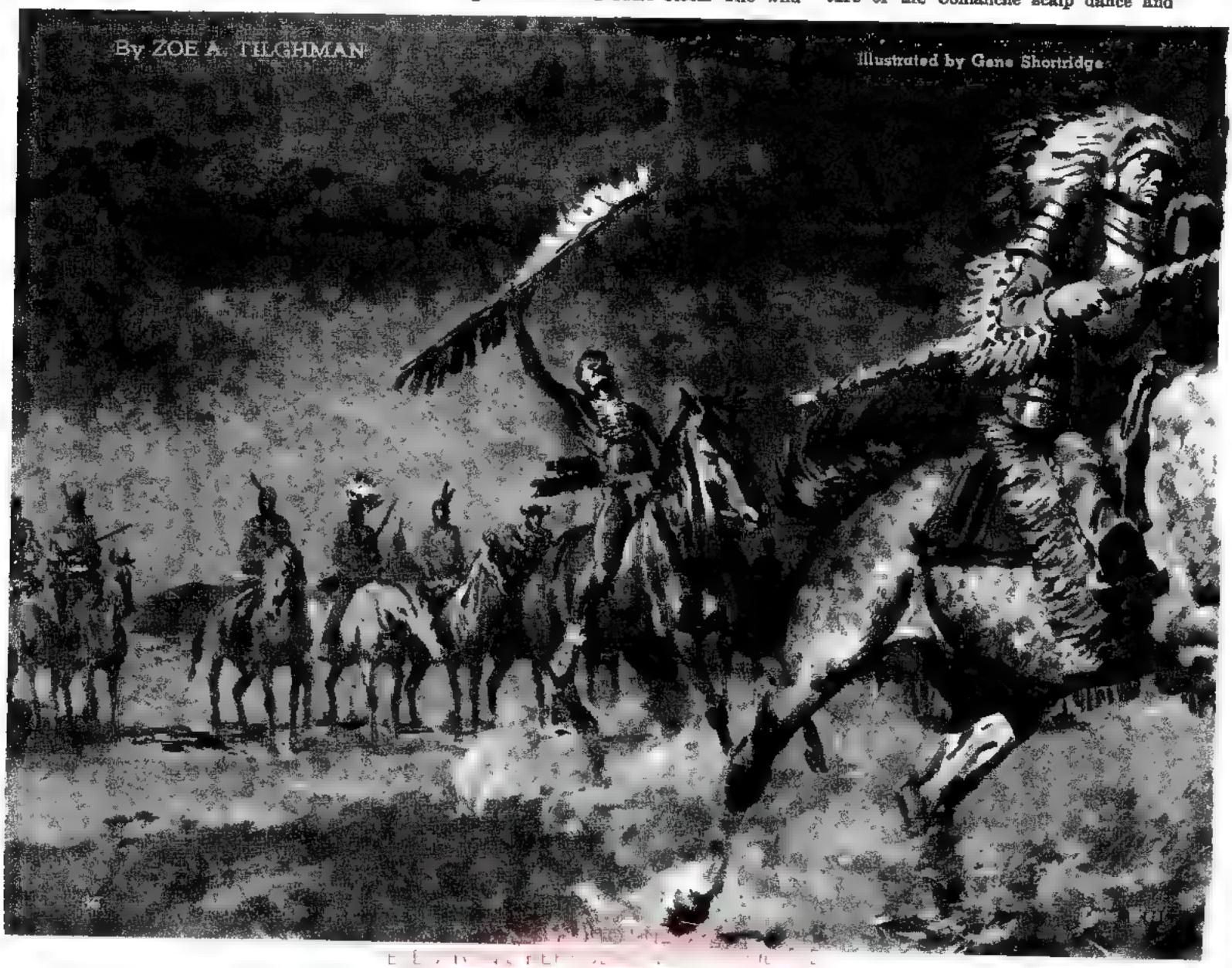
By ZOE A. TILGHMAN

Illustrated by Gene Shortridge

COMANCHES! The name spread dread and terror along the Texas frontier. Superb horsemen, savage warriors, and the most skillful horse thieves among the Plains Tribes, they again and again raided the settlements with fire and slaughter. They ranged from the Arkansas River to the Rio Grande and below it. The Mexicans held them in great dread as did the settlers.

Nor were these their only victims and enemies. Tribes living at peace with the whites hated them, especially the Tonkawas and the Penetethkas, who had settled on a reservation and were learning to farm and raise stock. The wild Comanches despised them as renegades and raided their horse herds with gleeful scorn.

Forts had been built along the border to which settlers fled for refuge if they found out about the threat of a raid in time. Otherwise their hair became a feature of the Comanche scalp dance and



often, when tanned, decorated the leggings or shield of some warrior. A small party of Delaware Indians once caught and killed half-a-dozen Comanches. One had a shield decorated with twenty white scalps, most of them women's.

When a raid occurred, a force of soldiers would go out from the nearest fort and ride for a day or two without catching any of the Indians, who were already across Red River riding to their camps farther north.

But on January 1, 1858, Texas' new governor, Hardin R. Runnels, turned his attention to the problem. Foremost was the old maxim that the best defense is a good offense. Even before he took the oath of office, he had his plans working. The Legislature promptly passed an act he sponsored, which allowed the enlistment of 100 additional Rangers and provided funds for their salaries and operation. The governor signed it on January 27.

The next day he commissioned Captain John S. Ford (known as Old Rip) senior captain with authority over all the Ranger force. He was to cooperate with Federal authorities and Indian agents but "brook no interference of action."

The governor wrote, "I impress on you the necessity of action and energy. Follow all trails of hostile or suspected hostile Indians . . . and if possible overtake them and chastise them, if unfriendly."

By April 20, the expedition was ready and Ford set out from Camp Runnels on the Brazos River with 102 men, two wagons, an ambulance and fifteen pack mules. Ed Burleson was his first lieutenant, William A. Pitts and J. H. Tankersley, second lieutenants.

Marching northward, they halted at Cottonwood Springs and were joined by Agent Shapley P. Ross with 113 friendly Indians, mostly Tonkawas, under their chief, Placido, and accompanied by Jim Pockmark, a scout and keen fighter. Other tribes represented were the Cherokee, Anadarko, Keechi, Waco, Delaware and Shawnee.

THEY CROSSED Red River near the mouth of the North Fork and followed that stream to its tributary, the Sweetwater. Here they turned north, following a course generally along the present line between Oklahoma and the Texas Panhandle. They passed west of the Wichita Mountains, crossing the divide between the Washita and Canadian Rivers.

From the time they crossed the Red, Captain Ford kept a number of his Indians ahead to look for Comanches and report on the lay of the land, campsites and river crossings.

No hostiles were seen but on May 10 the scouts brought in two Comanche arrowheads, taken from a wounded buffalo which the scouts had killed. The next day, they saw some Indians hunting, but were unseen themselves. The direction in which the meat-laden ponies were taken gave them a line toward the camps.

Captain Ford now took every precaution. No guns were fired; no men straggled off. Old Rip knew the importance of surprise in Indian warfare. He believed he was near a large force of hostiles and realized that he must make up for his smaller numbers by strategy.

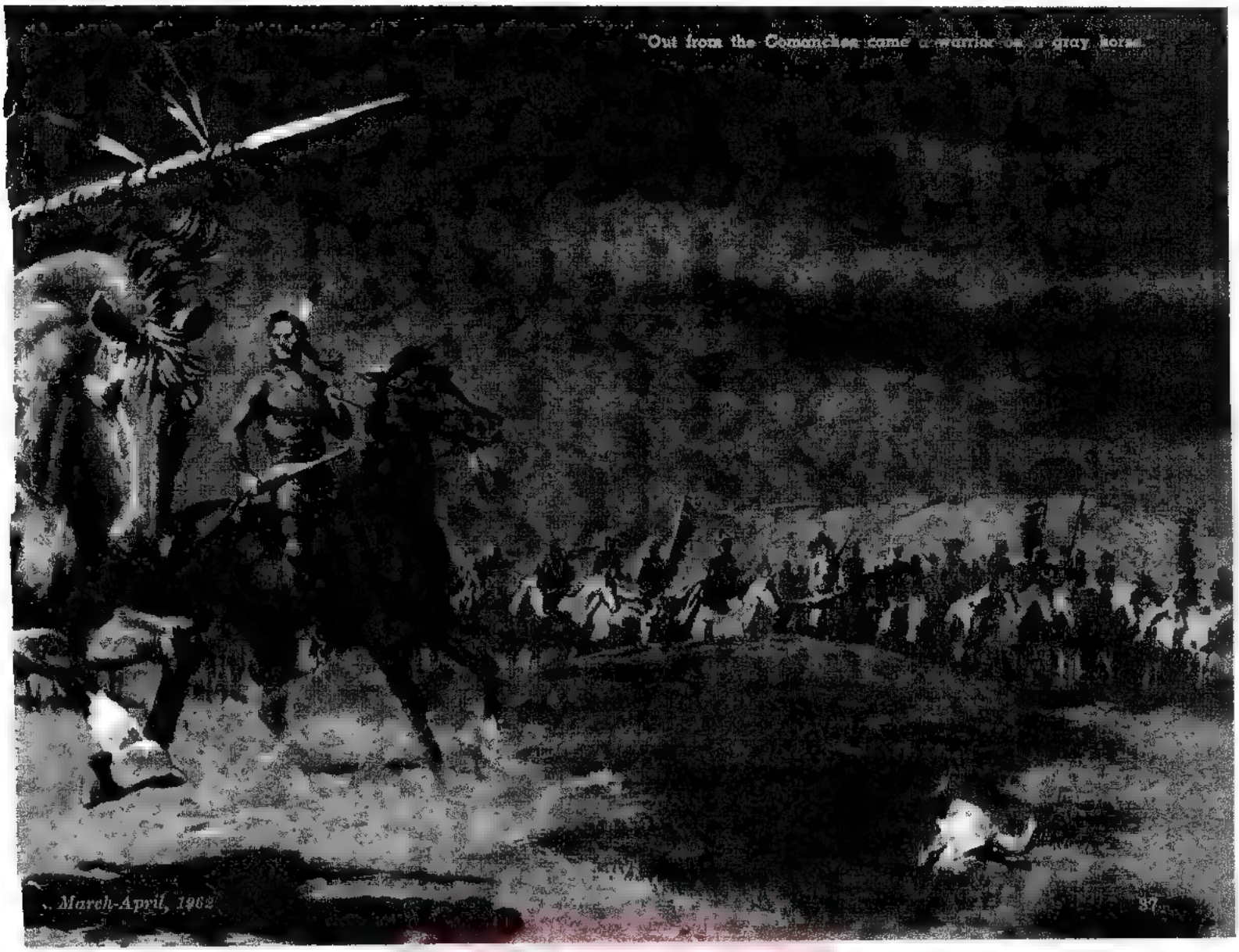
Leaving his wagons hidden in a valley with a small guard, he set out about two P.M. They rode north till dark, keeping in ravines and valleys as much as possible. Ford sent a Keechi scout to locate the Comanche camp and planned an attack at daybreak the next morning.

At dawn the force started. Just east of them, Antelope Hills rose boldly, an obstacle which forced the Canadian River to loop northward. Herds of buffalo spread over the wide bottomlands 300 feet below. There were no trees nor bushes except in the brakes and canyons which cut their way down to the river.

Captain Ford, with a field glass, located the main Indian camp. Hundreds of horses and mules were grazing around it. Jim Pockmark said there were seventy lodges. Cooking fires sent up their slender smoke and people moved about leisurely.

Quickly the Ranger captain gave orders for a surprise attack. The Indian

(Continued on page 57)



Matthew A. Doyal. This photo was taken in Fredericksburg, Texas.

Wild Old Days!

JIM BOWIE'S MINE

By CHARLES F. ECKHARDT

IN THE 1830's, silver was shipped from the mines in Texas and New Mexico to Saltillo, Mexico. Mules were loaded with silver bars or ingots, the load balanced on each side of the mule. Since the trains were sometimes two or three hundred mules long, the tail end of the train was often out of sight of the head, where most of the drivers and guards were.

At these times it was a simple matter to rise up out of the bushes, cut off a couple of mules, and disappear into the trackless hills of the Llano-Mason-San Saba country. Generally, the mules were not missed until the overnight camp. Then it was too late to do anything about it.

Jim Bowie and his companions made a profitable business of this. When Bowie and his band of fifteen set out from San Antonio, their target was not the mines, but the silver trains. While this may sound like modern hijacking, remember that in 1835 Texas was on the verge of revolt, and anything which hurt the Mexican government was more of a heroic act than a crime in the eyes of Texans.

Among Bowie's companions was a young man named Matthew A. Doyal. Once, after cutting off a mule, Bowie, Doyal, and their companions struck out in the general direction of the San Saba River. The silver was probably lifted somewhere along the old Spanish trail, southwest of Menard.

Bowie and his men struck out northwest, heading in the general direction of Menard. Somewhere along the line, Bowie discovered that a fairly large party of Indians was on his trail. He changed course and headed directly north, straight for the junction of the San Saba River and Calf Creek. He and his party reached Calf Creek, traveled up it until they reached a draw, and at the head of the draw buried the single mule-load of silver.

Jim Bowie's "mine" is actually nothing but a cache containing a single mule-load of silver. Mr. Doyal described the cache as a hole about waist deep. The silver is at the bottom. On top of the silver are a bowie knife and a tomahawk. A layer of cedar boughs covers this, then a layer of rocks and dirt. The identifying marks are a large oak tree with one limb cut off and three "Indian rocks" (red sandstone), roughly triangular in shape, laid out in a triangle and buried. The apex of each rock points directly to the cache.

AFTER BURYING the silver, Bowie and his men retreated to a patch of woods near the cache, threw up a ring of rocks and brush and waited for the Indians. The so-called "fight at Bowie's mine" wasn't much of a fight at all. Among Bowie's men was an expert rifleman. Each time the Indians organized an attack, he picked off the leader before the charge began.

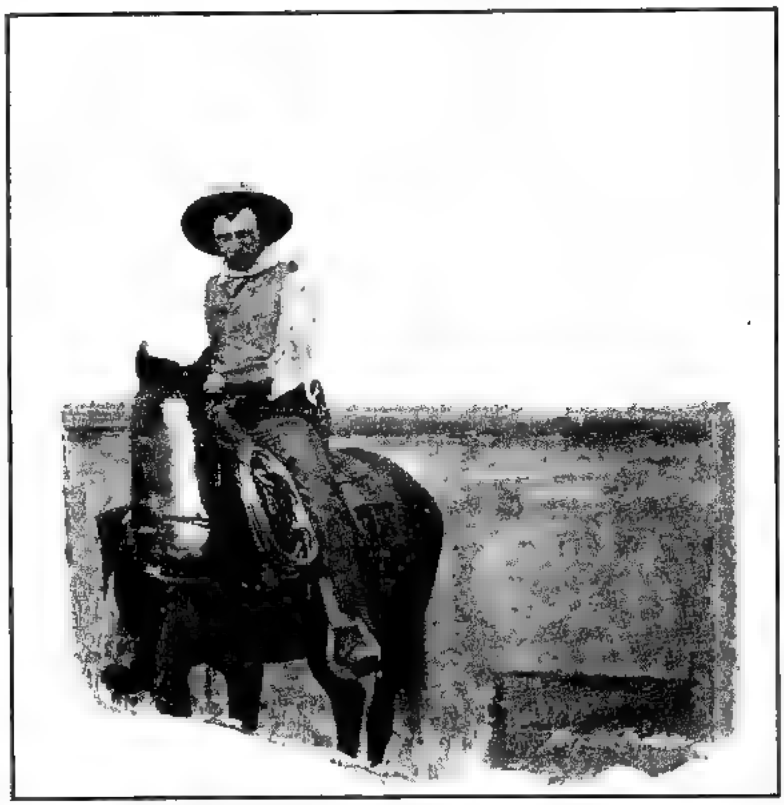
Only one Indian ever got close enough to do any damage. He managed to shoot twice. His first shot hit Matt Doyal high in the chest. When he rose to shoot again, the Texans were waiting for him, but his second shot took a chunk from Doyal's shinbone—a mark he carried for the rest of his life.

When darkness came, Bowie and his men, carrying the wounded man with them, slipped out of their makeshift fort down Calf Creek and up the San Saba River. At old Fort San Saba—not the present town of San Saba—they left Doyal at a settler's cabin. Doyal later married the daughter of the settler, the girl who was his nurse.

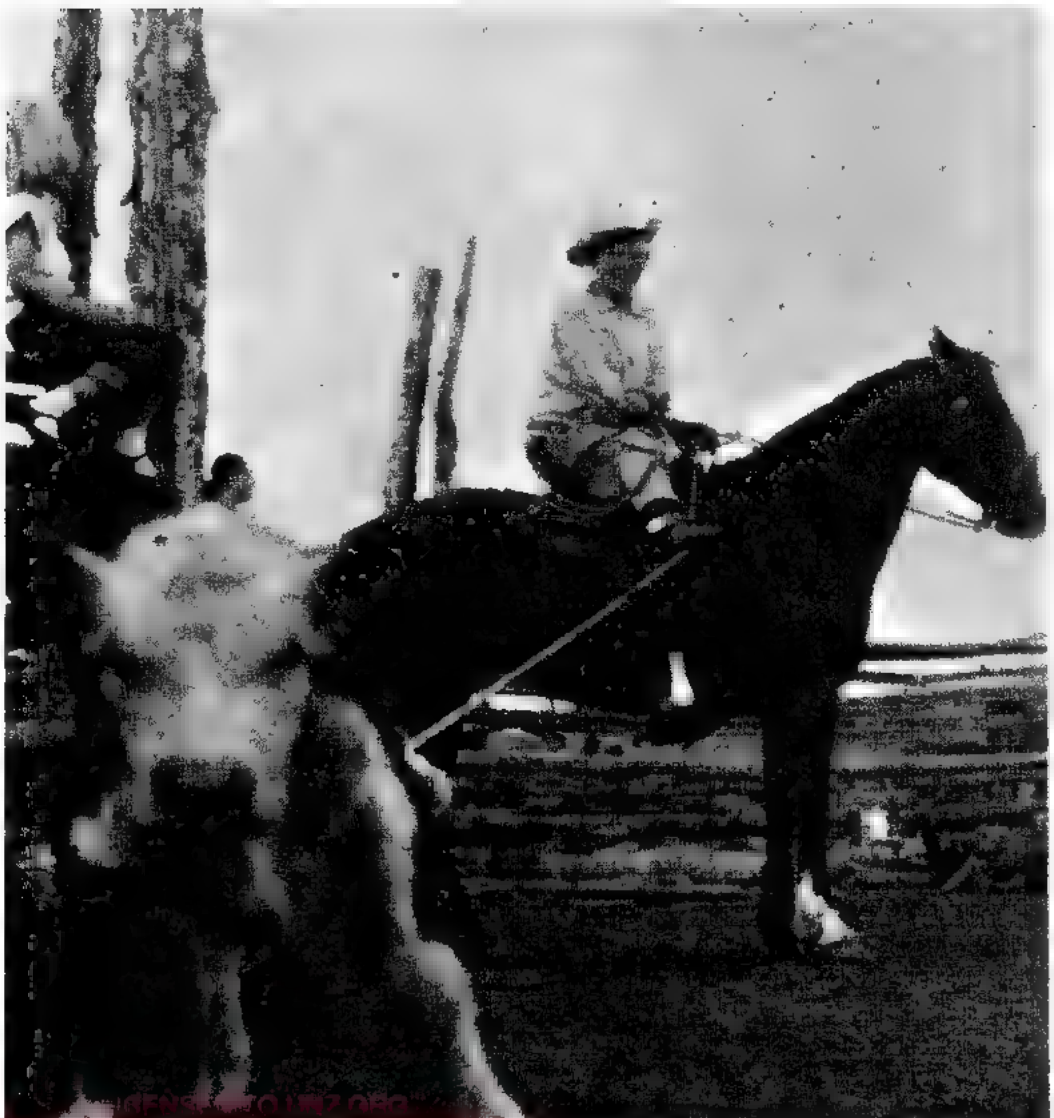
The story of Jim Bowie's "mine" does not end here. During the War Between the States Doyal was a Confederate soldier. While at war he encountered one of the men who had been with the Bowie party. Together they determined to recover the silver. They enlisted the help of two more men and, after the war, set out after the treasure.

Matt Doyal was an old-time frontiersman who slept with one eye and one ear open. Late one night he heard the recruits plan to get the silver, kill Doyal and his old companion, and escape to Mexico. Doyal woke his friend, told him of the plot, and the two stayed awake the rest of the night.

The next morning Doyal informed



Above, Kid Amby was a fifteen-year-old cowboy in 1890. Below, Cheney was still active in 1956.



the two would-be thieves that if they wanted Jim Bowie's silver they were welcome to it—if they could find it. In the meantime, he told them, they would be wise to make themselves scarce for a while. He reinforced his warning with the business end of a six-shooter. They never came back.

Matt Doyal became a wealthy and successful cattleman. He reasoned that the silver was safer where it lay than in a bank, and he was probably right. The later devaluation of silver in the 1890's made what little there was practically worthless. As for the remainder of the Doyals, they just never got around to hunting for the silver. Split among the family, it would not go very far anyway.

KID CURRY AND HIS BROTHERS

By A. V. Cheney (Kid Amby) as told to Mrs. A. V. Cheney

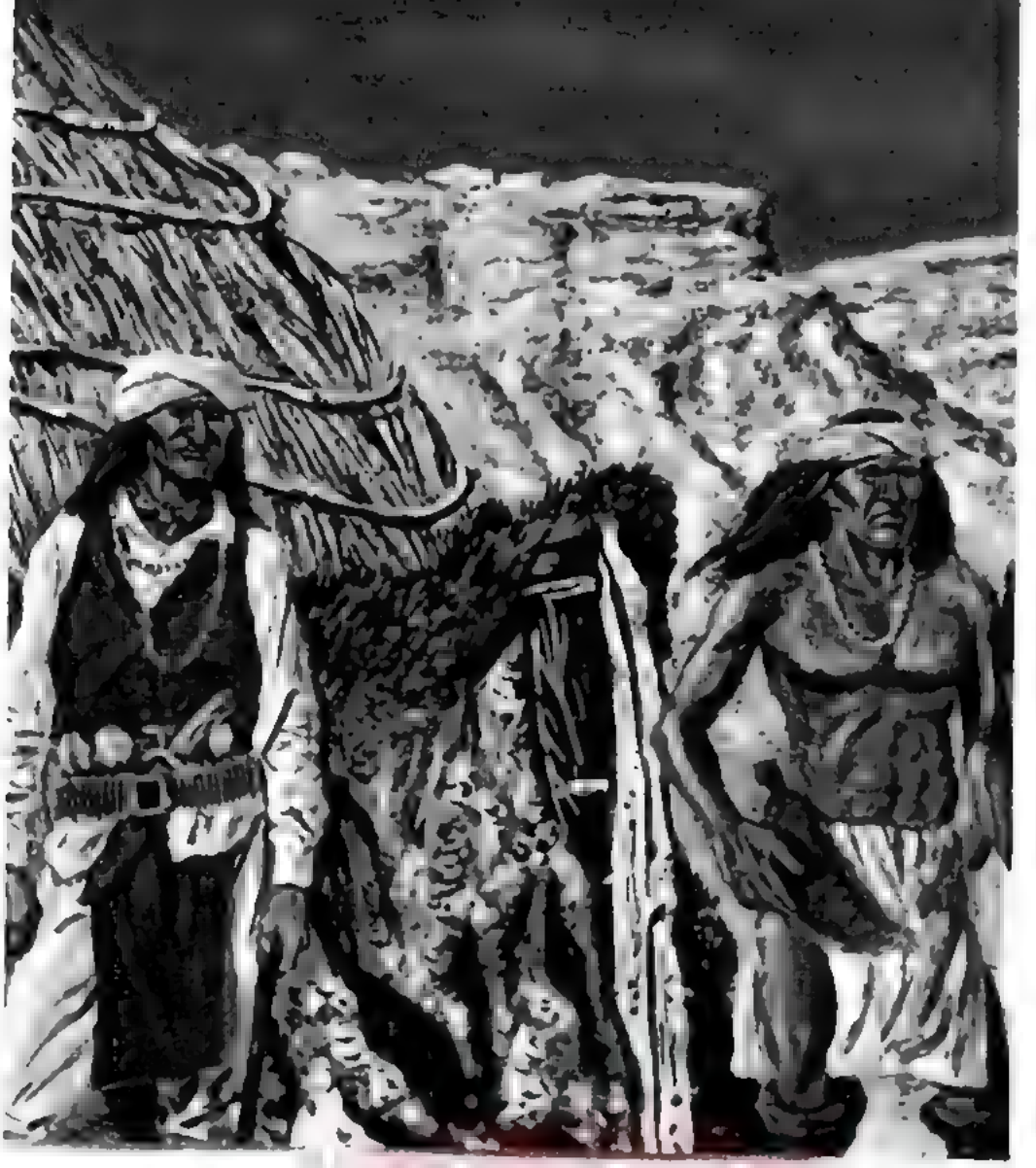
I FIRST SAW Kid Curry during the late summer of 1890. He was working for the Circle (O) Bar outfit owned by Oscar Stevens on the Moccasin Roundup Range northeast of Lewistown.

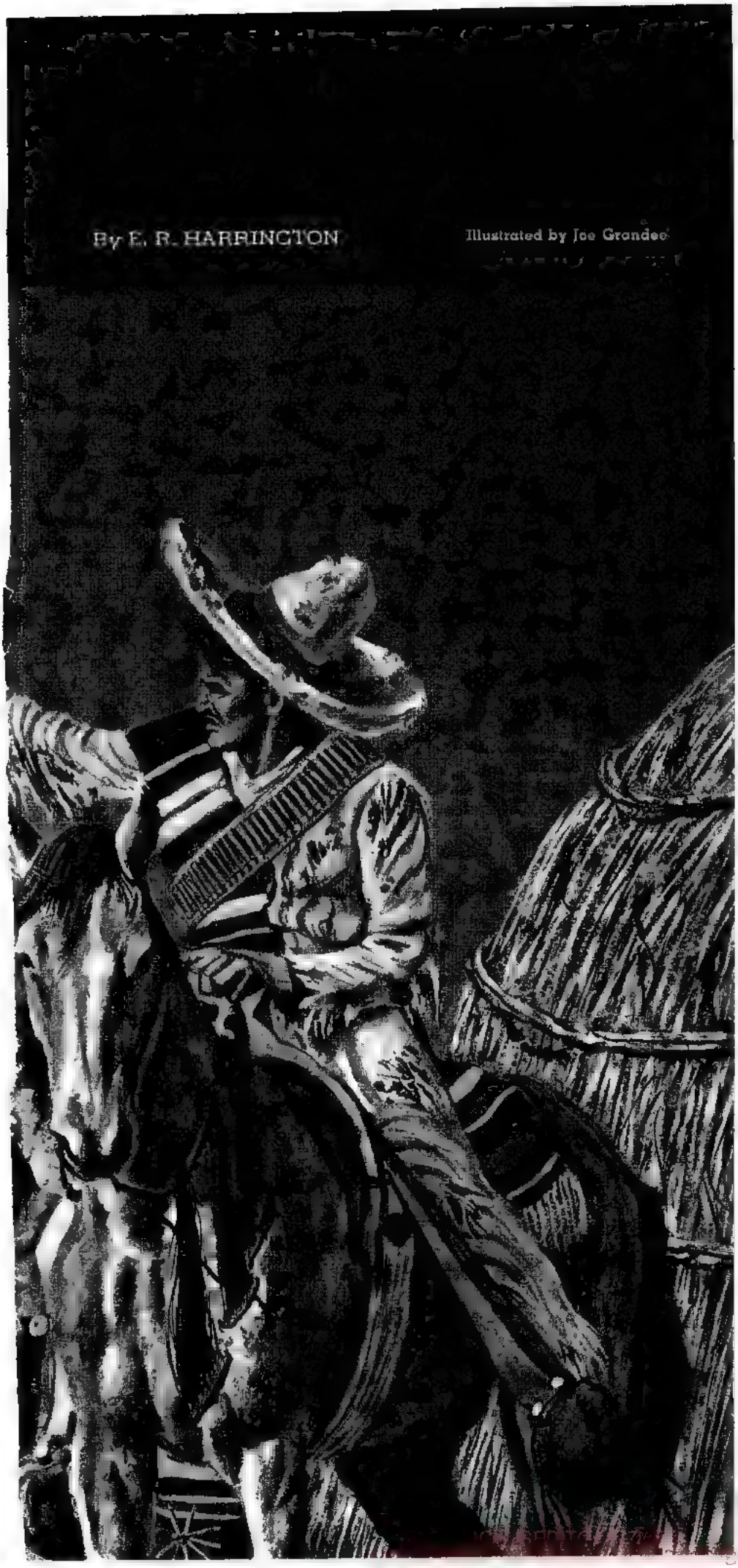
I was only fifteen and known as "Kid Amby." I had worked for the Judith Basin Pool for two seasons. The summer of 1890 the owners of the Basin Pool Cattle Company, many of whom were

(Continued on page 69)

DEATH OF EL PATR

A few great leaders come along,
men with enough courage
to ride into a hostile Indian camp and
demand of the chief
two horses for every one stolen,
two scalps for every loved one lost.
Porfirio Aguilar—"El Patron"—
was such a man.





By E. R. HARRINGTON

Illustrated by Joe Grandee

PORFIRIO AGUILAR was born in 1821, the year Mexico gained independence from Spain, in the little village of Cordova in what is now New Mexico. Cordova, more than a hundred years old when George Washington was born, waged a war of survival with the Indians its entire life. Young Aguilar grew up in this rugged atmosphere.

He traveled the old Santa Fe Trail, the much older trail from Santa Fe to Chihuahua, and was with Kit Carson when he led Kearney on the trip to California. He had survived the adventures of a Comanchero and had gained considerable fortune for his day and time. When he was thirty-five, he founded "El Rancho Aguilar" two days' ride west of Santa Fe. The Navajos were to the west and the Apaches to the north.

An Apache raiding party of six hit El Rancho Aguilar in 1862, killing Aguilar's wife and his two small children. When Don Porfirio reached the ranch he found it in ruins. He called in his sheepherders to bury the little family.

Standing beside the three graves, he gave his herders his instructions, "Repair the corrals and clear away the remains of the house. Wait here for me six days." Then he mounted his horse and rode out after the Indians.

The raiding band was a small one—six braves who left a trail trampled by their stolen horse herd. Don Porfirio followed them until he decided he knew just where they were going, then made a wide detour and chose a place to meet them. Just what happened no one ever knew, but four days after the massacre Don Porfirio drove his horses and six Indian ponies back to the rebuilt corral.

On his reins were six scalps, one of them badly torn as if it had been beaten with a rock. El Patron's shirt was bloody from two wounds, which he seemed to ignore.

"Put my horses into the corral and wait for me four days!" he shouted to his men. "Bring me some water and some *amole*! I go to visit the Apache chief!" The herders knew this was suicide but in El Patron's eyes they saw the light of madness so they did as they were told.

It took a day-and-a-half to reach the Apache rancheria. Don Porfirio rode in and halted his horse in front of the most imposing of the brush shelters, staring into the faces of the assembled warriors until he had decided who was the chief. One by one he took the scalps from the bridle reins and showed them to the silent warriors before he stuffed them into his bloody shirt.

Dismounting, he handed the reins to the chief and walked to the picket line to select two Indian ponies. He mounted one and took the other on a lead rope, then addressed the chief and his band.

"I am Don Porfirio Aguilar. Six of your warriors burned my ranch, killed my wife and children and stole my horses. I followed those men and killed them. My horses and their horses are now in my corral; they are mine. I am not afraid of anyone! I wish to live in peace with all people, but if I cannot, I shall fight and I shall kill many of you. For every horse stolen from me I shall take two—even as I do now. I return to my ranch to place six Apache scalps upon the graves of my children. I hope that I shall not have to kill any more of your warriors, but if I must, let it be now!"

His eyes with their madness searched the faces of the Indians before him. Then he turned the pony and rode it

away, leading the second one. At the edge of the village he stopped, turned and waited, as if to give the Indians time to consider. Then he rode on.

The Apache wars with the white men continued for a quarter-of-a-century but the Apaches gave a wide berth to El Rancho Aguilar, now known as "El Rancho Casco" (Scalp Ranch). Six scalps were, indeed, nailed to the crosses back of the ranch to flap in the wind until they were, one by one, blown away. Long after the scalps were gone and the ranch had grown to be the center of a small settlement, the story of El Patron's fearlessness against the Apache remained.

DON PORFIRIO lived for almost sixty years after the Indian attack. A village grew up around the ranch. In times of drought and poverty, Don Porfirio took care of the villagers and through the years his land holdings grew. He owned a store and most of the people in the neighborhood owed him money. He was "El Patron"—the word that takes in a sort of combination of master, lord, friend and father. El Patron's sheep literally grazed on a thousand hills and to the people he was a benevolent ruler, disciplinarian, advisor, confessor, and sometimes judge and jury.

In good times money accumulated and was placed in sacks in the old iron safe of the ranch house. The sacks were there for anyone to see; many villagers peered through the windows—envious—but not foolish enough to do anything but wish for it. Port Stockton, the notorious gunman, fresh from the Lincoln County cattle war, dropped in to take the money. El Patron received him and his two companions and fed them in his *sala*, as he did all travelers.

Over their food and wine they looked at the plump sacks in the safe but Stockton decided that, while getting the money would be easy, the first hundred yards of his ride away from the house would be the last ride he would ever make. The three *mal hombres* enjoyed the food and wine, looked longingly at the sacks and the paper-stuffed safe and gave grave and polite thanks before riding away.

As the years passed El Patron found himself surrounded by relatives who flocked to the little village (now called Piedras Negras) like vultures, waiting for El Patron to die. Some of them died, still hoping. El Patron's hair became snow white; he stooped a little and at times his great hands trembled as he wrote.

On New Year's Day, 1900, he began to use spectacles. One after another he buried his kin and by the second decade of the 20th Century only a few grandnephews and nieces were still waiting for his death, planning what they would do with his money when he passed to his reward.

After 1900 El Patron began to decentralize his holdings. Sheep still grazed on a thousand bleak hills, but they were owned by men who had started their own herds under the old man's watchful eye. In all cases he had lent them money, taking mortgages in return. The plump leather sacks of gold coins were replaced by stacks of important looking deeds and mortgages.

The people of the village knew Don Porfirio was just and kind, but also knew he was a shrewd businessman who had prospered where others had failed. Certainly his assets totaled a quarter-of-a-million dollars; how those relatives planned to dispose of this once their uncle had the generosity to die!

FINALLY, in the fall of 1920, Don Porfirio Aguilar, El Patron of Piedras Negras, took a little walk up the low hill back of the ranch house. There, beneath a gnarled piñon, he paused to look back over the village which he had built. It was a good sight; he sat down and leaned back against the tree, looking over his handiwork. Then he slept. But this was a sleep from which there was no awakening for El Patron.

He was laid to rest in the little cemetery back of the house, beside the three low mounds marked by great slabs of black lava. Real tears were shed for the great man who had left such a mark upon his people. The people of the neighborhood thought of the many times his presence had enabled them to meet the world with a courage that, in their hearts, they knew they had borrowed from him.

The distant relatives, at long last, moved in with lawyers to get the money they had worried about so long. They might have spared all the worry. Only $700 could be found in the old safe. There were mortgages and IOUs aplenty, and they did add up to almost a quarter-of-a-million dollars—but there was something really unusual about all of them. Across the face of each document, in the strong hand of El Patron himself, was the sentence: "PAGADO EN TOTAL, POR DIOS!" and then the Patron's signature: *Porfirio Xavier Aguilar*. There it was: "PAID IN FULL, BY THE GRACE OF GOD!" duly signed by El Patron himself.

The little village of Piedras Negras is no more than a few adobe walls today. El Patron has been dead for forty years and his people have scattered to the four winds. When a king dies, the kingdom dies with him. The bands of sheep still graze on the barren hills and, in some cases, the present owners are the descendants of the men who received El Patron's largesse in 1920, but they operate their ranches by remote control while living in larger villages.

There is no kingdom any more; no person of comparable stature followed him. The old adage "Peace and prosperity follow a good king" had been proven true by El Patron. His life graphically demonstrated that weakness and wickedness are bed-partners—only the strong can live in peace.

Strange Letters and a Boundary Survey

(Continued from page 33)

but they now have under erection very extensive buildings.

"The post marking the line is thought not to be accurately on the forty-ninth parallel but some 200 or 300 yards within our territory.

"This impression arises from statements said to have been made by Major Long as well as English observers and the cautiousness they exhibit in settling near the marked line.

"I did not attempt to confirm or correct the position of the post placed by Major Long for fear of leading to greater errors."

Twenty-one years passed. Then came the letters from Pembina to Washington.

President Grant was disturbed and brought the problem to the attention of Congress in his second annual message December 5, 1870.

He said the discovery of the supposed error had been made by the Army Corps of Engineers in April while engaged in locating the military reservation enclosing Fort Pembina.

If the new line proved correct, he said, the HBC fort was within U. S. territory.

"I communicated the information to the British government and I was requested to consent, and did consent that the British occupation of the fort of the Hudson's Bay Company should continue for the present," he said.

"I deem it important, however, that this part of the boundary line should be definitely fixed by a joint commission of the two governments, and I submit herewith estimates of the expense of such a commission on the part of the United States and recommend that an appropriation be made for that purpose.

"The land boundary has already been fixed and marked from the summit of the Rocky Mountains to the Georgian Bay (on the west coast). It should now in like manner be marked from the Lake of the Woods to the summit of the Rocky Mountains."

CUSTOMS Collector Stover was instructed to abandon his plans to assess duties. There had been no joint action by the U. S. and Great Britain to mark the surface, he was told. A copy of the letter sent him went to the U. S. ambassador in England.

Great Britain wrote officially, asking that collection of the duty be delayed for verification of the boundary. The fort, they said, was needed as shelter for a force protecting persons and mails. It was the only building available for the purpose.

The biggest shock in Washington was caused by the Army engineers' estimates of costs announced by the President.

The chief of engineers' figures said the project would cost $100,000 per year for three years of field work, plus about $35,000 for a year's office work.

Congress was aghast. This was an enormous sum in the year 1870.

The legislators passed it up in the session of 1871, and when it finally was adopted March 13, 1872, provided only $50,000. Later, however, the balance was supplied.

The British authorized a commission and surveyors to work with the Americans.

The story of the preparations and the carrying out of the great task is long and fascinating. The most important phase as far as this account is concerned is what happened as to the determination of the forty-ninth parallel at Pembina.

The two surveying parties decided that controversy first of all.

The forty-ninth parallel location was found to be virtually identical with Major Long's old line, leaving the Hudson's Bay Company's fort some 300 feet in British territory.

Colonel F. W. Farquar, head of the American party reported the results.

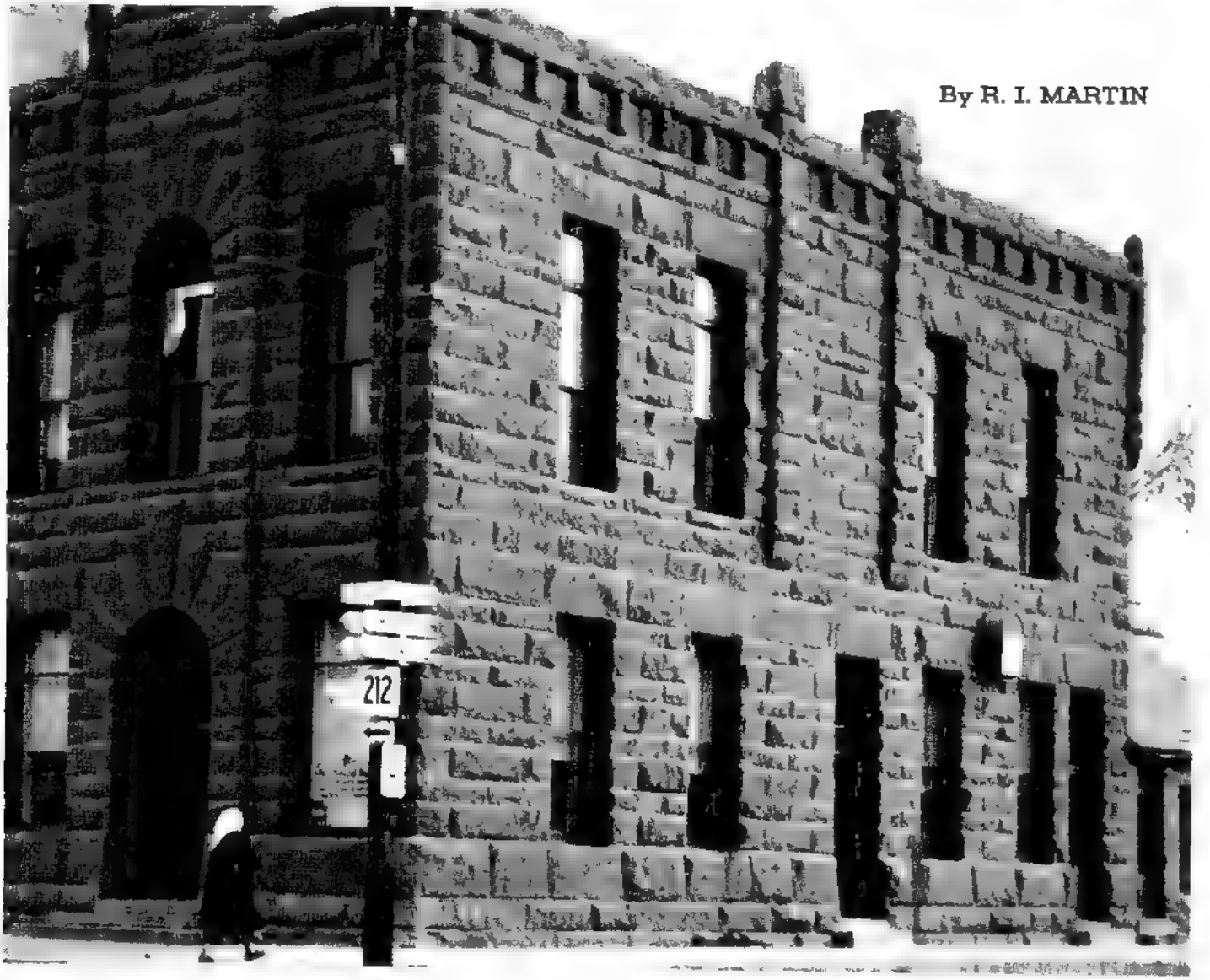
"The American and British commissions made the same findings," he said.

And so the doubts of an army officer, the worry of a loyal customs man, the concern of a governor and the alarm of the President of the United States had led to the final determination and marking of the international boundary between the U. S. and Canada for all time to come.

In the 1890's, bank robberies were sometimes muddled affairs.
This raid was successful—almost,
and the bandits were caught—but got away.
Even so, while it lasted it was

A Lively Day in Belle Fourche

By R. I. MARTIN



Butte County Bank, Belle Fourche, South Dakota. (*Dale's Photo*)

JUNE 28, 1897, was a memorable and unusually lively day in the little cowtown of Belle Fourche, South Dakota. Belle Fourche was the cattle-shipping point for practically all of western South Dakota, eastern Wyoming and southeastern Montana, as well as the supply point for most of the big cattle outfits operating in that region. The Northwestern railroad had built into Belle Fourche a few years earlier, and during the annual shipping season long trains of cattle destined for Omaha and Chicago markets went out as rapidly as they could be handled over a single-track line.

After the beef herds had been loaded out, cowboys would come to town to have their fling, their first opportunity to have any fun and spend any money for many weeks. There were numerous saloons, with wide-open gambling and other diversions to interest the cowboys and they would take full advantage of the opportunity to blow off steam. So the town was well accustomed to their noisy celebrations, which occasionally included some "fireworks." As a rule, when leaving town for their camps, they would fire a fusillade. But they never killed anyone and their parties were usually considered "noisy but harmless."

However, on the above mentioned date a party of mounted men came to town intent on more serious business. They proved to be a gang of outlaws, said to be members of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang from the Powder River country of northern Wyoming. I think there were seven or eight men in the party, maybe less.

They left their horses on a side street near the Butte County Bank. One man

(Continued on page 47)

"Walk this way for three weeks and then turn left."

Chief Tendoy and His Band

(Continued from page 22)

The Lemhi Indians, numbering 474, were moved to Fort Hall in 1909 but Tendoy could not go with them. Two years before he had gone on "the trail of the ghost." The beautiful hills and valley he loved so much had claimed him for their own.

His death occurred as he was going home from the Copper Queen Mine. He had fallen from his horse into Agency Creek and, although he did not drown, he died of exposure. He had tried to continue on his way but was unable to make it home. His body was found about midnight.

More than a hundred of his white friends attended Tendoy's funeral. The noble brave sat in state in an improvised wickiup near the grave, dressed in his chief's regalia with war bonnet, beads and feathers. When everyone had looked at the white man's friend for the last time, the sorrowing Indians sent them away so they could finish their ceremonies alone.

There are only a few descendants of the Lemhi tribe still living on the Fort Hall Reservation. People have forgotten about the many lives that were saved under the leadership of their great chief. Had it not been for his steadfast loyalty and his shrewd diplomacy, the white population of the Salmon and Lemhi Valleys might have been destroyed.

Near the little railroad station that bears his name, stands a ten-foot monument of native, pink sandstone inscribed as follows:

Chief Tendoy
Died May 10, 1907, aged 73 years
Erected by his white friends

"How about it, Shorty—did you find the treasure yet?"

FRONTIER QUIZ

By GEORGE D. WOLFE

Denver Public Library Western Collection Photo

1. The war bonnet of eagle feathers originated with:
   (a) The Shawnee
   (b) The Pawnee
   (c) The Sioux
   (d) Wild West Shows

2. Jesse James' first homicide committed in a holdup took place at:
   (a) Corydon, Iowa, 1871
   (b) Liberty, Mo., 1866
   (c) Rocky Cut, Mo., 1876
   (d) Northfield, Minn., 1876

3. Jackson Sundown was which of the following:
   (a) Frontier Indian scout
   (b) Navajo silversmith
   (c) Rodeo rider
   (d) Bannock medicine man

4. Billy the Kid's proved legal surname was:
   (a) Antrim
   (b) Unproved
   (c) McCarty
   (d) Bonney

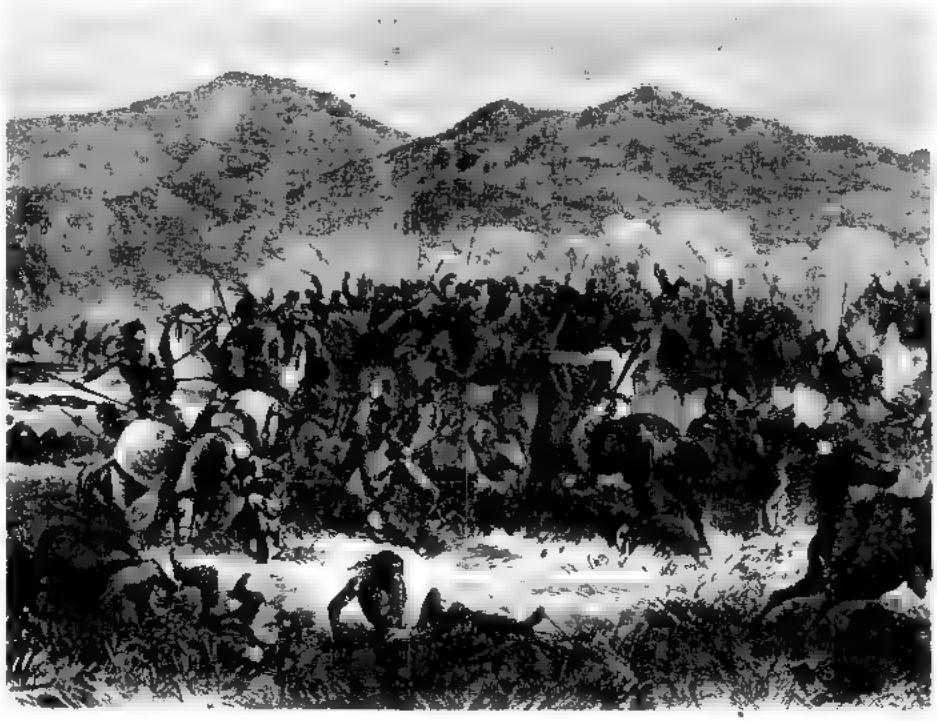
5. The Conestoga wagon derived its name from:
   (a) The Indian tribe which first saw them
   (b) A sea captain who designed them
   (c) A wood coming from Colorado
   (d) A town in Pennsylvania

6. Which of these articles lost by an Indian warrior would be lamented most?
   (a) His breech clout
   (b) Coup stick
   (c) Calumet or pipe
   (d) His shield

7. William Clarke Quantrill received his death-wound:
   (a) In a Kansas dance hall
   (b) During a Texas jail break
   (c) In a Missouri wheat field
   (d) In a Kentucky barnyard

8. Mace Bowman is most readily identified as:
   (a) A law enforcement officer of New Mexico
   (b) A stagecoach driver on the Great Overland
   (c) Guide for John C. Fremont
   (d) Indian agent to the Cheyennes

9. The Maxwell Land Grant was approximately:
   (a) 20 miles long and 20 miles wide
   (b) Ten-thousand acres
   (c) Four sections
   (d) Over a million acres

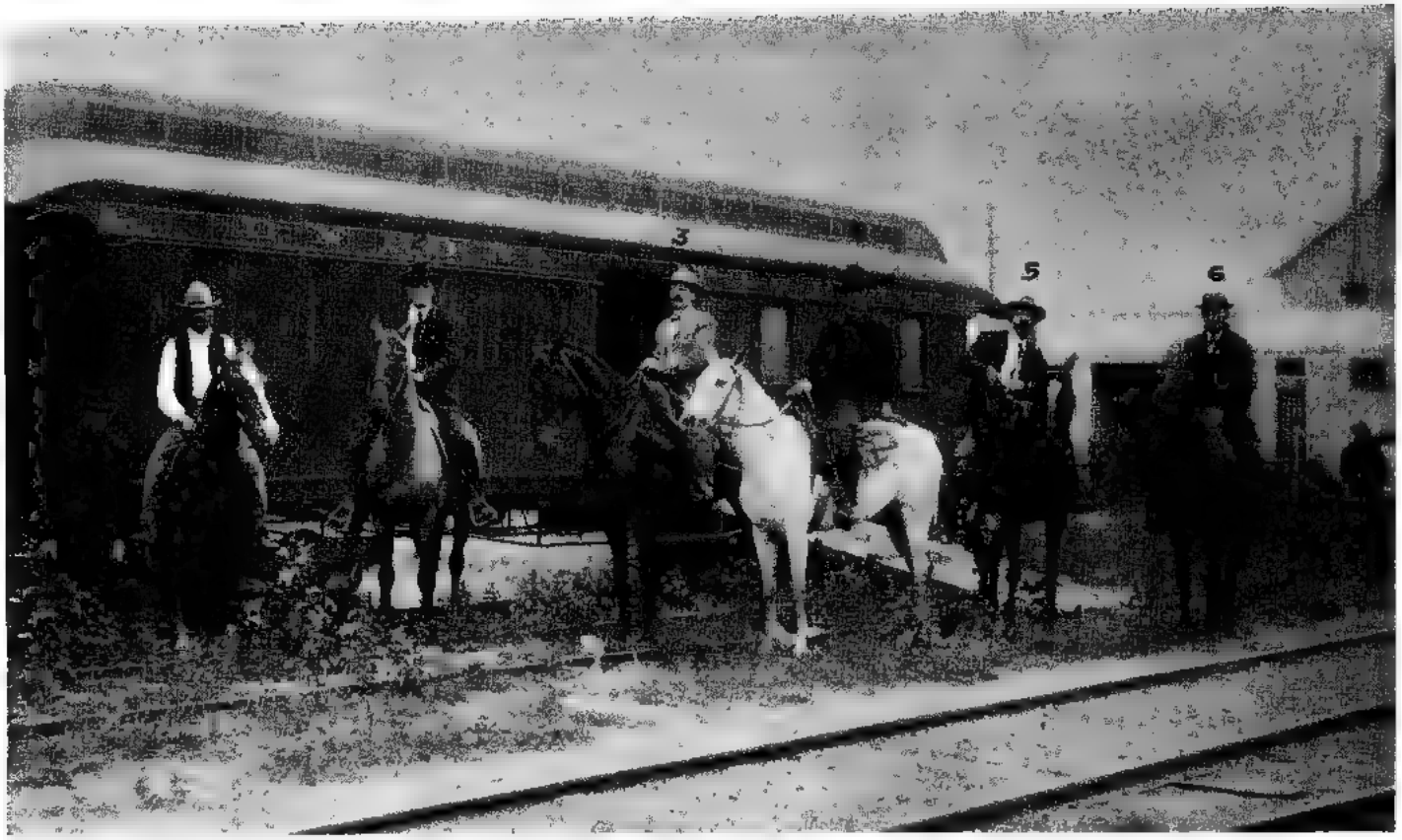


10. The shoulder arms used by the whites vs Sioux in the Wagon Box fight were:
    (a) Sharps Big Fifties
    (b) Springfields, Allen patent
    (c) Lee-Metfords
    (d) Winchester repeaters, lever action

* * *

answers:

1. (c)
2. (b)
3. (a)
4. (b)
5. (c)
6. (b)
7. (c)
8. (a)
9. (d)
10. (d)



Posse that trailed the Wild Bunch. Left to right, George Hiatt, T. T. Kelliher, Joe Lefors, H. Davis, Si Funk and Jeff Carr. (*Union Pacific Railroad Photo*)

Ask TRUE WEST

Editor's Note: Sure! We'll stick our necks out! You ask 'em; we'll answer 'em—any questions of wide and general interest pertaining to the Old West (any questions that is, except why we're crazy enough to stick our necks out!) Address your questions to George D. Wolfe, 509 East Scott Avenue, Knoxville 17, Tennessee. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a direct reply.

Question: After the Wild Bunch robbed the train at Tipton, Wyoming, the U.P. Railroad announced they had organized a posse of "the best trackers in the West" to run the gang down. Who were these men?—K. Dulaney, Toledo, Ohio.

Answer: The group selected was composed of George Hiatt, H. Davis, Si Funk, Jeff Carr and Joe Lefors.

Question: How many Indians were killed in the Wagon Box fight? Who was the Indian chief in command?—C. K. Summers, Roanoke, Virginia.

Answer: Major Powell's estimate of 67 killed and 120 wounded seems to be the most reasonable figure. Red Cloud led the Indians.

Question: In some articles about Sterling Edwards and Ellis Bean, I saw references to a Philip Nolan, who was killed in Texas in 1800 stealing horses from the Mexicans. However, someplace else I read that Philip Nolan—the man without a country—spent his youth in Texas, hunting horses. Could there have been two Philip Nolans?—R. Chilson, San Fernando, California.

Answer: In Edward Everett Hale's story, *The Man without a Country*, the author by mistake refers to Philip Nolan when, in fact, it was a brother of Philip who was really the subject of the story.

Question: To settle a very hot argument, will you tell us where Sitting Bull is really buried.—Stan & Doug Arnwine, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Answer: The Sioux chief was buried at Fort Yates, North Dakota, December 17, 1890, in quicklime and muriatic acid. Nevertheless there have been many rumors that his bones—if any remained—have been stolen, re-interred, and even exhibited! Stanley Vestal, an authority, stated that he was of the opinion that the remains had been removed from their original resting place. As late as 1953 a story was circulated that the remains had been secretly removed to a site near Mobridge, South Dakota, but North Dakota authorities scoff at the report. They say the grave was opened long ago, the bones removed, and animal bones substituted. Russel Reid of the North Dakota Historical Society is said to have possessed a bone from the forearm of the chief.

Question: How many Mexicans did Crockett kill at the Alamo? Whatever became of his rifle?—Basil Morefield, Everett, Washington.

Answer: In our opinion Crockett was the most lethal of any of the defenders at the Alamo. He drew first blood, he was the best shot in the fort, and he was one of the last to die. According to the statement of Ben, Santa Anna's cook, the greatest concentration of Mexican bodies lay around Crockett. He places the number at sixteen. But Travis' servant stated that he counted twenty-four near him.

Lon Tinkle in his book on the Alamo states that Crockett's rifle, Old Betsy, is in the Arkansas Archives at Little Rock.

Question: Who first organized the Texas Rangers?—Stuart Fonde, Providence, Rhode Island.

Answer: When Texas was a part of Mexico, the Mexican governor recruited

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fifteen men to act as a constabulary in 1823. They were very effective but the pay was so poor the force soon disbanded. Soon afterward Stephen Austin, head of the colony, enlisted ten Rangers at his own expense. By 1835 the Ranger strength had increased to around 150 men. They furnished their own horses and equipment at the princely sum of $1.25 per day.

Question: Some say that Victorio was not an Apache. Can you throw any light as to his origin?—Houston Beck, Frankfort, Kentucky.

Answer: Although Victorio passed for a Gila Apache, there is considerable evidence to the effect that he was stolen as a child from his parent, Don Louis Terrazas, at the Rancho del Carman in Chihuahua. We'll call him Apache, however, until we get stronger proof.

Question: Is it true that treasure has been found in the Palo Duro canyon of west Texas?—B. Constantine, Port Jervis, New York.

Answer: We find one reference to such a find. According to Frank Dobie, one J. R. Grachias in the 1880's discovered a chest of Spanish coins amounting to around $7,600 buried there.

Question: I submit herewith a photograph of Indians and whites. Could you or the readers of TRUE WEST identify the people?—Jim Davis, Whitefish, Montana.

Answer: We see both Blackfoot and Cheyenne regalia but further than that we can't go. Can some of you readers help?

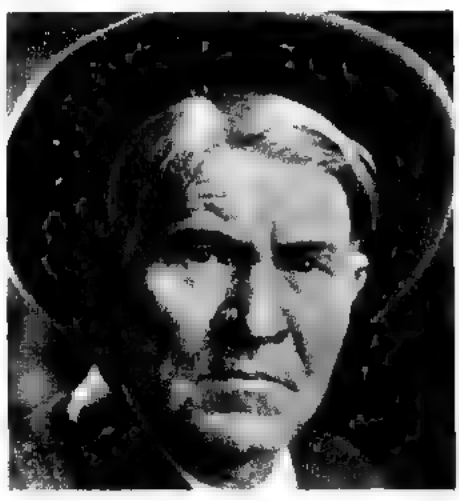
Question: When Tom Horn escaped from the Cheyenne jail in the summer of 1902, he was smuggled a pistol which he later threw away because he could not fire it. What kind of gun was it?—S. G. Craig, Mobile, Alabama.

Answer: All I can learn is that it was a "modern automatic." It was too much for Horn. He could not fire it and threw it away in disgust.

Question: Can you tell me who owns the painting by Charlie Russell, "Return from the Hunt"? Also I would like to know how many pictures he painted during his lifetime.—C. T. Leigh, Albemarle, North Carolina.

Answer: The painting to which you refer is owned by the Woolaroc Museum, Bartlesville, Oklahoma. Russell is credited with 2,500 paintings and around 70 bronze subjects.

Left, Stephen F. Austin. Right, Charlie Russell.



Tom O'Day

A Lively Day in Belle Fourche

(Continued from page 43)

stayed with the horses and three or four entered the bank, while the others stayed outside. Apparently their job was to keep people away from the gun cases in the two hardware stores on the opposite side of the street, one directly across from the bank and the other diagonally across the intersection.

There were five customers in the bank at the time. They were herded into a back room and guarded by one of the outlaws. Another stepped to the cashier's window and demanded of Cashier Arthur H. Marble (who later became president of the Stock Growers National Bank of Cheyenne) that he hand over whatever money the bank might have on hand, "and be quick about it." Instead of offering any money, Mr. Marble came up with a .45 revolver from under the counter and pulled down on the outlaw, but the gun failed to fire.

He was disarmed by another of the gang who had made his way inside the railing. (A short time previously Billy Cathey, Live Stock Association detective, had passed through town on the trail of a badman and had borrowed the bank's new .45, leaving in place of it his own gun, which was undependable.)

This was perhaps a fortunate circumstance. Had Mr. Marble killed or injured the outlaw the others would no doubt have unlimbered their guns and there would have been much bloodshed.

THEY DIDN'T want to kill anybody—they just wanted money. They had chosen a most appropriate time for their visit, for on the previous Friday and Saturday Belle Fourche had been host to the annual G.A.R. Reunion, which in those days was a big annual event.

Special trains had brought in hundreds of people from Deadwood, Lead, Rapid City and other towns for the big two-day celebration and by Saturday night the local businessmen had deposited considerable sums of money in the bank. The bandits figured that ten o'clock Monday morning would be a good time to step in and gather some of the profits from the celebration. Their plan was good, but their nerve failed before they could carry it out.

Why they did not get more money than they did can only be explained by surmising that those inside became panic-stricken when the bandits outside began shooting through the hardware store windows. Those inside must have thought a real battle was in progress outside, and that they had best forget about money and save their skins.

They gathered up some currency from the cashier's desk, said to have been only a hundred dollars, scooted out the side door of the bank and ran for their horses. The vault was unlocked and the door was standing partly open; there were large sums of money in reach had they taken a few more minutes to gather it up.

One member of the gang, the famous—or infamous—Tom O'Day, had arrived in town a little ahead of the others, probably as a scout to look the situation over and locate any shooting irons that might be on display among the local people. But Tom felt the need of some stimulant to bolster his nerve for the main event and went into a saloon a few doors from the bank. One thing led to another and he was soon neglecting his part in the holdup plan. After the shooting had started he went outside, only to find that his horse, which had been left standing with the reins down, was following the other horses as the bandits galloped up the street.

Realizing that he had been left afoot, he went back through the saloon and

The author at sixteen.

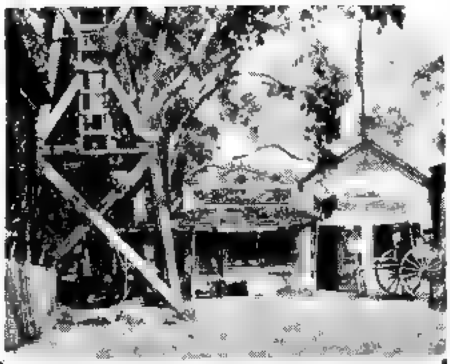
got rid of his gun, holster and cartridge belt.

O'Day then went back in the saloon and attempted to play the part of an innocent bystander, but he had been spotted as one of the gang and was soon arrested by local officers.

The other bandits rode some 250 yards up a hill near the artesian well which supplied the town with water and remained there for several minutes, probably hoping O'Day would join them.

The first man I saw with a gun was John McClure, an old Civil War veteran. He had an old model .44 caliber rifle and I stood behind him as he knelt on the cross-walk near the bank and fired a number of shots at the men and horses on the hill. But his bullets fell far short of the target.

The only good shot made that day was by a man who had climbed to an upper window in the Teall & Bennett flour mill. Joe Miller, the local blacksmith, had run home, secured his rifle and jumped on his horse bareback. Had he gained the top of the hill he might



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have bagged a bank robber or two, as he had a good gun and was a good shot. But when he was about halfway up the slope the man in the flour mill, mistaking him for one of the bandits, made a center shot, grazing Miller's right leg and killing the horse under him.

A SHORT TIME previously the county jail had burned, and the iron cell block had been dragged away from the debris. O'Day was locked in one of these cages, out in the open, with the whole population of the community gathered around and gazing at him.

Another of the bandits, giving the name of Walt Puntney, was captured soon after the holdup attempt and later two others, known as the Roberts brothers, were also apprehended. They were given a preliminary hearing before my brother, C. T. Martin, who was justice of the peace. All were bound over to the circuit court under $10,000 bond each, and transferred to the Lawrence County jail at Deadwood. They managed to break out of that jail, although O'Day and Puntney were recaptured shortly. The Roberts brothers made good their escape.

It is my recollection that some others of the gang were later rounded up by Detective Cathey and other officers. All were tried at Deadwood—and acquitted. It was said they proved, through the testimony of a number of witnesses brought in from the Big Horn country, that all were in northern Wyoming, engaged in their customary pursuits on the twenty-eighth day of June. Hence they were not within hundreds of miles of Belle Fourche at the time of the bank robbery.

So none of the outlaws suffered any penalty for their misdeeds at Belle Fourche. O'Day, however, got a scare when, shortly after his arrest, some citizens of the town appeared with ropes and were for hanging him then and there. There was some excitement about this for a time, but the law prevailed. It no doubt sobered O'Day but did not result in changing his ways to any extent, as he was later convicted of some other operations outside the law and served a term in the Wyoming penitentiary at Rawlins.

Arthur H. Marble in 1890.

How the Lincoln County War Started

(Continued from page 32)

ON THE night of February 6, the McSween party camped at Shedd's ranch. The next morning Dolan and Evans came to them. Dolan berated Tunstall about his letter to the *Independent* and challenged him to settle the matter by shooting it out then and there. When Tunstall replied that he was not a fighting man, Dolan departed, warning as he did so, "You won't fight this morning, you damned coward, but I'll get you soon."

That same day Fritz and his sister obtained a writ of attachment on McSween's real and personal property. Acting on Tunstall's testimony before Judge Bristol, Sheriff Brady levied the attachment upon the interest which McSween assertedly possessed in the store and its stock. A week later Brady sent a posse to the Los Feliz to attach whatever interest McSween had in Tunstall's ranch and stock. They were accompanied by "The Boys," who alleged that one of Tunstall's men, Billy the Kid, had some horses which they had lent him and which they wanted to recover before the attachment was served.

Upon the posse's arrival at the ranch it was informed by Robert Widenmann, manager of the Tunstall store, that McSween had no interest in the horses and cattle there and that they would not be released without an order from Tunstall. Since Widenmann was backed by Tunstall's cowboys, the posse decided to return to Lincoln for further instructions.

Tunstall sought help from the Chisum family, but it was refused. He decided not to fight and sent word to the posse that it could have the animals. On the morning of February 18, Tunstall, Widenmann, Billy the Kid, Richard Brewer and John Middleton started for Lincoln, driving nine horses before them. The posse, which had received reinforcements, including Dolan, arrived at the ranch and learned from the cook, Godfrey Gauss, that a few horses had been started for Lincoln.

Dolan immediately sent a number of possemen under the command of William Morton to recover the animals. As they rode up, Tunstall's men fled. Tunstall himself turned and rode toward them. As nearly as can be concluded from the evidence, Morton shot him in the breast and as he fell to the ground, Tom Hill, another of "The Boys," shot him through the back of the head. At the April term of court the Grand Jury commented, "The murder of John H. Tunstall for brutality and malice is without a parallel and without a shadow of justification. By this inhuman act our county has lost one of our best and most useful men."

Tunstall's friends, however, had already taken the law into their own

Right, John Henry Tunstall *(Library of the Museum of New Mexico Photo)*. **Below, county officials posed in front of the Murphy building. The photo dates to 1887.** *(Bessie Dolan Chester)*

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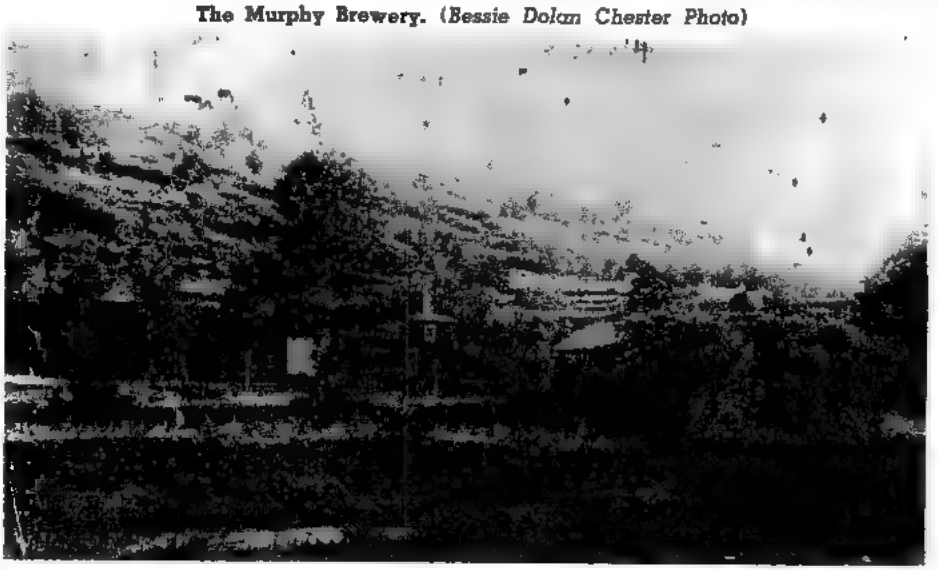
hands. The outcome was the Lincoln County War, which resulted in the death of McSween, the defeat of his party and the total loss of the $25,000 which the elder Tunstall had invested in his son's ranch and store. As for the Fritz insurance money, the heirs received a total of $200. Years later Mrs. McSween told the Dolan family that the balance had gone to buy stock for the Tunstall store and to pay for the house which the McSweens had built in Lincoln.

The Murphy Brewery. (*Bessie Dolan Chester Photo*)



A Northern California placer mine.

Rendezvous with Rattlesnake Dick

(Continued from page 23)

for Auburn where they planned to make inquiries about a missing friend, Rattlesnake Dick.

Skinner's depleted band was not the only group of men traveling the roads that night. The train guards had freed themselves, as expected, and had spread the news of the holdup. From their embarrassed reports, a sagacious Wells, Fargo detective named Jack Barkley pieced together enough of the puzzle to suspect Dick and his gang. Barkley also knew about the Folsom hide-out and thought it would be a good place to start his investigation. He had five men with him.

Barkley's posse and Skinner's gang met suddenly and dramatically on the moonlit Folsom-Auburn road by the banks of the American River.

Barkley fired instantly and Skinner fell dead. The shot set off a vicious but very brief gunbattle. Four of Barkley's posse fled into the night, leaving the detective and a more courageous assistant to fight alone. But they fought well. Big Dolf Newton surrendered after receiving a bullet wound, and Carter hastily surrendered before he was hurt. Romeo, badly wounded, plunged into the river and tried to swim away, but Barkley spaced some well-aimed shots into the water and forced him to return.

Newton and Romeo got ten-year penitentiary sentences for their part in the crime. Carter was also sentenced to ten years but was pardoned after leading Barkley to the gold which the gang had carried down from the mountains and buried near Folsom.

Neither Carter nor the others could be of any help in locating the rest of the treasure hidden on Trinity Mountain. They honestly did not know where it was. The secret died with George Skinner.

When Barkley's three prisoners arrived at the Auburn jail, they finally had their rendezvous with Rattlesnake Dick. As a brief item in the local paper noted, Dick and an accomplice had been arrested a few days before. They had been caught stealing mules.

The Lost Blue Bucket Mine

(Continued from page 29)

at the hot springs about one mile east of the present site of Vale, Oregon. Meek led his party northerly toward Huntington. The Tetherow party continued to travel up the Malheur River but, due to the topography of the country, it was necessary for them to leave the river at times and detour over and around the bluffs and other difficult terrain.

Much scouting was necessary to find a passable route. At the mouth of Crane Creek they left the main Malheur and traveled up Crane Creek and over the divide to the Middle Fork of the Malheur River. It was at some Malheur River route camp, or near such a camp, that events leading up to the Blue Bucket Mine story occurred.

According to the most popular version, some of the oxen strayed away and three young men went to search for them. Sometime during the afternoon, they stopped to quench their thirst at a small stream and noticed some unusual pebbles which lined the creek. They picked up a number of these pebbles and put them in their pockets, not thinking they had any particular value. After reaching camp, one of the men placed a pebble on a wagon tire and tried to break it with a hammer, but instead of breaking, it flattened out, indicating that it was metal.

Another account says the discovery was made by some children. They had gone to get some water from a small stream and, finding some curious pebbles, took them back to the camp. This story is hard to believe because it is doubtful that children would be permitted to go far from camp to obtain water.

There were four points upon which all the various stories were in fairly close agreement. First, one of the pebbles, or nuggets, was hammered out flat on a wagon tire. Second, someone asked the finder how many of these rocks he had seen lying about, and he replied that he could have filled a bucket, hence the name. (The buckets in common use at that time were wooden and painted blue.) Third, it did not occur to anyone in the wagontrain at the time that the pebbles or nuggets might be gold. They thought them to be copper or some similar metal. Fourth, the find did not stir up any excitement. The emigrants were too anxious to get across the mountains before winter to have their interests diverted.

According to the best information available, months, perhaps even years, passed before the metal pellets were identified as gold.

IN THE EFFORTS to pin down the general location of the Blue Bucket, a grave beside the trail was the focal point. While the Tetherow party was camped on the Malheur River, about six miles east of the mouth of Crane Creek, Sarah E. Chambers died and was buried. (One version gave the name of the woman as Mrs. Graves, but all others gave the name as Chambers.)

Most versions agreed that the location of the Blue Bucket was three days' travel from Mrs. Chambers' grave, but there is a difference of opinion about which direction. Some contend that the discovery occurred three days before Mrs. Chambers' death, and others three days after the train resumed its westward journey. Hence there are two possible general locations for the lost mine, six days' travel by ox-team apart!

(Continued on next page)

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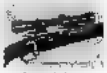

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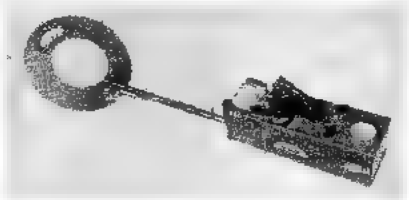

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CONAWAYS

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Which of these locations in the right one? Prospectors who have searched both localities think the area east of Mrs. Chambers' grave is more favorable for finding gold than the area three days' travel west of it.

During the years following the discovery by Daniel Herron and two others as they searched for lost cattle, many men, working singly and in groups, have scouted the route of the wagontrain. Mrs. Chambers' grave was located without difficulty and the search centered from that point. One report claims the grave was moved by one party of searchers in order to confuse others, but this report is not widely believed.

The Tetherow party continued to travel westerly until it reached the Deschutes River. Then, as some remembered, it turned north to the vicinity of The Dalles and over the Old Oregon Trail to the Willamette Valley. Another version is that, instead of turning north, the party continued its westerly course and found a way across the mountains farther south. It is claimed that some members of the party settled near Eugene, others near Ashland, while still others continued on to California before finding homes to their liking.

ONE MAN who firmly believed in the Blue Bucket Mine story, and who spent considerable time seeking it, was John B. Evans. He and his brother were among the first white men to settle on Trout Creek in what is now Crook County, Oregon. They came to Trout Creek in 1867. Later John settled on a homestead near Mitchell, where he made his home until his death about forty years ago. He started searching for the Blue Bucket Mine in the 1870's and continued his search, off and on, for several years.

In order to get some firsthand information he made a 700-mile trip by stage and horseback into California to seek information from a Mr. Williams, who was a member of the Tetherow party. Evans spent several days visiting with Williams, who talked freely.

Many years after Evans and Williams had their council together, this writer interviewed Evans, whose honesty and integrity was never questioned by anyone. He said Williams thought the excitement about the finding of gold was based on exaggerated stories.

He had no knowledge of the find made by the men hunting lost cattle. His version differed from the other stories. Williams said they found some metal pellets at a camping place, which seemed to have been used by Indians.

Surrounding the campfire were numerous particles of metal, many of which were picked up by members of the party. They thought it was copper scattered about by Indians while making trinkets and probably was left over from melting down copper kettles, gun stocks and similar articles obtained from white men.

He went on to say that one member of the party, some time later, showed some of the metal to a jeweler in The Dalles and the jeweler pronounced it to be gold. And so we add another version to the list of stories.

During the century that has passed since Captain Sol Tetherow led his wagontrain across Oregon, many men have carried on the search for the mine the Tetherow party left behind. Although their efforts proved futile, many still believe someday a traveler will stop to drink from that same stream and again accidentally find the fortune that is called the Lost Blue Bucket Mine.

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 5)

It should have read: "When Bill Tilghman was chief of police in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, in 1912, I had a long talk with him *about* Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp."

Some of your readers asked for the vital statistics on my Dad, so here they are.

He was born in Union County, Missouri, November 6, 1844. When he was about sixteen he entered the government service as a driver of freight wagons across the Plains. He first came to Dodge City as a hide buyer and stayed to become a bartender, then sheriff. His first marriage was to Anna Robinson of Chillicothe, Missouri. His second marriage was to Lula McConnell of Kentucky, a Harvey girl, who was my mother. His third lawful marriage was to Nellie Williams of Garden City, Kansas. He had a son by Nellie Williams, but he died quite young. In 1901 Dad and Nellie moved to Edwards County, Kansas, but their home burned in 1910 and he went to Miami, Florida, the winter of that year. Like Bat Masterson, he wanted to get away from the West. He lived in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, from 1911 until 1922, where he died on Sunday, July 23. He is buried there. —Milt Hinkle, P.O. Box 228, Kissimmee, Florida.

Venison Stroganoff

Howdy!

I've read in TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES about the ways the Indians and mountain men ate buffalo and venison. Try this for a modern way: (The recipe was given to me by Mrs. O. O. West, Hunt, Texas.)

1 package onion soup
1 can whole mushrooms
½ stick butter or margarine
2 rounds venison steak cut in cubes
1 small carton sour cream

Brown venison in butter, stir in onion soup and mushrooms with water from can, then add sufficient water to barely cover. Simmer about forty-five minutes. Just before serving stir in sour cream. Serve over noodles or rice. Note: Do not salt as the salt and other seasonings in the onion soup will be sufficient.—Maury Maverick, Jr., Maverick Building, San Antonio, Texas.

Editor's Note: This is a delicious meal. But we urge caution in preparing it. One of our bright young writers, while cubing a tough steak (we suspect he shot

"One thing about it—you shore had faith in that old horse."

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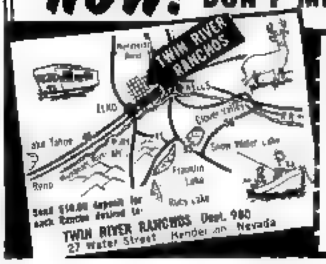
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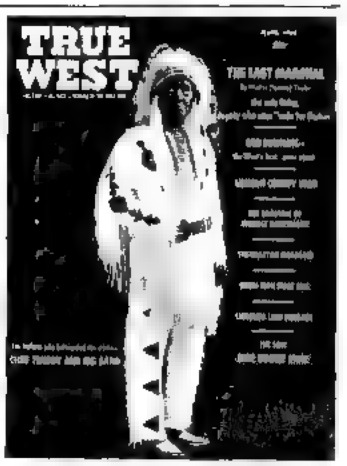

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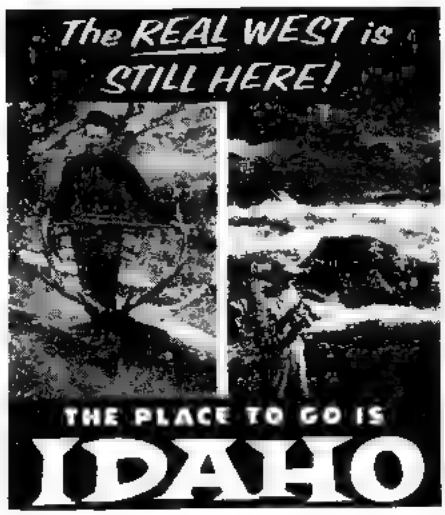

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a much-exercised work horse instead of a plump young deer), tried additional flavoring by accidentally slicing off his forefinger. Asked what happened when he showed up at work with a bandage where a finger should have been, he whipped out his bowie knife and explained, "I was cutting up this steak, see, and I went like this . . . " He now has bandages where two fingers should be.

True Professionals

Editor:

That article by William E. Whelchel in the May-June, 1960, TRUE WEST really was interesting. My hobby is what he termed doodlebugging. He was really referring to amateurs and not the true professionals. There is such a thing as true dowsing as practiced in England, France, etc. Over there the dowsers are organized and each year they have a congress where they exchange ideas and new techniques. I belong to their association.

I have located several wells for people and so far have not missed any. Before I perform in the field, I spend much time experimenting, testing and improving, always aiming for perfection. Although I can find water, I won't say or claim that I can also find deposits of minerals. These react differently to my instruments, but I will say I have located two oil pools near our house by map-dowsing and both were verified by a survey. As far as I'm concerned, I can find oil as well as water.

One operator, using a map, located a lost gold mine somewhere in the southwestern states a while back. I know a place or two myself, but since they are on private property, what can I do? A true dowser will never perform just to prove his art or to show off.

Thanks for two wonderful magazines. —N. A. Kelly, Box 544, Eufaula, Oklahoma.

Author's Reply

Dear Mr. Kelly:

I reaffirm my stand that ALL doodlebugs are a fraud.

I would hazard the guess that the area you found water in was probably a place where it would be more difficult NOT to find water. About the oil—was the survey you cite a bona fide survey recognized by a state or federal government? Have any wells been drilled to prove the existence of oil there? The mere fact that some survey lists an area to contain oil is not sufficient. Oil pools must be proved by drilling. Many large companies would hire you to find their pools—IF you could show them proof that you can find oil time after time without error.

Map-dowsing makes me throw up my hands. Can a piece of paper printed with ink exude strange or magic wave lengths? Does this strange power come through the air to every printed or drawn map? Is it the paper, the lines or the words that attract these mystic forces?

To my notion and from personal experience, map-dowsing is the biggest fraud of all—and I'm prepared to prove it. If a map-dowser could so easily find lost mines, all he would have to do would be to sit right at home and dowse all the undiscovered mineral deposits in his area. He could then uncover the richest and most accessible finds and continue from there with enough to finance digging the rest. He would soon be richer than Midas himself.

Do you know of a single confirmed map-dowser who has found more than one (more than one would prove ability rather than accident) deposit of anything that has yielded any large amount of money? I know of no such authentic discoveries. There are many claims, but little proof.

It is easy to brag and make claims or wild statements about what doodlebugs will do, but how many have stood up under actual scientific tests? None, that's how many, and I am ready to prove that doodlebugs are a fraud any time a doodlebugger is ready. Someday I am hoping that a doodlebugger will be brave enough to come forth and challenge my statement.—William E. Whelchel, P.O. Box 7, Caldwell, Idaho.

Texas Senate and Governor Coke in 1874

Dear Sir,

In 1874 my father, Olinthus Ellis of Uvalde, Texas, was a member of the Texas Senate. Texas has just gotten rid of its carpetbag governor and elected Richard Coke. The Senate was called to confirm the election of Coke, but Davis, the carpetbag governor, contended the election was fraudulent and would not recognize the Senate.

The Senate wired President Grant asking him to approve the vote of the people and direct Davis to allow the Senate to confirm Coke's election. While waiting for a reply, they were afraid to adjourn because Davis would not have allowed them to reassemble. So they stayed in continuous session, locking the doors of the General Assembly Hall. While they were waiting, a member of the Senate wrote a ballad and read it to other legislators. My father later recited it to me and, although I've forgotten the rhymes, I remember the story-line clearly.

In the early days, many young men who went to Texas became entangled with Texas law and wound up in the penitentiary at Huntsville. A preacher in Arkansas had a son named Bill who decided to go to Texas over the violent protests of his father and mother. They pleaded with him, cried and prayed, but they could not change Bill's decision. Bill went to Texas.

At first they heard from Bill frequently and were convinced their constant prayers for his safety were being answered. However, his letters soon came less frequently and finally he ceased writing altogether, but the family continued to pray.

After about two years, a letter came from Bill. Both his father and mother looked at the envelope apprehensively, afraid to know what bad news it contained.

Handing the letter to his wife, the preacher said, "Ma, you read it."

Ma commenced to cry, replying, "Pa I can't. You read it to me. I ain't got my glasses."

So the preacher put on his glasses, opened and read the letter and commenced to cry. Between sobs, his wife pleaded, "Tell me the bad news, Pa."

"Be brave and pray, Ma," the preacher said. "Bill's in the Texas Legislature, but he don't say what he done to get sent there."—Olin C. Ellis, 1701 St. Paul Street, Baltimore 2, Maryland.

Freeman Homestead

Dear Sirs,

In your August issue you answered a question in "Ask True West" concerning the first homestead to be filed. The Daniel Freeman homestead was the first

but it is much closer to Beatrice than Nebraska City. I lived in Nebraska for twelve years and worked on the Freeman homestead during the WPA era when it was made into a National Monument. Freeman's grave is right on the edge of the highway, which follows the route of the old Oregon Trail; the marker there says he was a sheriff and successful cattleman. The city of Beatrice was named after a young white girl who was captured by Indians. It is in the southeast corner of Nebraska, twenty-two miles from the Kansas border.—Paul C. Williams, P.O. Box 185, Molalla, Oregon.

A Classic Figure

Dear Sir;

I enjoy reading the stories in TRUE WEST; they remind me of the discussions I heard when a child.

When I lived in Austin, Texas, my cousin, George Mendell, who was working as a newspaper reporter while attending the University of Texas, took me to see Buffalo Bill. I was only six years old at the time. The tent was set up near Camp Mabry; we got there just as Buffalo Bill was practicing shooting glass balls an assistant was tossing into the air.

When he came toward us, George hailed him and told him he would like a statement to put in the paper. Bill said, "All right, but you have a man there with you. Why don't you introduce the fellow?"

George told Bill, "This is my cousin, Espey."

Bill leaned down and put out his hand and shook my hand as though I were a man. I looked into his eyes, the clearest blue eyes I have ever seen, just like an eagle's eyes the depth seemed so great. "Well," he said, "I always like to have friends come to see me. You must see the show. I will see to it you get some passes."

He was a grand figure in the saddle—a classic figure. You can imagine how thrilled I was to shake the hand of one so great.—A. Espey Crozier, 2214 NE 41st Street, Portland 12, Oregon.

Al Jennings

Gentlemen:

Having for a number of years been an avid reader of your magazines, I thought you might like to have the following bit of information concerning the last days of Al Jennings.

I have known Al for years, have often visited in his home and talked with him about various incidents of his life.

Al's wife, Maude, passed away this last November 17, 1961. She was 80 years old. Al, himself, had been steadily failing in health since last spring. Since Maude's death, he failed even more rapidly.

My wife and I were out to his place in Tarzana, California, 18824 Hatteras St., yesterday (Christmas Eve). A nephew and wife (T. V. Eggleston) who live next door to Al, have been informed by the doctor that Al will not live until the first of the year.

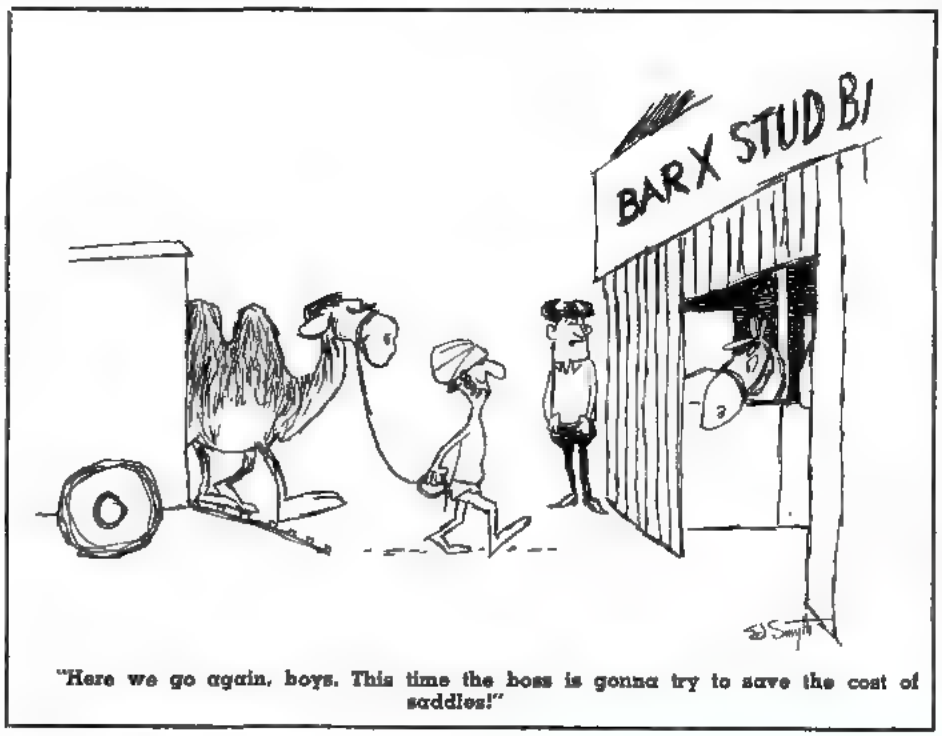
Maude passed away suddenly and unexpectedly with a heart attack, and was interred in Chatsworth, California, cemetery.

Al is lingering on but can only be aroused to take a little sip of water, he has no solid food in many days. Upon passing he will be laid to rest beside Maude.

My folks went to Woodward, Oklahoma and homesteaded south of town in 1899. I was born there November 16, 1900. Father was an old-time fiddler and played left-handed. He played for many a rousing old-time dance in those early days. He later became one of the Southwest's broom-corn dealers.

Temple Houston was an acquaintance and friend of my folks, also Jack Love, who was one-time a territorial county sheriff, and his parents were friends of my folks. The Love family acquired my grandfather's homestead.

Over the years much has been written and published concerning the unhappy affair at Woodward between the Jennings, Temple Houston and Jack Love, much of it not holding to the true facts. Since there are those still living who would not appreciate the rustling of old bones, I will not recount here stories that



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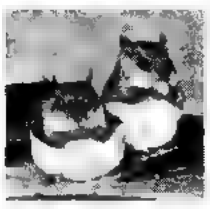

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have been told to me and facts which have long been known to my family.

Following are a few statistics of the Jennings family. Al Jennings was born November 25, 1863, in Tazewell County, Virginia. His father was born in the same county and his mother in Smyth County, Virginia. Al's father, at one time, was territorial judge of Woodward County, and was in Woodward at the time his son Ed Jennings was killed. Al's wife was born Maude Deaton March 2, 1881, in Avon, Iowa. The Deatons moved to Lawton, Oklahoma. Al and Maude met there and were married in Lawton, Oklahoma, January 6, 1904. Al and Maude have often talked to us concerning their honeymoon, which was by covered wagon up into northwestern Oklahoma, to visit relatives of Maude's, who lived between Shattuck, Oklahoma and Higgins, Texas.

One of the later incidents of note in Al's life and one which is not generally known, concerns the accidental shooting of Al Graves, age 72, of Santa Clara, California. He had been an old friend of the Jennings' for many years but they later told us they were worried, as Mr. Graves was suing them for $25,000.

Hoping this information may be of interest to you and your many readers, I am yours respectfully,—H. M. Largent, Sr., 7546 McGroarty Terrace, Tujunga, California.

Editor's Note: As most of you readers know, Al Jennings died December 26. Newspapers all over the nation paused to pay tribute to one of the last "badmen" of the Old West.

Supersalesman

Dear Mr. Stout:

My father, Henry Gray Allanson, principal of the big boarding school at the Standing Rock Agency, Fort Yates, North Dakota, back in the days when a few Bluecoats were still stationed there, used to watch a withered old warrior do an extraordinary business selling pipes to tourists. Such salesmanship was worth studying, so one Saturday father stood nearby while Little Elk went into his sales talk to a middle-aged couple from back East.

"Good pipe," Little Elk said simply. "Heap big chief's pipe."

"Imagine!" exclaimed the woman ecstatically, "Sitting Bull's pipe!"

The man took out his wallet and the sale was made.

Father was intrigued. By his own estimate, he had seen many dozens of pipes sold, each buyer obviously thinking he was purchasing a pipe that had once belonged to Sitting Bull. After the tourist and his wife had gone on, father asked the old Indian, "Just what big chief's pipe was that?"

A ghost smile flickered across the face of Little Elk as he answered, "Me heap big chief. My pipe."—Winona Blanche Allanson Hagen, Bass Lake, Route 2, South Haven, Minnesota.

The Shooting of Maurice Barrymore

(Continued from page 25)

front of Currie, who was inflamed by liquor and apparently caught either with the lust to kill or was just drunk and excited enough not to realize the seriousness of the situation. There was another shot and Barrymore, with a bullet through his shoulder, staggered around and collapsed to the floor. The room was partly filled with the fumes of black powder as Currie put up his gun, and taking hold of Miss Cummings, jollied her around with a drunken air of braggardism.

Then came a pot-pourri of excitement and Currie went into the saloon and on a hell-bent and rampant trail-blazing jaunt around the depot platform. He chased the train dispatcher into the darkness and practically "ruled the roost." Those with sober minds and instincts got busy and Mr. Barrymore was taken in charge by Drs. B. F. Eads and John H. Pope, railroad surgeons, and they pulled him through. Miss Cummings remained and nursed him during his convalescence, and in due time they returned to New York City where the balance of the company and the body of Actor Porter had preceded them.

AS CURRIE rampanted around the depot platform the exigency of immediate action toward his arrest was realized, and steps in that direction were quickly taken. In those days the railroads didn't keep on tap "train bulls" to assist the knights of the road in alighting from side-door Pullmans, and Weary Willies could without fear poke their heads from a boxcar on a frosty morning, sniff the air, and follow the trail of the home-cured hog and hominy that were sending out their tantalizing odors on the frosty atmosphere.

There were no telephones at Marshall at that time, nor bicycles, and being a town of placid inclination and habits, the sheriff's office was not kept open during the night. It was a mile to the residence of Uncle Ruff Perry, the county sheriff, and he was advised as soon as possible of the situation. Uncle Ruff wanted a man he knew would arrest Currie when he went after him, and sent for one of his deputies, Mr. Arch Adams, one of the bravest men that ever wore shoe leather, and known favorably to every man in the county.

Mr. Adams loaded up "Old Betsy" with about fourteen buckshot in each barrel, put on a fresh pair of caps, and went to the depot to disarm Currie and bring him to jail. As he stepped onto the depot platform, his white hair glistening in the flickering lights of the platform, Currie saw him and they faced each other. Arch Adams was known and feared by lawbreakers for his cool and calm bravery. With "Old Betsy" at half-mast and ready to go into action with both barrels, he said, "Jim, I've come to arrest you and take you to jail."

Currie gazed at the determined and steel-blue eyes of Adams and his drunken air of grandiloquence disappeared. He cooled down and replied, "All right, Arch. I'll go with you." Mr. Adams had faith in Currie's reply, for he set his gun down against the depot building and disarmed Currie and placed him in jail.

NEXT day I was standing on the depot platform when the first train in from Louisiana after the shooting arrived. From it stepped Andy Currie, mayor of Shreveport, an older brother of Jim Currie. With him was a prominent criminal lawyer of Caddo Parish, and they at once repaired to the office of Major James H. Turner, railroad counsel, and one of the greatest criminal lawyers of that part of the country. Other legal lights were hurriedly sent for: Colonel Alex Pope, Major Steadman and others, and Currie's defense plans were put in motion. His case was docketed as No. 4822, and the trial was set for May 28, 1879.

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Maurice Barrymore and Miss Cummings returned for the trial but when the case came up, it was postponed until the fall term of court. They did not return for the trial during the fall, and never visited Marshall again. This unfortunate affair was unanimously deplored by the good people of Marshall, and they did everything in their power to impress this upon Barrymore and Miss Cummings, and they were splendidly entertained while there.

At the second trial before Judge A. J. Booty, and I believe Colonel Bill Pope was the county attorney at that time, Jim Currie was cleared by jury trial. In the meantime, Sam Harvey had sold out and departed for parts unknown, and in that day and time, district attorneys were not supplied with the means nor the later day facilities for hunting lost witnesses. Currie was represented by a battle guard of the best legal talent in the state.

The fructification of this greatly deplored affair perhaps changed the entire future life of Jim Currie, the product of which carried him into the seething waters of excitement and he was caught and buffeted in the eddies of the muddy tides that fringe civilization. He became a Helot to strong drink and drifted around over the country, as if he were endeavoring to blot out the memory of that winter's night in Sam Harvey's lunch stand. A splendid man when sober, and highly connected, but like so many others, his nature underwent a change when under the influence of whisky, and his loquacious imaginations became a phantasmagoria insofar as his bump of sensitiveness was concerned.

As the old, old axiom runs: "To sin is human; to forgive is divine," and in the language of the old Latin proverb: "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," "Speak nothing but good of the dead."

It is stated that Jim Currie drifted into New Mexico, and engaged in the saloon business at San Antonio, Lincoln County, where it is said he killed his mining prospector partner, was tried and convicted, and as Convict No. 271, served in the state penitentiary at Santa Fe from September 10, 1888, to March 27th, 1891. When Grover Cleveland appointed Ross, a Kansas man, as governor of New Mexico, Currie was pardoned upon condition that he would leave New Mexico forever.

"Number 21: Custer's second-to-last stand."

When Iron Shirt Fell

(Continued from page 37)

allies were to go first to feel out the crossings, for the Canadian was noted for quicksand. He ordered the Rangers to follow in close ranks.

Below them in the valley lay a camp of five lodges. Placido, the Tonkawa chief, begged that his warriors be permitted to take this small camp. Utterly surprised, the Comanches could make no resistance. Two men got on horses and escaped, but the Tonkawas killed the rest, including the women and children.

The two men who fled revealed to the Rangers a good crossing, but they also gave the alarm to the main camp. The Comanches gathered, rallying quickly to the call of their chief, Iron Shirt.

IRON SHIRT bore a charmed life. No arrow could pierce the magic garment which covered his body and from which he took his name. He could strike down his enemies and not be harmed. He would lead them, as he had done before, to victory. Out from the camp they formed a line, awaiting the approaching Rangers.

Captain Ford ordered his Indians to mass at the right of his line under Captain Ross, their Agent. By his order, also, each Indian wore a strip of white cloth around his head, in order not to be mistaken for a Comanche. Captain Ford with Lieutenant Pitts took the center, and Lieutenants Preston and Tankersley commanded the left.

Both lines halted. Then a warrior on a gray horse rode out from the Comanche line. Feathers were in his hair and his face was painted; his bronze body was encased from neck to thigh in old Spanish armor. The Rangers stared. This was the famous Iron Shirt they had heard of.

They fired at the chief as he came on at a gallop, straight toward the center of their line. He swerved, riding left along the line of the Indian allies, shaking his lance at them and shouting his war cry. Coming to the end of their line, he whirled and rode back toward the center; turned again and paraded before them a second time, and then a third.

Keeping his horse at a run, he made it whirl in its tracks. To keep his balance he leaned far to one side. A shot sounded, and another. The first bullet, credited to Jim Pockmark, struck at an angle, lifting one of the iron plates of the shirt and entering the chief's body. He reeled and fell. The second bullet hit the horse.

(It has also been said that the shot struck Iron Shirt in the neck, above the protective armor; at any rate, it was fatal.)

A younger buck rode up, calling to the horror-stricken Comanches to stand and fight. He, too, was killed, the shot attributed to Chulle-qua, leader of the Shawnees. The Comanches broke in panic.

The Rangers and Indian allies rode at will through the camp, from which the women and children fled to hide in the canyons and brakes. The fleeing warriors were partly saved by the steep banks of Little Robe Creek, which forced the Rangers to break up in small groups in crossing. The Indian allies paused to capture the horse herds and loot the camp.

At noon, with his horses jaded, Ford called off the pursuit and returned to the camp. The Rangers had twenty-three prisoners and had lost one man, Robert Nichols.

(Continued on next page)

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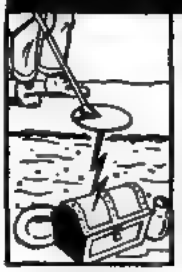

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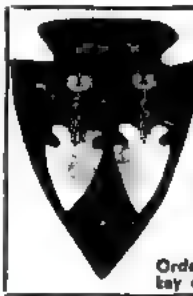

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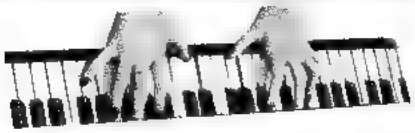

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A Commanche brave. (*Fred Brooks Collection Photo*)

The fight was over, but not the danger. Warriors who had been out hunting began to filter back. The fighting force of another camp about four miles up the river came riding down, stationing themselves on the hills around the camp. This group was led by Peta Nocona and it was reported that Cynthia Ann Parker, his white wife, was riding along with him. But instead of charging, they shouted taunts, challenges and abuse, seeking to draw out the Indian allies.

"By April 20, the expedition was ready and Captain Ford set out from Camp Runnels."

Presently Placido led his Tonkawas out, and a series of personal fights with little damage to either side followed.

This went on for half an hour. Captain Ford, observing that more hostiles were arriving all the time, decided on a charge. He recalled the Tonkawas, setting them to guard the captured camp and horses. He also sent a party of Rangers under Lieutenant Pitts to make a flank attack while he made a frontal charge.

This plan was spoiled by the impulsive Tonkawas, who charged also. The Comanches broke and fled in every direction.

George M. Paschal and a Waco Indian were trapped on the point of a high bluff and killed. The Comanches secured Paschal's gun and later in the day a shot from it shattered the thighbone of a young Keechi warrior. Despite that terrible wound, the Indian nevertheless rode the 200 miles home to Texas and eventually recovered.

Late in the day, with the Comanches all gone, Ford learned that the large camp under Chief Buffalo Hump was about twelve miles down the river. He burned the lodges of the captured camp and set out homeward. His wagons were safe, but he burned them and traveled in light marching order. On May 22, ten days after the fight, the expedition reached its starting point, Camp Runnels.

This was the first punitive expedition which sought out the marauding Comanches on their home grounds. It produced a shock, and perhaps a temporary check, but it did not stop their raiding.

There were to be seventeen more years of strife and fighting before the warfare ended and peace came to the frontier.

The Will of God

(Continued from page 16)

the nicer homes in Cripple Creek.

Two fires ripped through the town in April of the following year. Disenchanted with life in the boomtown, the Blunts had a brick home built in nearby Florence, a more permanently conceived and respectable community. In October, 1897, their fourth child, a son, was born there.

But Roll and Elizabeth had not seen the end of temporary dwellings and the excitement of boomtowns. Processing of lime and gypsum was begun with the erection of a cement works at a site appropriately named Concrete in eastern Fremont County. The Blunts, again lured by the region's wealth, moved back to the Cripple Creek vicinity.

Corporations and advanced techniques, however, were creating changes. The "mill trust" of Charlie MacNeill, Spensor Penrose and Thayer Tutt had discovered there was more money in gold milling than gold mining. By stealthy manipulations, they gained control of the freight lines, mine property and ore mills. Their control of shipping and milling facilities cut so deeply into Roll's profits he was forced to give up his lease on the Fannie B.

Roll went to work for the British Venture Corporation as a foreman in the Stratton Independence Mine but

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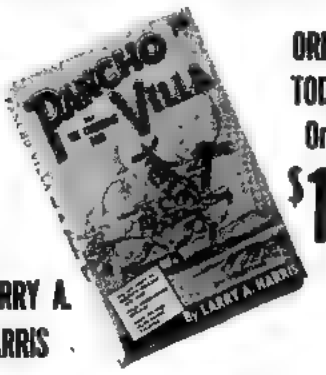

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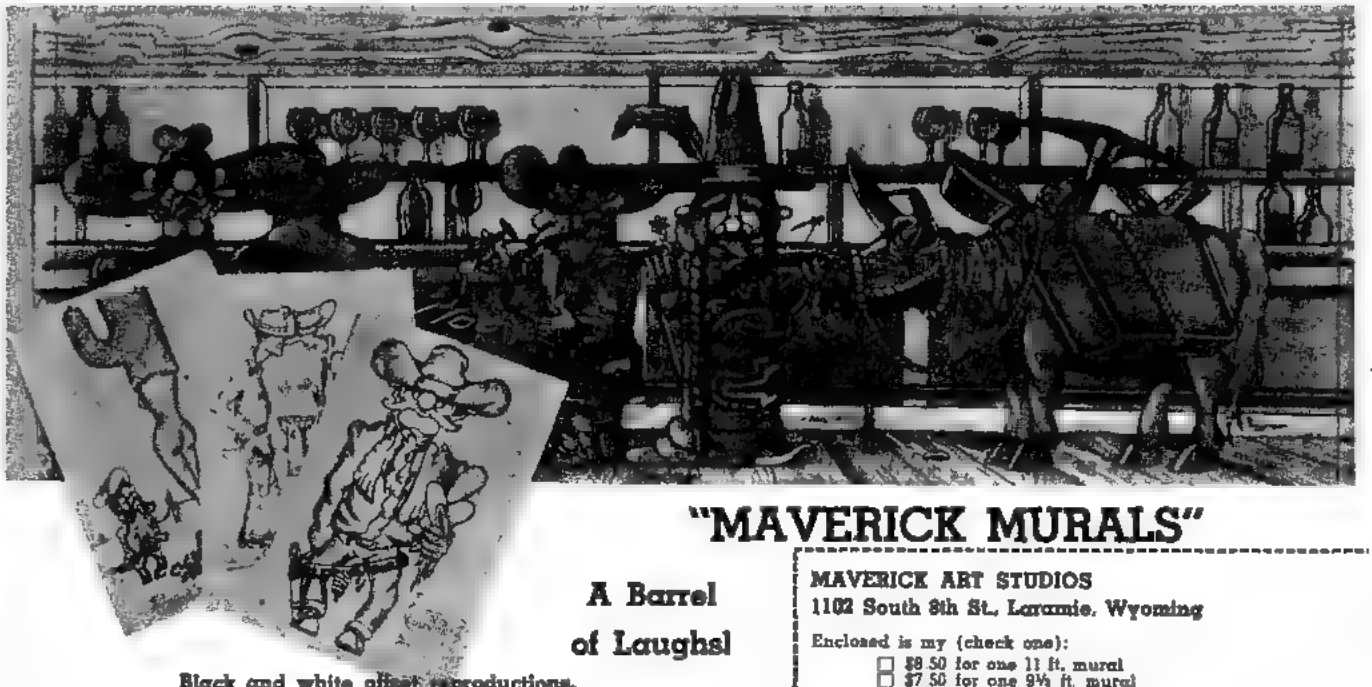

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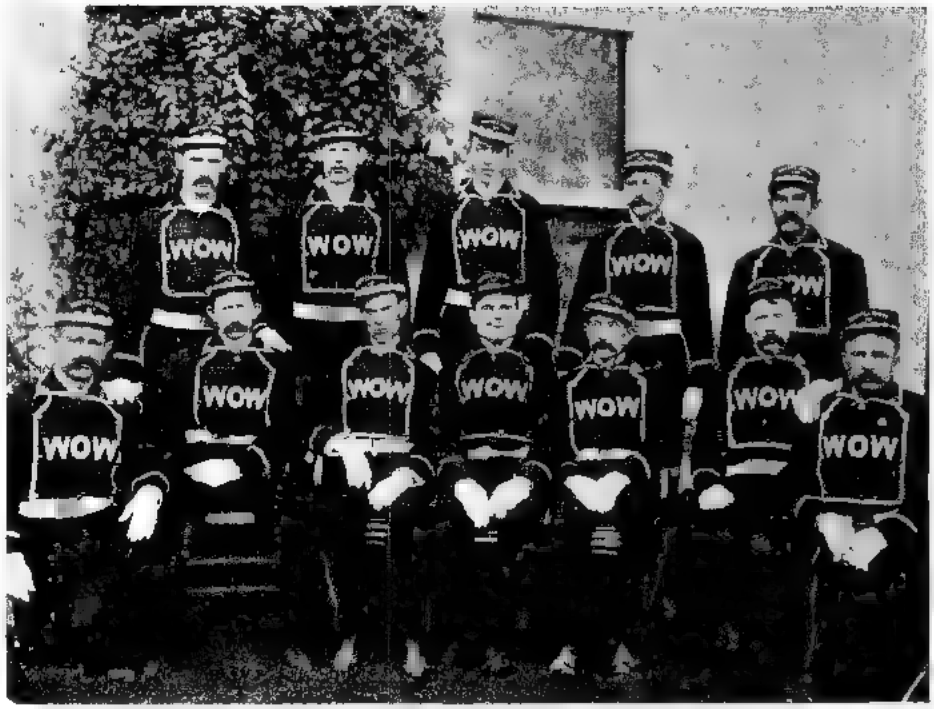

Above, Woodmen of the World, Cripple Creek squad. Roland Blunt is second from the left, top row. Below, young miners from Coal Creek in Sunday clothes. Roland Blunt is second from the left, top row.

L E D T C
E E P R B T E D

quit after two weeks when the superintendent complained about lowered production. Another son had been born in Cripple Creek; with his wife and children Roll moved back to Florence.

Their third son and sixth child was born in the brick house there but tragedy was about to enter the couple's lives. The baby died two months after his birth of pneumonia and was buried in the Highland Cemetery in Florence. Less than two years later their next offspring, a daughter, died of the same disease. Roll had been working for his father-in-law, who was sinking a new coal shaft near Chandler. Elizabeth and her family lived in a tent until a lapboard house could be built.

After their daughter's death, the Blunts returned to Florence, where Roll joined his brothers in a real estate development. A few months after their return, Charlie, the youngest son, died of inflammatory rheumatism.

Soon the family was on the move again. Roll accepted a job helping to construct a new mill in the town of Concrete. Upon its completion, he was made quarry foreman. The family lived in a company house and the children attended school in a one-room building.

The National gold ore reducing mill today. (*Chalfant Photo*)

By 1903 the surge of prosperity had diminished and black clouds were gathering over Fremont County. The bloody violence of the Cripple Creek strike of 1903-4 took nineteen lives and ended with the deportation of 225 Western Federation strikers. The executive secretary of the union, who started the uprising as a test of power, fled to Russia.

Coal Creek was completely wiped out by fire in 1907 and two of the ore reduction mills in Florence were also destroyed. The following year, the modern Golden Cycle cyanide mill at Colorado City drove the other Florence reduction plants out of business. Four years later the Florence and Cripple Creek Railway ceased operation. The boom was over; Cripple Creek was gradually but definitely tilting toward its eventual demise.

Roland and Elizabeth Blunt and their family continued to live in the area, accepting tragedy and defeat with humble hearts, believing all to be in accordance with God's will.

The West's First Press Agent

(Continued from page 18)

Buntline) represents (his) part as badly as it is possible for any human being to represent it. The Hon. William F. Cody, otherwise 'Buffalo Bill,' occasionally called by the refined people of the eastern cities, 'Bison William,' is a good-looking fellow but ridiculous as an actor.

"Texas Jack is not quite so goodlooking and not so ridiculous. Ned Buntline is simply maundering imbecility. Ludicrous beyond the power of description is Ned Buntline's temperance address in the forest. The applause savored of derision, and the derision of applause. Everything was so wonderfully bad it was almost good. The whole performance was so far aside of human experience, so wonderful in its daring feebleness that no ordinary intellect is capable of comprehending it."

The *World* critic stoutly maintained that the play was "very poor slop" and that the audience "was disposed to laugh at all that was intended to be pathetic and serious." The audiences may have agreed with the critics but they showed no sign of it as they flocked to Niblo's Garden and boosted the mounting receipts.

A few months later the troupe broke up. Bill and his erstwhile partner, Texas Jack, as much impressed by show business and its lucrative rewards as their audiences were by their portrayal of the West, decided to start their own show and obtained the services of Wild Bill Hickok.

Hickok proved to be a better gunman than actor. When he was supposed to drink whisky on stage, he would spit it out and storm, "Any damn fool would know that was cold tea!" Obviously no follower of Victorian melodrama, Hickok refused to deliver a line like "Fear not, fair maid; by heaven, you are safe at last with Wild Bill, who is ready to risk life and die, if need be, in the defense of weak and helpless womanhood." Admittedly, this is not quite the sort of thing an aspiring actor dreams of doing.

Finally, entirely disgusted with the hollow promises of stage life, Hickok stalked from the theater one night, roaring at the stage manager as he steamed

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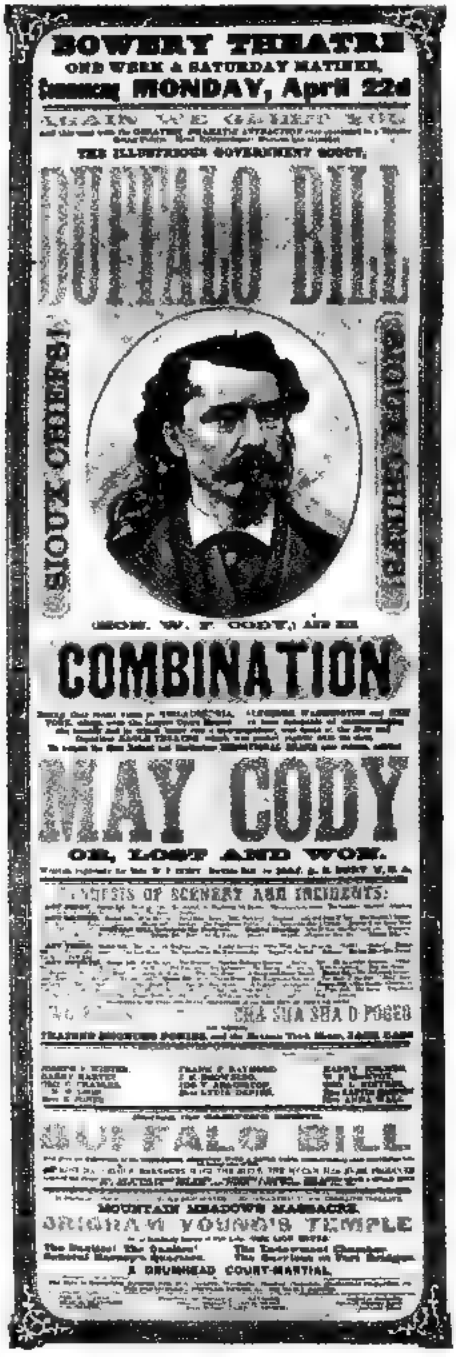
by, "Tell that long-haired son-of-a-gun that I have no more use for him and his damned show business!"

Perhaps if Wild Bill had shown a little more interest in Buffalo Bill's upcoming show, he would have eluded assassination a few years later in Deadwood.

UNDAUNTED by the fact that Buffalo Bill, with his magic name and



Advertising poster for the Buffalo Bill Show.

phenomenal drawing power, had left him, Buntline proceeded to organize another Wild West Show starring Arizona Frank and Dashing Charlie, the Texas Whirlwind, assisted by a troupe of genuine Comanches. Buntline's new show, however, never enjoyed the success of the ever-growing Buffalo Bill show, managed by John M. Burke, who eventually guided the show to world renown and international acclaim.

Wild Bill Hickok, who "starred" in Buntline's show for a short time. Unlike Cody, he didn't stay with it. (*G. Bosler Photo*)

If old Ned felt any disappointment over letting what was to become a famous spectacle slip through his grasp, he did not have much opportunity to dwell on it. Between turning out dime novels, fighting, artfully evading an impressive stream of divorce proceedings and devising means of keeping his highly questionable past from the respectable little hometown of Stamford, Buntline managed to remain a pretty busy man up to his final wheelchair days.

He died July 16, 1886, while his brain child, by then the highly successful Buffalo Bill Wild West Show, was having one of its proudest moments in gay and appreciative New York City.

The portrayal of an event that never happened—the duel between Cody and Yellow Hand. (*State Historical Society of Colorado Photo*)

The Last Marshal

(Continued from page 10)

at Claremore (October 10, 1894). We were not far away—about two hours ride—but by the time we got there a telegram was waiting for us. They had hit again twenty miles away at the Katy Railroad depot in Choteau!

The Cook gang tackled a train next (October 20, 1894). They picked a spot about five miles from Wagoner; when the train appeared, they threw a switch. The train rammed a string of empty cars on the siding before the engineer could halt the locomotive. The gang surrounded the coaches immediately and began to shoot into them. Their object was to keep everybody inside while a

Indian Territory outlaw William Farris.

couple of them raided the express car. The strongbox was locked and they failed to open it.

They then turned their efforts to the coaches and were about halfway through robbing the passengers when the whistle of an approaching train ended the holdup. Bill Cook did not want to risk meeting that train—it might have been a train of flatcars loaded with officers. Trainmen backed the train to Wagoner so that first-aid could be given to a number of wounded passengers. The train was a mess; every coach window had been shot out and the locomotive cab was wrecked.

WE REALLY bore down on the gang. Judge Parker asked that every available marshal be put on the Cook case. It helped to spread the work out so that by rotation we could all get a little rest. Because of the Cook gang the railroads dropped night runs in the Nations. Marshal Crump got a notice from the government to post $250 rewards for each member of the Cook gang, and the Cherokee Nation offered a $500 reward for Bill alone.

The Nation was not a bit happy about men with Cherokee blood going on the scout. The Cherokees are a proud people and lots of folks in Oklahoma have Indian blood. I have a bit of Cherokee in me.

Cherokee Bill began to steal a lot of notice away from the gang. The Schufeldt and Son store in Lenapah was held up (November 9, 1894). After the robbery was over, and the gang was preparing to leave, Cherokee Bill decided that he needed cartridges. (He no doubt did after what the gang did to the Wagoner train.)

He went back in the store and got a supply of ammunition and noticed a face peering from a window of a cafe across a vacant lot from the store. He calmly raised his Winchester and shot the man in the head. The senseless murder of Earnest Melton created an intense hatred for Cherokee Bill in the Territory.

We were crowding the gang close now and folks seemed to be more willing to lend a hand.

Lon Gordon, Henry Munson and Curtis Dayson were surrounded in a house near Sapulpa and a gunfight followed. In the exchange of bullets Gordon and Munson were killed and Dayson was wounded and captured. He was brought to Fort Smith and kept the wounded Lucas company until Judge Parker handed them a stiff jolt in the penitentiary.

The Cook gang started to come apart at the seams. We kept them on the run and at last got a tip that they were headed for Mexico. We wired the Texas Rangers and they captured Baldwin, Snyder and Farris near Wichita Falls. The outlaws were brought back to Judge Parker.

Bill Cook managed to dodge that capture and headed for New Mexico. We had expected that he might try just that; the authorities out there were already on the alert. It wasn't long before Sheriff C. C. Perry and a couple of deputies from Chaves County got Bill without a fight near the spot where Pat Garrett gunned down the famous Billy The Kid back in '82. Bill Cook drew a sentence of forty-five years.

Jim French went the way of most outlaws and I was close to him when it happened. French and a pal got inside the W. C. Patton store at Catoosa (February 7, 1895). The manager and his nightwatchman were in the store, they had been expecting trouble.

When the two outlaws appeared, the nightwatchman pulled down on French's buddy with a shotgun and blew his face off. French shot the store manager and made the watchman throw away the shotgun. The manager was fatally wounded; French picked him up and tossed him on a cot.

He then turned around to see if his buddy was dead. The manager, with his last bit of strength, raised a six-gun from under a pillow on the cot and shot French twice in the neck.

French dropped his gun and ran outside. Climbing on his horse he rode out to the edge of town and tumbled from the

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saddle. He crawled to a cabin near the side of the road and the two occupants fled, frightened at the apparition of a man with blood squirting from his neck.

The shooting aroused everybody. I was in Catoosa and we quickly formed a posse, but before we got mounted, the couple who owned the cabin that French was in arrived with their story. We rushed to the cabin and found French dead.

NEXT to go were the Verdigris Kid and George Sanders. They tried a store holdup at Braggs and lawmen gave them a bullet boost to kingdom come (March 28, 1895).

That left Cherokee Bill. Shortly before he died, Jim French had broken off with Cherokee Bill. French was a hell of a long way from being a softie but he couldn't stomach Bill. Seems that they were riding along together and they met an Indian boy riding a skinny pony. Bill took it in his head that he wanted that pony, but French talked him out of it on the grounds that the shabby animal would be useless if the marshals got on their trail.

French's real concern was for the Indian boy—he knew how Bill operated.

Henry Munson, a member of the Cook gang, killed at Sapulpa, Indian Territory.

Bill decided that he would kill the Indian boy but again, French talked him out of it. Bill was now a six-foot 190-pound chunk of dark rattlesnake poison. He decided next that he would shoot the Indian boy's little dog, standing nervously a short distance away.

Thoroughly disgusted, French claimed that a gunshot would probably bring the marshals immediately on their trail (he was probably right as we were never far behind them at that stage of the game). Bill relented and the pair rode off. Coming to a fork in the trail French pulled off and covered Bill with a rifle.

He commanded Bill to ride on—alone. He wanted nothing more to do with him. Jim French with a cocked gun in his hand was bad medicine, so Bill rode away.

Anyhow, that's the way we heard the story and I never had any reason to doubt it. Shortly after that French was killed at Catoosa, and Cherokee Bill became a lobo killer.

Deputy marshal Bill Smith was the one who figured out a way to get Cherokee Bill. Bill Smith lived at Nowata in the Indian Territory. One day when he was away from home, Cherokee Bill appeared and slowly rode his horse around the house, scaring Mrs. Smith and her young daughter half to death. It was an open taunt; when Bill Smith returned, he figured it was time to do something about it.

Now, like I said Bill Smith was not as hard as he looked unless you got dirty tough with him but he didn't waste any time going after Cherokee Bill. He arranged with a couple of men to have the outlaw's sweetheart, Maggie Glass, come to a house in Nowata for a visit. Maggie was a little suspicious, but she came. When word leaked out to Cherokee Bill he showed up as Smith had planned.

Maggie tried to warn him, but Bill, who had been on the run for a long time, decided to stick around for the night. At the first opportunity, those two men banged Cherokee Bill over the head with a stick of stovewood and got handcuffs on him. Then they delivered him to Bill Smith (January 29, 1895). Smith had promised one of the men his favorite Winchester rifle for luring the outlaw into capture, and he kept his word.

CHEROKEE BILL was mean clear through. Twice he nearly got his hands on a gun before he was finally dumped into the Fort Smith jail. Judge Parker sentenced him to die on the gallows for the murder of Earnest Melton, but by this time attorneys were getting appeals from Parker's sentences.

Cherokee Bill got an appeal, and it was a mistake. Someone smuggled a six-gun into the jail cell and Cherokee Bill killed a guard. We had quite a gun-battle in the jail and there would have been more killing had not Henry Starr, who was a "guest" of the prison, managed to talk Bill into pitching the revolver out of his cell.

Lynchings in that part of the country were just about unheard of after Judge Parker came to the bench but we nearly had one that time. A mob formed outside the jail and they wanted to get rid of Cherokee Bill in a hurry. We told them we would shoot their pants off if they broke the law.

Cherokee Bill was tried again—this time for the murder of the guard. Judge Parker again sentenced him to the big gallows and this time there was no appeal. It was a big day, even for Fort Smith. We patrolled the grounds to keep order. It was on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1896, that Cherokee Bill wore the hemp necktie.

I don't know if Judge Parker wept over that particular sentencing, but I have seen him cry like a spanked child after sending a man to the gallows. He wasn't crying for the doomed man; he wept for the widow and orphans of the murdered victim.

Cherokee Bill wasn't the last man to die on the Fort Smith gallows, but he was close to it. Later that year the jurisdiction of the Court over the Indian Territory ended and Judge Parker died shortly after. That is when I left the federal service.

I HAD been a lucky man, for about sixty-five lawmen were killed during the days of Judge Parker. I met an outlaw one day on the trail and he outdrew me. A ball from his gun went through my leg and killed the horse I was riding. As the horse fell, I leaped out of the saddle and crouched behind the carcass.

Before I could do a thing another bullet busted the handle of my holstered

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Lon Gordon, slain with Munson at Sapulpa on August 2, 1894.

six-gun. I snatched my rifle out of the saddle boot and levered a quick shot that brought the outlaw down, thanks to Paden Tolbert's training.

Another time I got a pistol bullet right through both cheeks. I wasn't hurt much but I had a hell of a time getting fitted for plates.

With the turn of the century oil was discovered in the Territory. The Indian Nations went out of existence and in 1907 Oklahoma became a state. It seems like for fifty years or so folks sort of forgot Judge Parker. Lately, though, they have restored the court building at Fort Smith and have rebuilt the gallows, but I did not go to the grand opening.

I don't get out much, I can't see good enough to even read. I watch television some, but when I was young I never saw a gun holster slung as low as those actors wear them.

Life in the old Indian Territory wasn't all shooting. There were many fine people living there. In law enforcement work you have to get next to the worst kind of people. We had our laughs, though.

One time, right when the Cook gang was giving us hell, we got a tip that three members of the gang were headed for the town of Catoosa to case it. I was put with Paden Tolbert that day because I knew the lay of the land there, and we lit a shuck for the town. When we came to old Fort Spunky we decided to get something to eat before riding on into the place. There was a stage stop at the Fort and the restaurant there was a good one. We went in and a big sign on the counter said we could have a meal for two bits apiece.

When we got through eating I flipped a fifty-cent piece on the counter.

"The bill is a dollar and a quarter," said the restaurant man.

"How come?"

"Well, them three men what et just before you'uns come in told me that their two buddies would be along in a minute and pay for their grub. I knowed they was laws 'cause they had Winchesters and Colts just like yourn!"

Editor's Note: We regretfully announce that Spunky Taylor passed away as this issue was going to press. We would have liked nothing better than to have had him see his story in print and to have had our lead line "Last living deputy" to be true of the case for many years more. We will miss him. It was too late to change the cover and the story, and it is due solely to the cooperation of our printer that we are able to add these few lines informing you readers of his death and at the same time extending our sympathy to his widow, Martha. He was quite a man—more than his modest account of his adventures reveals. TRUE WEST salutes this great lawman of the Old West.

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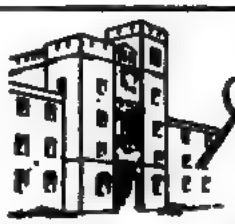

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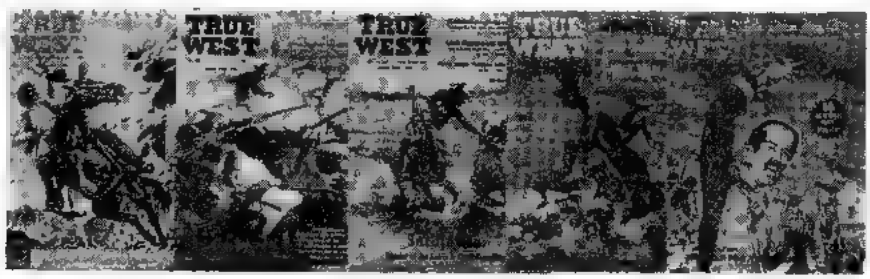

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

EASTMAN—HISTORIAN

Seth Eastman, Pictorial Historian of the Indian (University of Oklahoma Press, $10) is a happy combination of factual, yet entertaining, text by John Francis McDermott and 115 plates by Eastman. It is historically important and a handsome volume with eight of the plates in full color.

Eastman was born in Maine and was appointed to West Point from that state. He graduated in 1829, was commissioned a second lieutenant and assigned to duty at Fort Crawford, Wisconsin. In a few months he was transferred to Fort Snelling. He was primarily interested in topographical work and in 1831 got his first duty assignment in that field in Louisiana. Eastman studied drafting and drawing under Thomas Gimbrede at West Point and they were by far his best subjects. When his old teacher died suddenly, Eastman was detailed to the Academy as assistant teacher of drawing. The period of 1833-1840 was of utmost importance in the development of Eastman as an artist. The resident artists at West Point during that period were C. R. Leslie and Robert W. Weir and he studied privately under them. From a topographer, he rapidly developed into a competent artist in water color and oil. He was a elected an honorary member "amateur" of the National Academy of Design and for years exhibited at their shows in New York City. When he was promoted to Captain and ordered back to field service in 1840 he was ready to record Indian life in pencil, pen and ink, water color or oil. During his service in Florida (Seminole War), at Fort Snelling, and in Texas he was to use all these media. From 1850-1855 Eastman prepared about 300 drawings to illustrate the first five parts of *Indian Tribes of the United States* for the Office of Indian Affairs. He was a realistic painter rather than a romantic—he drew and painted what he saw. Late in his life he painted a series of Indian scenes and pictures of forts to decorate the Capitol in Washington. He was the most accurate and, therefore, the best pictorial historian of his day. Strongly recommended.

NOT SO ANCIENT RUINS

Western Ghost Towns (Superior Publishing Co., Seattle, Washington, $12.50) is a big handsome book of some 200 fine photos made by free-lancer Lambert Florin over a period of six years while traveling 25,000 miles in nine states. Dr. David C. Mason was photographer Florin's companion on most of his exploring trips and he has added his bit to this book by doing the maps and drawings. The text is a bit sketchy concerning some of the ghost towns they visited but there is little to criticize in the fine pictures of the remains they sighted. Some of the towns are well known (Leadville, Colorado; Virginia City, Nevada; and South Pass City, Wyoming) but the two found a few that are hardly household names even in their own states. Masonic, California; Saint Elmo, Colorado; Bearmouth, Montana; Bonanza, Oregon; and Sultan, Washington are some that fall in the latter category. The frontispiece is in full color. This is very good picture history.

OLD CALIFORNIA

Time of the Bells (The Union-Tribune Publishing Co., 940 Third Ave., San Diego, Calif., $9.50) is Volume Two in the history of San Diego by Richard F. Pourade, editor emeritus of *The San Diego Union*. It is an over-sized, profusely illustrated book, with sixteen pages in color. Volume One, *The Explorers*, covered San Diego history to 1770—the present volume, the presidio period, 1770-1835. The title seems appropriate since much of the life of the pioneer port was regulated by the mission bells and the ships' bells. Several chapters of this book deal with the trade between Boston and San Diego. There is a chapter on Richard Henry Dana and the hide trade. Since San Diego was the gateway to the Southwest during the period, this book is far more than a history of the little presidio. It is enhanced with appendices, a lengthy bibliography and index.

GUNS! GUNS! GUNS!

Gun enthusiasts, particularly new ones, will go for *A Beginner's Book of Sporting Guns and Hunting* (Messner, $3.95) by Milton J. Shapiro.

Each year more than twenty million hunting licenses are sold and every year there is an increase in shooting sports. Increasing, too, is the realization that the safe gun handler is the trained sensible shooter to whom safety becomes second nature.

This book tells how firearms were developed, describes different kinds of guns, their uses and care. This is an excellent handbook on guns particularly for those new at the game.

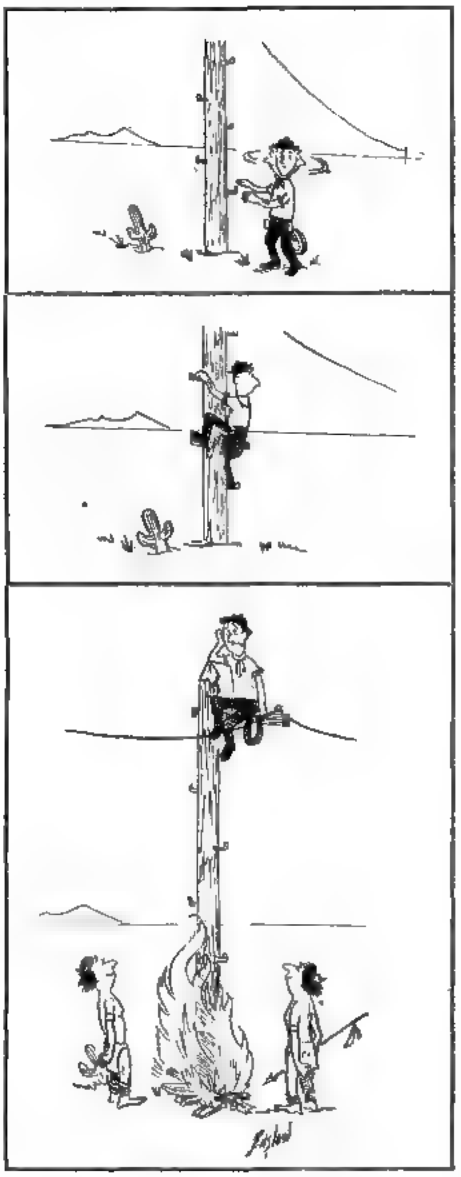
Hearty congratulations are due the Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Connecticut, for producing the extraordinary book *Samuel Colt Presents* ($10 for the trade edition and $25 for the deluxe edition). Catalogued by R. L. Wilson, the volume contains handsome illustrations of Colt presentation percussion firearms placed on exhibit in Hartford from November, 1961, to January, 1962.

This exhibit of Colt presentation firearms is the best ever assembled in the history of arms collecting. Included are presentation pistols once owned by Franklin Pierce; King Charles IV of Sweden; Prince Albert, Consort of Queen Victoria; Napoleon of France; General George Custer; Horace Greeley; General Philip Sheridan; Captain Samuel H. Walker and many other notables. Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth of England has lent the Colt pistols from

Windsor Castle.

Colt learned the advertising value of presenting gifts of his firearms to influential people. These presentation arms, usually artistically embellished, played an important part in helping him obtain lucrative markets. His frugal Yankee competitors scored him for taking unfair advantage of them by warming up clients with gifts of ornate pistols and rifles.

Samuel Colt Presents is a book high in quality as to text, paper and photography. It should remain a valuable contribution to the reference libraries of gun collectors.



The 16th annual edition of *Gun Digest* (The Gun Digest Co., $3.95) was edited by John T. Amber. It contains 384 pages and is profusely illustrated. It is all new for '62 (as it is each year). To this reviewer the *Digest* seems better than ever, too. Charley MacDonald Heard's article "Fast-Draw vs Quick Draw" is plain good—Charley has lived through some 200 Western movies as actor-stuntman-cowboy and knows his stuff. He gives his opinion on the "Fastest Gun Alive" but it wouldn't be fair to give it out here. There are many other worthwhile articles (40 plus) including Robert Held's "Kentucky Rifle—fact and fiction" and Norm Wiltsey's "Spencer's Great 7-Shooter" (known, also, as "Lincoln's choice"). As a special bonus for the Civil War buffs, the famous 1864 catalogue of Schuyler, Hartley & Graham (New York) *Arms and Military Goods: Containing Regulations for the Uniform of the Army, Navy, Marine and Revenue Corps of the United States* is reproduced in facsimile. The Digest is rounded out with a very complete listing of the present day guns, ammo, and accessories with prices.

AND GUNMEN TOO!

The Life and Death of Clay Allison (Signet, 50c) by Ray Hogan is the life story of the hotheaded restless gunman, Clay Allison, who spent much of his life ranching on the high plains near where the Cimarron River headwaters bite deeply into the Rocky Mountain front range. Handy with both knife and six-gun, Clay could cut a steak out of an enemy with the snip of his bowie knife or shoot the eye out of a lizard fifty feet away, so it has been claimed.

Fighting on both sides of the law, he chalked up between twenty and thirty-two notches on his gun and some of his cronies claim, "He never killed a man who didn't need killing." A man of violence, he died undramatically when the wagon he was riding in fell into a gully and Clay was pitched headfirst onto the iron rim of a wagon wheel and was killed.

Drawn from twenty years of interviewing and searching of historical records, this book is a true story of Clay Allison, a man who struck a long shadow among the toughest badmen when the West was young and bold.

Jess Sweeten, Texas Lawman (Naylor, $4.95) by Allan Sigvard Lindquist is an entertaining account of modern law enforcement in Henderson County, Texas. Jess was the sheriff (said to be youngest (28) ever elected by a Texas county), from 1932 to 1954. Henderson is not a West Texas county—Athens, the county seat, is seventy miles southeast of Dallas and is more Old South than Old West. However, there were killings, bank robberies, and other crimes of violence to deal with in Sweeten's twenty-two years in office. He was a two-gun man but he was also a big two-fisted scrapper who used the guns only occasionally. Jess solved all the twenty-two murder cases and all those involving robbery with firearms that occurred during his long period of service. The author has selected a number of the most puzzling and interesting cases for presentation in this book. This is good reporting despite a few annoying errors—for example, the author states Sweeten was *unanimously* elected sheriff in 1932 with two factions opposing him—one claiming he was too young, the other that he was too tough.

Zoe A. Tilghman's *Spotlight* (Points Northe, 318 N. E. Ninth, Oklahoma City 4, Oklahoma, $2.50) attempts to answer the question of whether or not Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp were ever U. S. Deputy Marshals. Mrs. Tilghman, widow of Bill Tilghman (a great frontier peace officer), has been pestered by a lot of folks who watch TV to give the facts about the two flicker heroes. Her husband had known both Bat and Wyatt but she took no chances with mere memory. This little book is the account of her investigations of the available records. Her conclusions? This reviewer believes it would be quite unfair to give

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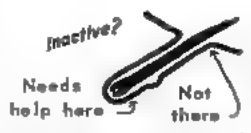

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them but here is a hint—one "yes" and one "maybe"!

PAGES OF HISTORY

This series of booklets, issued by Pages of History, Box 6, Sausalito, California, is Western to the core. By far the most pretentious to reach these old cowhands is *Guide to Virginia City, Nevada and the Comstock Lode Area* ($1.50). It is for the serious tourists who want to explore on their own and is supplemented with a very good separate map of the lode country. *The Mojave of the Colorado* (50c) tells the story of the meeting between this tribe and the explorers and travelers on the southern route to California. It is illustrated. *Diving and Digging for Gold* (75c) is full of tips on where to go and what to take with you on a present-day search for gold. There is a map of Oregon, Nevada and California showing the ore areas and numerous illustrations including one by Frederic Remington.

COWBOY SPORTS

Rodeo: Last Frontier of the Old West (Signet, 50c), is by two old Western pros, Robert West Howard and Oren Arnold. It is by far the best of all the rodeo books on the ancient lineage of cowboy sports. The authors trace the development of the various events that are now common on the program and have much to say on the great performers—men, women and critters. This paperback is unusual in that it contains 4 pages of fine action photos on slick paper and is a first edition—in fact, this book is not now available in any other edition. It is worthy of hard covers and additional illustrations but don't bet on that happening—salt away a copy of the first now.

PLAYGROUND OF THE ROCKIES

Newport in the Rockies (Sage Books, $5.75) is a highly entertaining account of the life and good times of Colorado Springs by astute Marshall Sprague. During the 1870's and 1880's many wealthy people came to Colorado Springs to rest and play. There was also a British colony in and near the city and invalids added another touch. Colorado Springs was never the place to go to make money (though quite a few did) but the place to go to spend it. General Will Palmer, Dr. Will Bell, Spencer Penrose, Charley Tutt and others march through these pages. There are many good photographs, good notes, an adequate index and an end-sheet map of the Pike Peak's region.

DANCING FOR RAIN

Some of the Indians on the high dry Arizona mesas pray for rain the hard way—via a Snake Dance. This singularly American folk dance is described by Arizona author, Earle R. Forrest in his new book *The Snake Dance of the Hopi Indians* (Westernlore $5.75).

The Snake Dance is harder on snakes, including rattlers with fangs, than Indians. Snakes are collected, bathed and made ready for the dance. The prancing, charging dancers hold the live rattlers in their teeth while a segundo prances alongside stroking the wriggling serpent with an eagle feather which hexes the snake and keeps him from striking his carrier. The snakes are finally tossed into the desert while chanting dancers call on the gods for rain.

The lively text is illustrated by numerous black and white photographs taken by the author. Recommended.

BISON BARGAINS

The three recent Bison Books issued by the University of Nebraska Press, have something in common—each, in its own right, is a classic of pioneer life. Hamlin Garland's *Boy Life on the Prairie* ($1.40) is based on his boyhood in northeast Iowa just after the Civil War. This reprint contains the complete text of the first (1899) edition and has an enlightening introduction by Professor B. R. McElderry, Jr., a native Iowan, now a member of the English faculty at Southern California. This is one of Garland's best books—maybe his best.

Them Was the Days ($1.25) by Martha Ferguson McKeown is the story of her Uncle Mort Hawthorne's growing up in Nebraska in the '70's. Royce H. Knapp of the University of Nebraska provides "A Note to Teachers of Social Studies." The fifteen cents difference in price is about right—there just aren't quite as many pages here as in Garland's book but it is about as good on recollectin'!

Letters of a Woman Homesteader ($1.25) is by Elinore Pruitt Stewart with a dandy foreword by Jessamyn West. Mrs. Stewart's quarter section was near Burnt Fork, Wyoming and only a short way from the Utah line. She wrote about her own experiences and those of her neighbors with sheep, cattle, outlaws, weddings and visiting on that farther west frontier just about half a century ago. The book is truly a compilation of letters written to a friend in Denver over a period of years and later retrieved for magazine, and then book, publication. The first edition, issued in 1914, had six illustrations by N. C. Wyeth—the illustrations are missing in this reprint but the text is complete.

There's a mighty lot of good reading and fascinating social history in these three books at a total cost somewhat under that of one of the oversized novels of today.

Lincoln's Last Message

(Continued from page 11)

to the gold and silver that waits for them in the West. Tell the miners for me that I shall promote their interests to the utmost of my ability; because their pros-

David S. Terry *(Denver Public Library Western Collection Photo)*

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perity is the prosperity of the nation and we shall prove in a very few years that we are indeed the treasury of the world.'"

The crowd roared and roared with its pleasure over this tribute from Lincoln, his last message.

"I told him," Colfax continued, "that I was happy to be his messenger and to bear such a message as this."

It was the greatest tribute that Virginia City had ever received. Lincoln's simple and straightforward message had pointed out to the people who wrested the wealth from the Comstock Lode the significance of their work.

The next afternoon Colfax instructed the porters to place the mysterious box he had brought with him in a carriage. A procession, led by the Reverend H. D.

Schuyler Colfax (*National Archives Photo*)

Lathrop, quickly formed. Over the Divide and past Fort Churchill, where cavalry and troops joined the parade, marched the procession. Through Devil's Gate and across a stretch of sage-covered prairie they approached the neglected grave of Hosea B. Grosch, discoverer of the Comstock Lode. The burlap was taken from the long box and two marble slabs were uncovered, one to go at the head of the forgotten grave of Sun Mountain's first pioneer and the first discoverer of her fabulous riches, and the other to go at the foot.

Taps sounded. The final salute was fired. Colfax made a few impromptu remarks about the Grosch boy. He had fulfilled the commission Lincoln had given him.

Wild Old Days!

(Continued from page 39)

wealthy businessmen in Butte and Helena, decided that the range in the Judith Basin was becoming too crowded with sheepmen and homesteaders. So all summer we cowboys rounded up cattle and moved them to new pastures on Milk River and around the Bear Paw Mountains.

We took them in herds of about 2,000, swimming them across the Missouri River near Claggett. We probably moved about 50,000 head that way. Late in the season we came back to the south side of the river to pick up stragglers. The outfit camped on Crooked Creek north of the Moccasin Mountains.

The cook sent me out to get firewood and I was just throwing my rope around an old log when a big sorrel horse came bucking and plunging down the coulee almost on top of me. The rider, who stayed with him, proved to be Kid Curry, at that time about twenty years old.

After we went back across the Missouri and worked on the north side of the river I was sent down to the Malta country to work as a "rep" with the Circle C outfit. Kid Curry was also working for them.

The four Curry brothers, Hank, Harvey (the Kid), Lonnie and Johnnie were southern cowboys who had come north and settled on a ranch near Landusky in the Little Rockies. Hank, the eldest, held the outfit together, and by "hook or crook" (probably mostly by "crook"), they accumulated several hundred cattle and three or four hundred horses. After Hank's death the other boys went wild and the outfit broke up.

LANDUSKY, named after Pike Landusky, the town's leading saloon keeper, was a typical western town full of miners, prospectors, cowboys, saloonmen and gamblers.

One of Pike's rival businessmen was "Jew Jake," who ran a small clothing store just across the street from Pike's saloon. Jew Jake had had one leg shot off and since he walked with crutches, he carried his rifle slung around his neck. When he sat on the porch in front of the store, his gun was always on his lap, ready for any trouble from Pike. Pike was known as a mean devil who always carried a loaded gun and a weighted gold-headed cane, with which he was known to beat friend, foe, or innocent bystander at his bar.

One day Pike and Kid Curry got into a quarrel in the saloon. Pike reached for his gun but it misfired and the Kid shot him. After the killing, the Kid got out of the way and nothing more was heard of him until a Great Northern train was held up in June, 1901, near the town of Wagner.

A short time after Pike was killed, a fellow came into the saloon at Landusky and told me someone wanted to see me outside. When I went out I found Tom Clary, the sheriff from Benton. After shaking hands with me, he said, "Kid, they told me you might know where to find Kid Curry."

I said, "Honest, Tom, I don't know where he is."

Clary then volunteered, "Well, if you ever get a chance, tell him to come in and give himself up. We can clear him, for everyone knows Pike would have killed him."

Not long after Pike's death, Johnnie Curry sort of "throwed in" with Mrs. Landusky. Meanwhile, our roundup cook,

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"Greasy" Jim Winters, bought Pike's ranch and went to live on it. One day Johnnie Curry rode up to the door and ordered him off the place, giving him a certain date to pack up and be gone. On the appointed day, Johnnie rode up to the door again and Winters shot him with a double-barreled shotgun.

One night soon afterward, Winters foolishly went out to get a bucket of water from the nearby spring and was shot and killed. We always thought that the Kid had come back to shoot him in revenge for Johnnie's death.

WINTERS' nephew, a dandy young fellow named Gill, came out from the East to run the ranch. One day he and his horse, saddle and bridle, disappeared and no trace of them was ever found. Of course this was blamed on the Curry gang.

Johnnie Curry was a one-armed fellow at the time of his trouble with Winters. He had had some quarrel with a Dutchman whose name I have forgotten. One day when Johnnie was driving in his cart from Landusky to Rocky Point on the Missouri he met the Dutchman riding in a two-horse rig (a spring wagon). Just after they passed each other they turned and began shooting. Either the Dutchman was quicker on the draw or his aim was better, for he shot Johnnie's right arm off just above the elbow.

We cowboys found Johnnie's horse, so we spread out to look for him and finally located him where he had crawled to a water hole. He was a terrible sight, covered with blood and dirt, with his arm hanging by only a couple of cords. We sent to camp for the bed wagon, loaded him in and took him to Landusky. From there someone took him to Malta and put him on the train for the hospital at Benton. He was a tough sucker and it wasn't long till he was back in Landusky.

After Johnnie was killed and the Kid pulled out, Lonnie sort of drifted out of the country. An outfit from Big Sandy who had lent them money came down and with the help of our cowboys, rounded up the Curry stock and moved them to another range.

DESERT NIGHTINGALES

By Donald Dudley

BACK in the eastern hill-country where I was born, the farmers were plagued with hordes of grasshoppers, chinch bugs and crows. But here in the West, ranchers are facing a more serious crisis—what to do with the increasing herds of Desert Nightingales, the placid, homely burros.

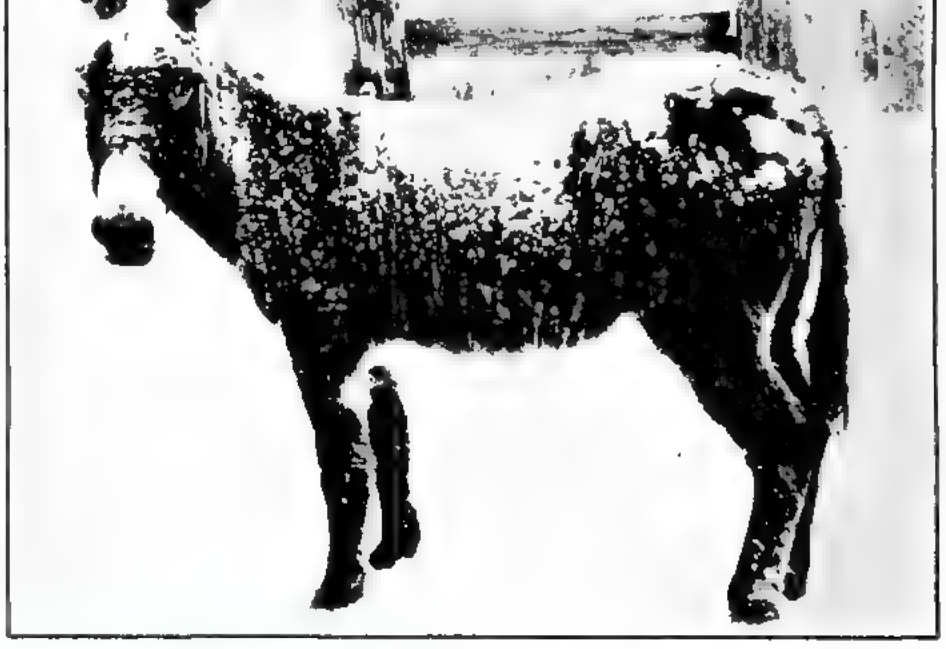
They were a godsend to old prospectors, but now—as one modern rancher put it—"You can't eat 'em; the digestive system just ain't built to handle that kind of stuff. And you can't ride a burro without your feet dragging the ground."

Neither can you just forget them and hope they will go away and die, because they won't. The burros will outlive you and forage on your grave. They will find food and water in places where no other animal will survive.

THE burro was brought to this country by the Spanish Conquistadores and left to run wild when the explorers departed. Prospectors used the patient animal to carry heavy loads until jeeps came along. But now the homely looking burros, in this mechanized age, are left to run wild.

Thousands of the little critters roam the uninhabited desert and mountain regions extending from California all the way to Texas and down into the heart of Mexico. Their numbers are increasing in these isolated regions, and their presence is commencing to worry ranchers and wildlife authorities. The burro will eat anything that grows, including many things that no other

A burro after a snowstorm in Del Rio, Texas.
(Rose photo from Ed Bartholomew Collection)



animal will eat. He is wasteful, pulls up plants by the roots and, after taking a few mouthfuls, spits the rest away, thus precluding some other animal's foraging in the same area.

For many years, hunters used the little beasts for live target practice. Eventually humane groups stepped in and now the law prohibits their wanton killing. As a result, within a very short time the burro population will approach that of the jackrabbit.

There was a time when quite a business was carried on trapping the plentiful little animals and selling them to tourists who thought burros would make good pets. As a consequence, many burros were transported to various sections of the country, but anyone who has lived in close proximity with a burro can understand why the fad died out. A baby burro is ugly and innocent-appearing in a way that is cute. Eventually it grows up to look and smell just like its dad.

One time, on a fishing trip in Mexico, we made camp in a wild remote section of the country. Within an hour we were visited—visited and invaded—by a small herd of wild burros. I stood up, shouted, jumped up and down and waved my arms frantically, but apparently the Mexican burros did not understand English, for one little rascal just kept right on coming, leading the rest of the herd.

There was nothing we could do but feed them scraps from the table. Soon the burro herd became an extraordinary nuisance. They knocked over the fresh pot of coffee and stepped right in the middle of our eggs. Later in the middle of the night they tugged at our sleeping bags to be fed.

At the crack of dawn the entire herd united in a concerto of braying—so loud the leaves commenced falling off the nearby trees. It was terrible. When we crawled out of our sleeping bags, the cute little devil again led the herd to us. As they closed in I knew they were hungry, but what could be done about it?

All the shouting, waving and general commotion in the world would not chase them away. They started nibbling our undershirts until their rough tongues sandpapered our hides fair, good and square. We were forced to flee in the jeep.

God bless their little souls; may they continue to live forever.

A DOUBLE BED

By Jewell Fay Sewell

BACK in the 1850's, when Eagle Pass, Texas, was being carved from the wilderness, the houses were few and the streets were dusty where the trees had been destroyed. The wolves ran the mail in ahead of time and the nights were made hideous by many sounds. It was a good place to stay away from.

My grandfather, Joseph Ellis Brock, rode into Eagle Pass one evening during court week. A young lawyer, just arrived from the East, he had come to defend his first client and had spent a very weary day passing through a mudhole studded with stumps and ornamented with logs but called a "road" in that bewildered country.

Night was closing in and he was guided to the hotel by the noise issuing from the barroom downstairs.

Granddad requested supper and a bed and was told that he could "eat his fill" but that there wasn't an unoccupied bed in the house. Granddad persisted until he was informed there was a "feller" in Number 6 occupying a double bed and he could "roll in there" if he was so minded.

It was unpromising but his only hope so after trying to digest a tough meal, he climbed the rough stairs to Number 6. He was told by the landlord to walk in without knocking, so he did.

His companion-to-be was snoring and measuring off his dreams with grunts.

Undressing, granddad "rolled in" as the landlord had suggested, but, tired as he was, he could not sleep. The bedtick, so he told me, felt as if it were stuffed with grasshoppers, and the pillows—well, they were of the sort to slip up one's nose in the night. Besides, his bedfellow snored abominably.

Granddad bore this affliction as long as he could before he gave the "feller" a dig in the ribs, exclaiming as he did so, "Hey!"

"Hilloo . . . you say suthin? . . . whut is it?" he asked in a confused way.

"I'm sorry to disturb you but I think it my duty to inform you that I walk in my sleep."

"Well, walk."

"My friend, I am aware that this is a dandy free country and if a man wishes to walk in his sleep there is no constitutional provision to prevent him, but I wish to remark that if I do walk, you had better not interfere with me."

"Oh, walk! I won't say a word about it."

"Well, don't. When addressed or interfered with, I am apt to get furious. I nearly brained a poor man with a dog-iron the other night."

"The deuce you did! That's rather disagreeable. What if a fellow accidentally blurted out something to you?"

"Better not."

"No, I should think not."

After a long pause the now wide-awake lodger asked abruptly, "Did you notice my hat on the floor?"

"I believe I did."

"If you walk, you know, I'd rather you would not step on it."

"I'll bear that in mind."

After another pause he again asked, "Did you notice that door on the left?"

"I saw a door on the left."

"Well, if you walk, I'd advise you not to go out there. It opens on a porch, only the porch hasn't been built, and it's twenty feet into the stable-yard."

"I don't believe I shall walk out of that door."

He supposed his inquisitive "friend" was dropping off to sleep, but he again broke out, "I say, did you really brain a man with a dog-iron?"

"I tried pretty hard."

After a few minutes' silence Granddad heard his bedfellow creeping softly from the other side of the bed. He could hear him feeling about for his hat and clothes. When he had the satisfaction of knowing that the door had closed softly on his retreating "friend," Granddad rolled over and slept the sleep of the innocent.

THE next morning, on descending to breakfast through a fog of musty smoke, he saw an old friend seated at a table. They had not met for years and, after an enthusiastic greeting, Granddad asked, "Are you stopping here?"

"I have been trying, but I am nearly dead. I slept on a bench in the barroom amid a lot of drunken brutes who "old hundred-ed" and wagered for drinks all night."

"Could you get no bed?"

"Yes. I had a double bed to myself

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Miscellaneous

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Joe Grandee has painted a cover with Garrett and the Kid meeting in the street one day—each knowing that a showdown was eventually inevitable.

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when that stupid landlord sent up a crazy fellow who walked and struck out with dog-irons in his sleep."

"Good heavens, Art! Was that you?"

"You old son-of-a-gun! Damn you, you don't mean to say that you served me that lousy infernal old truck!"

"I did."

"You did!"

From there on it was a case calling for diplomatic relations.

Return of Bronco Bill

(Continued from page 19)

the box to our City Hall, where it was placed in the vault pending disposition thereof.

That night I phoned Bronco Bill's only son, "Rodeo Kid," in Berkeley, California. In answer to my question, "Why did you ship your father's remains to Tombstone?" he replied, "He planned on going there so I just sent 'im. He was in Tombstone when he was fourteen years of age and he wanted to go back." When queried as to why he sent the ashes C.O.D. he replied, "I didn't have no money to pay for the postage." I told him I thought we could arrange burial and inquired as to his father's religion. Said he, "He was a Donker and my mother was a hard-shelled Baptist. Do with him what you will. He wanted to go to Tombstone, so bury him or put 'im on the shelf. It won't make no difference to him now."

While it was an unusual assignment, arrangements were made for the funeral at Boot Hill Graveyard on March 27, 1953. The Hubbard Mortuary of Bisbee furnished their services gratis, our Mayor Foster was honorary pallbearer and the box of ashes was adorned with a sprig of white roses from the largest rosetree in the world (located at Tombstone). A few bouquets of lilacs were placed at the graveside, many of Tombstone's old-timers attended the funeral and I shed a few tears while the following appropriate sermon was rendered by Reverend William Barker, Minister of the First Baptist Church of Tombstone:

"Sometimes, the place of pilgrimage is a battlefield, at other times a church, or a home, more often a graveyard. So today we are gathered here at the grave of Glen Will, a la "Bronco Bill," to pay homage to him, one of our pioneers whose last plans were to return to Tombstone, the frontier of his youth and of his golden years.

"Many of us gathered here today have come to Tombstone to benefit by the ultraviolet rays of the sun, and so the greatest eulogy we can pay to Glen Will is to immortalize his tribute to the sun as stated in his letter to our Chamber of Commerce dated December 13, 1952.

"Bronco Bill had planned to return here to benefit by Dr. Sun and so what could be more fitting for this pioneer's final resting place than this sun-kissed knoll. God bless him and may he rest in peace."

The following month, at the regular meeting of our city fathers, an ordinance was approved prohibiting further burials at Boot Hill Graveyard for the reason that Boot Hill was officially closed in 1883 due to "No Vacancies."

Today at Boot Hill Graveyard, a small mound of rocks marks Bronco Bill's grave. The plaque reads,

1871 GLEN WILL 1953
HIS ASHES ARRIVED
COLLECT ON DELIVERY

Mustangers

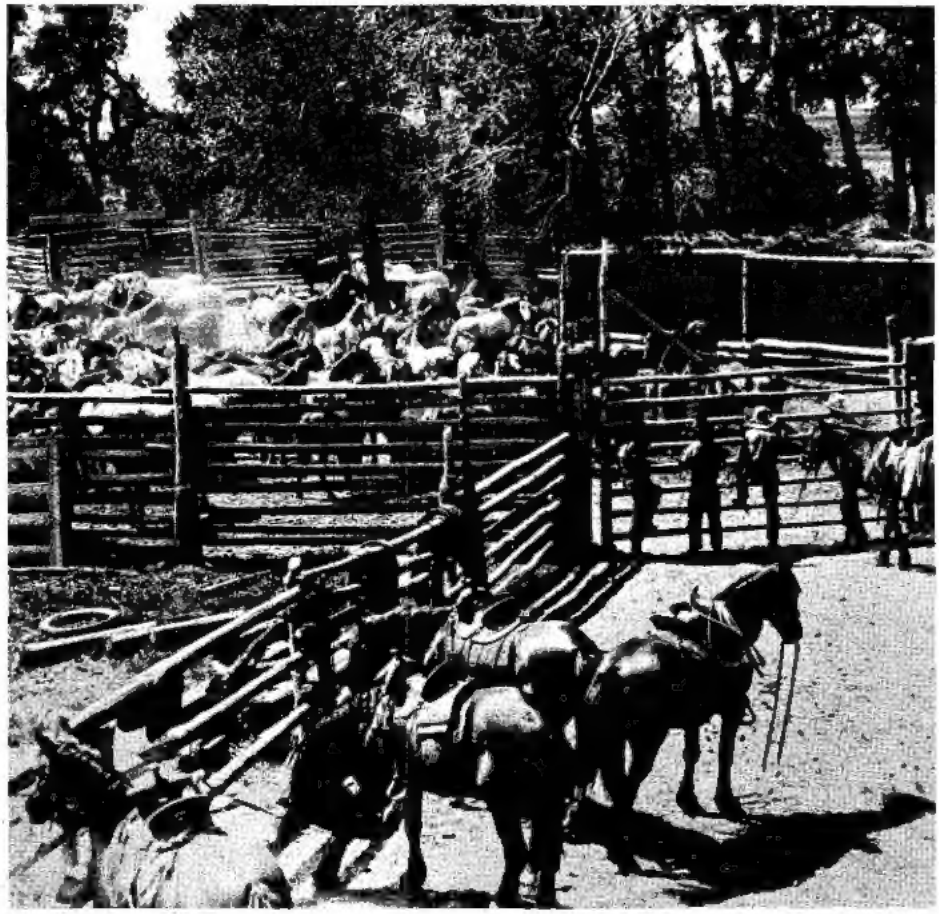
(Continued from page 35)

as a bronc rider were behind him. He had been a noted rider, so one of the men was generous enough to give him his best horse. Al had been a good foreman and we had taken his orders without a squawk. He sure knew his stuff.

My little horse broke out good. I was kind to him and made a pet of him. I could catch him in a corral without a rope. First I taught him a running walk, which is a good gait on a long ride. He was never a rope horse, but he was smart, never fell with me and seldom stumbled. As a cutting horse he was coming along fine.

I hunted up the chief. He said, "No brand, no pony, my pony." I couldn't talk much in the Ute tongue; he savvied even less English. These two things probably kept another Indian war from starting right then and there, for I sure told him off. I didn't have guts enough to take on the whole Ute nation single-handed, so I went away without my horse.

Indians, at that time, did not consider it wrong to steal from a white man. I don't know as I blame them, as we stole all of their land and buffaloes. I looked through their horse herd when they returned south in the fall but I couldn't find him. They may have hidden him in a teepee. I still don't like Ute Indians.



Mustangs corralled on the Pitchfork Ranch. Meeteetse, Wyoming.

HE WAS STOLEN from me by some Ute Indians who trailed through Carter. They camped there each spring while on their way from the reservation in Utah to the Big Horn Mountains to get fat on good Wyoming antelope, deer, elk and trout. There must have been two or three hundred of them—men, women and children—and three or four hundred head of horses.

I got my guns that morning, buckled on a Colt six-shooter, put my rifle, a Winchester .30-30 carbine, in the saddle scabbard and set out on the Ute trail. It was as plain to follow as a railroad track. I soon came up with them and found my mustang pulling a travois with a squaw riding him. If he had been loose in the horse cavvy, I would have roped him and told the Indians to go to hell but I couldn't fight a squaw. I had neglected to brand him—I thought so much of him I hated to put that hot iron on him.

About the Cover

The Steward photograph of Sam Tilden ("Sumken" in Indian) appears through the courtesy of the Idaho State Department of Commerce and Development. Sam's mother was a sister to Chief Joseph of the Nez Percé War fame. Sam was eight years old at the outbreak of the war and he nightherded the horses on that famous retreat across the "Lolo Trail." At the surrender at Bear Paw, Montana, Sam escaped to Chief Sitting Bull's Camp in Canada. Eight and a half years later he returned to the United States and attended Carlisle College. Returning to the Lapwai Reservation he did native police work. He was transferred to the Flat Head Reservation in Montana to continue police work until 1935 when he retired. Sam now lives with his son and daughter-in-law at Lapwai, Idaho.

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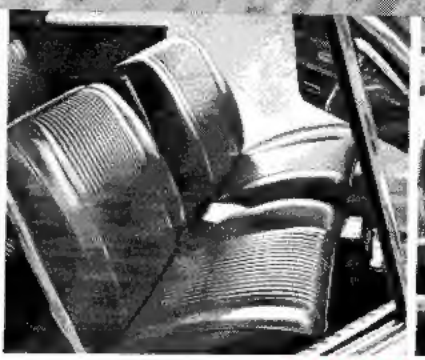

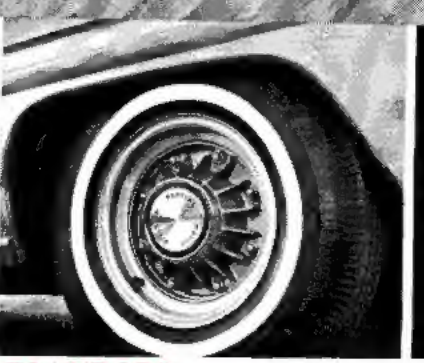

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